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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.*

The history of this eminent man presents a singular phenomenon. Until nearly the close of a long literary life, contempt and ridicule were his almost universal portion. The chosen few, who appreciated his genius, scarcely ventured to express their dissent from the general voice. They were secret worshippers at his shrine. It was the fashion to despise him; and the puniest pretender had but to scoff at Wordsworth, to obtain, in his own mind, and in that of the public, a reputation for taste. Yet, strange to say, during all this time, the poet was silently working a revolution in the taste and literature of the age, which was long felt before it was recognized and acknowledged. The poetry of passion and of sense was gradually giving way before that of thought and of sentiment. Piety, benevolence, love, patriotism; all the purer and nobler sentiments of the heart; the upward aspirations of the heaven-born spirit,—were silently triumphing over the cravings of unholy passions—the disenchanting precepts of a false and cynical philosophy. This happy revolution, in letters and in taste, was chiefly effected, we repeat, by the simple, solitary, soul-trusting Wordsworth, who, from his shrine among the mountains, sent forth strains of ærial music, which, long-neglected, have at length found an echo in the hearts of thousands. What a noble spectacle does not this man present, who, confiding in his own pure thoughts and religious aspirations, labored on, unmindful of the neglect as of the contempt of the world, for nearly half a century, until at length the voice of fame, for him long silent, breaks forth in lofty notes of praise! Yes—he has not “gone to dust without his fame.” He has lived long enough, and still lives, to enjoy the late, but not for that the less consoling, justice of his contemporaries. The evening of his days is bright with the halo of renown; a “pomp of clouds” attends the setting luminary, which, like the autumnal sun, looms largest just before it sinks beneath the horizon. “*Honorate l’ altissimo poeta*”—“honor to the bard,” is now the general acclamation—

“The words rebound,
Until all voices in one voice are drowned.”

Yet this general enthusiasm should not make us blind to the defects of the poet, as we were long unjust to his merits. His faults, which are striking, proceed from the same causes whence spring his peculiar beauties. The chief of these is, that he has lived too much alone. “The world,” exclaims he, “is too much with us,”—and it has been, accordingly, his aim to shut it out altogether. This has made him too regardless of the artificial tastes and conventional opinions of mankind, which cannot be contemned or neglected with impunity. That man must possess a commanding influence indeed, who can succeed in captivating the public taste, in utter

*The object of this sketch is to notice more particularly the “*Sonnets dedicated to Liberty*.”

defiance of preconceived notions and existing habits of thought. No one mind can make itself entirely independent of all other minds; our spirits are mysteriously linked together by universal sympathy; the greatest not only supports, but is also supported by, the least. Wordsworth, we repeat, has lived and thought too much—not for, but by, himself; he has deserted the society of his fellow-men to commune with his own solitary spirit. His sympathies embrace all men, even the humblest—the child, the mendicant, the outcast; his yearnings are for every thing that constitutes humanity. Yet he has stood afar off, and contemplated the moving spectacle, rather like a distant observer, than an active participant. “Among your tribe,” exclaims he,

“Our daily world’s true worldlings rank not me!
Children are blest and powerful; their world lies
More justly balanced, partly at their feet,
And part far from them:—sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet;
Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a slave; the meanest we can meet!”

[*Sonnet 39, p. 100.*]

Again:—

“Wings have we, and as far as we can go,
We may find pleasure; wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood,
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books are each a world; and books we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.”

[*Sonnet 40, p. 100.*]

And yet again—

“Nor can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine; for thus I live remote
From evil speaking; rancor never sought
Comes to me not; malignant truth or lie.
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought:
And thus from day to day, my little boat
Rocks in its harbor, lodging peaceably.”

[*Son. 41.*]

All this is very true and very beautiful; and yet we cannot but believe that such a course of life is calculated to emasculate the mind—to impair that vigorous tone of thought and feeling, which can only be maintained by mixing freely with our fellow men, and by taking an active part in the contests of society, and the material interests of life. Too much addiction to the world renders men frivolous, or sordid, or artificial; excessive love of solitude makes them sensitive, singular and impracticable. Of the two extremes, the latter, however, is unquestionably more favorable to the poetical temperament.

Wordsworth is generally placed at the head of what is called the Lake school of Poetry. This classification is too sweeping and indiscriminate. The distinguishing characteristic of that school, is an affectation of expression and sentiment, which might be called poetical *Euphuism*. This is not Wordsworth’s fault. His

most striking characteristics, are simplicity of feeling and unadorned vigor of language. The former sometimes degenerates into triviality or mawkishness; the latter often sinks into baldness of diction. Despising, too, mere external grandeur, and all conventional pretensions, he has taken for his favorite theme, the inborn and essential dignity of man, which it has been his delight to celebrate, even when found under the humblest garb and plainest exterior. But, like all exclusive theorists, he has pushed his system too far, and often shocks good taste by the coarseness of his character and the vulgarity of his scenes. These words are used here in a physical and not a moral sense; for few poets are so little amenable to the charge of offending delicacy or principle. A writer, to please, should be happy in the choice of his subjects, and, in this regard, Wordsworth often fails egregiously. Say what we will, people will not feel the same interest in pedlars, beggars and idiots, as in personages of a character more exalted, refined, or attractive. This may be wrong; it is nevertheless true; and we must make up our minds, if we wish for success, to take the world as we find it. A certain degree of independence of the popular taste is praiseworthy; but, as we have already said, he who despises it altogether, must be prepared for neglect, and not complain if the general suffrage does not reward his real merits. We have spoken of the baldness which sometimes characterizes our author's language. In aiming at a Doric simplicity of style, he becomes at times so flat and prosaic, that the testimony of the eye is required, to know that what we are reading is metrical. This remark, however, applies chiefly, if not exclusively, to his blank verse. We think that one of the greatest services which he has rendered to literature, is his successful attempt to banish that gaudy, meretricious style; those conventional phrases and hackneyed figures, which many worthy people deem indispensable to poetry, nay, even regard as constituting its principal charm. The poet has written several essays in vindication of his system, and, although we by no means concur with him in all his notions, which are, besides, not expressed in a very lucid manner, we think there can be no doubt of the merit of the reform to which we have just alluded. Justly discarding the mere tinsel of language, together with those ready-made phrases, which serve the mere mechanical poet, like printed formula, he has resorted to the native strength and simplicity of the English tongue for plain words, which clothe his noblest thoughts in a phraseology at once elegant, appropriate and forcible. The genius of Wordsworth is eminently lyrical. There is a spirit, a harmony, a movement in his productions of this form which, by turns, soothes and arouses the soul. Indeed, there is no poet who seems to have a more exquisite ear for the musical qualities of language, which he selects and combines for his varied purposes, with an instinctive sense of melody and harmony truly admirable. As an example, we will but cite one passage, which all will admit to be enchanting for its music-breathing mellifluence.

"Behold her single in the field
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!

Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain.
Oh listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:
Such thrilling voice was never heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been and may be again!

[*Memorial of the Tour in Scotland*, p. 109.]

Is not this the very music of language? Do not these words float in airy waves, until the sense is charmed and lulled into delicious reverie, as by the "lascivious pleasings of a lute?" But we have been irresistibly seduced into these general remarks. We must now proceed to the more immediate subject of this paper.

Until we read the sonnets of Wordsworth, it was our opinion, that this was not a form of poetry suited to the genius of our language. We thought it did not supply a sufficient number of similar terminations; that it did not admit of a sufficient variety of inflexions, for the purposes of this difficult form of versification. Milton, indeed, has some glorious sonnets—but, with all their merits, they are rough and irregular. They have been nobly redeemed from oblivion by a few happy ideas, grand thoughts, and eminently poetical lines. But they are not wrought with the fine polish and artist-like finish which become the sonnet. They are certainly the better on that account, if such care would have sacrificed their bolder beauties. Shakspeare and other English poets have written sonnets; but with all their unquestioned beauties, they have never become popular, and their merits are independent, if not in despite, of the form in which they are composed. The sonnets of Wordsworth, and he has written many, are perfect gems; though this word, as implying mere brilliancy and polish, does not give an adequate idea of their merits. Within the narrow compass of this miniature outline, the wings of his imagination have full sweep; the soarings of his spirit, ample career. Perhaps the greatest proof which he has given of his genius, is the uniform and high excellence which he has displayed in this most cramping and difficult form of composition. Nowhere, in the English, or any other, language, does the same amount of poetry furnish us so many striking thoughts and beautiful passages, which catch the ear, and take possession of the soul, and are repeated by day and by night, until they become as popular as proverbs, as familiar as household words; yet without losing their unfading charm and perennial freshness. Indeed, we have been frequently not a little amused, yet somewhat indignant, at hearing professed scoffers at Wordsworth, quoting shining passages, like those to which we have alluded, without being aware of the source whence they came. Can

there be a greater proof of merit, than this involuntary homage, extorted from the mouth of proclaimed sceptics? In reference to this aptitude for quotation, some one has pithily observed, that Wordsworth should have written nothing but epigraphs. How often are the following happy descriptions of the ultra-radical creed cited by persons, who are unconscious of their author?

"For why? because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

* * * * *
Of old things, all are ever old;
Of good things, none are good enough;
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

[*Rob Roy's Grave*, p. 110.]

But to return to the sonnets. The poet himself has happily expressed the difficulties which they involve, as well as the reason why they have been such a favorite receptacle for his noblest thoughts.

"Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room;
And hermits are contented with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels;
Maids at their wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest peak of Furness Fells,
Will murmur by the hour in fox glove bells:
In truth the prison into which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is; and hence to me,
In sundry moods 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground:
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much Liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

[*Miscell. Sonnets*, No. 2, p. 95.]

With what felicity and truth a moral lesson is naturally educed from the thought illustrated in these beautiful lines! How precious is that divine alchemy, which enables the poet to turn everything into gold, and empowers him, like the melancholy Jacques, to find

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Indeed, one of the chief merits of Wordsworth consists in the fine vein of philosophy which runs through all his writings. His beauties are not merely external. There is always more than meets the ear; or, at least, a "faint undertone," which addresses itself to the listening spirit. He seems to exercise his high calling with trembling awe, and a religious sense of the high responsibility which devolves upon him, to whom has been given, "the art and the faculty divine." He speaks with the voice of a sage, and employs the charm of poetry for the purpose of inculcating serious truths, and recommending the humblest as well as the highest duties of man. He is a high-priest of the nine, and seems ever actuated by the spirit of the ancient days, when

The sacred name
Of poet, and of prophet, was the same.

He is a utilitarian in the best and highest sense of the word. He has not cultivated letters, as the means of fortune or of worldly renown. To him, poetry has been, like religion, "its own exceeding great reward." He has made the muse emphatically the handmaid of

virtue and of piety. Listen, if you can, to these beautiful lines, without being solemnly impressed with the loveliness, the majesty, the divinity of nature.

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake
And doth with his Eternal motion make
A sound like thunder everlastingly."

[*Miscell. Sonnets*, No. 32, p. 99.]

Again—

"The stars are mansions built by nature's hand;
The sun is peopled and with spirits blest:
Say, can the gentle moon be unpossessed?
Huge ocean shows within his yellow strand,
A habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love or rest.
All that we see is dome, or vault, or nest,
Or fort, erected at her sage command.

[*Miscell. Sonnets*, Part 4, No. 8, p. 102.]

Such is this man's idolatry of nature—such his spiritual conception of all things, that were he not a christian, he would be a pantheist, a worshipper of the *Anima Mundi*, as he is already, in sentiment at least, a Platonist. He might almost exclaim in the beautiful language of Virgil:

Principio cælum, ac terras, camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum lunæ, titanea astra;
Spiritus intus alit totamque infusa per artus,
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

Yet is he not dead to the beauties and grandeur of Art, though spiritually alive to the charms and majesty of Nature. Witness the following sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge:

"Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul, who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

[*Miscell. Son.* Part 2, No. 26, p. 104.]

And yet there are those who say that this man is not a poet! Eyes have they and they do not see; ears have they and they do not hear. The taste of the age has been false. The gaudy, the meretricious, the violent, the exaggerated, it preferred to those severer charms and milder beauties which are revealed only to the pure in spirit. It is not every one who is admitted behind the veil; who is allowed to approach the sanctuary with uncovered eyes. There is a profound remark of the great Archæologist Winkelman, that in art as in literature, there are three epochs which are always traversed in recurring cycles: the rude, the perfect, and the exaggerated; of which the last, which has been that of our age, is the worst. "We are of the lower

empire," exclaimed Byron, with a truth, which it is to be regretted, had so little influence upon his own lofty genius. We prefer the artificial theatre to this fair world, which God made and declared that it was good. The painted face of the meretricious actress is more beautiful in our sight, than the roseate hue which blooms upon the cheek of innocence and virtue. We cramp and crib ourselves within the narrow mansions which are the works of our own hands, when we might step forth in the majesty of nature,

"Our footstool, earth—our canopy, the skies."

But we rejoice in the confidence that we see indications of a purer taste, a chaster appetite; of which no stronger proof can be furnished than the increasing admiration of Wordsworth. The true creed, the high instincts, the soaring aspirations, the "superstitions of the heart," of the genuine poet, are they not all to be found in the following beautiful and philosophical sonnet—the last we shall present, before proceeding to those of a political character?

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything we are out of tune;
It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

[*Miscell. Son. Part 35. p. 99.*]

Of Wordsworth's political opinions, we know little but what can be gathered from his writings, which, however, furnish strong internal evidence of the sentiments of his youth and the convictions of his age. We prefer, indeed, to derive our knowledge of the opinions of a great man from his works, which have the sanction of his deliberate approval, and present himself as the exponent of his creed. He seems, like Southey and Coleridge, to have been an early enthusiast in the cause of liberty, and like them, to have pushed his opinions to a degree of speculative boldness, in harmony with the ardor of the poetical temperament. He witnessed the opening of that awful drama, the French Revolution, and seems to have hailed it as the advent of a political Millennium. His eager spirit, teeming with love of the beautiful and yearning for the good and the right, saw in it the dawning of a new era, under the guidance of the genius of Universal Emancipation. The human mind seemed to be prepared for great events. It had been slowly awaking from the slumbrous apathy in which, for ages, it had lain. The period of the great Protestant Reformation, and of the wars which succeeded it, had been an epoch of popular enthusiasm, as had been that of the Crusades. When the spirit of religious ardor expired in the breasts of the people, they seemed to sink into a state of political indifference. The strifes of nations became mere contests between governments, for personal or material interests, in which the people at large were merely the instruments and the victims. Wars were rather politi-

cal than national, and were generally undertaken to gratify the pride, to glut the revenge, or augment the territory of monarchs. Kings, ministers, fleets and armies, excited, directed, and carried on these contests. With them the people had little to do. Nothing seemed to awaken a general interest in the civilized world, or to give a popular or universal character to political passions. At length the foundations of society began to heave and all Europe trembled as with an earthquake, whose volcanic elements found vent in the French revolution, preceded, however, by the humbler, yet not less important, one of America, which had been conducted with a prudence, a moderation and success, most encouraging to the cause of political reform. Men gazed upon the spectacle with trembling awe, yet sanguine anticipations. The young and ardent, especially, gave up their souls to unbounded hope, and scarcely listened with patience to the whispered warnings of the experienced and the sage. Alas! the sun which had risen with such beaming splendor upon the moral universe, was destined to undergo a dark and bloody eclipse. The philosophers and philanthropists, who had given the first impulse to the movement, were soon rudely pushed aside by unprincipled demagogues and sanguinary fanatics, who turned their fair land into a vast slaughter-house; one revolting scene of hideous saturnalia. To be deemed a patriot, a man had but to blaspheme God, to violate the laws of nature, to outrage humanity, to disregard all ties, to repudiate every principle; in fine, to vulgarize, to barbarize, and to brutalize himself. In the eloquent language of Burke, it seemed to be "the conspiracy of a whole nation, to exterminate, from the face of the earth, the very idea of a gentleman." A people, the most polished and humane upon earth, became suddenly, by a horrid transformation, the coarsest, the vilest, the most ferocious. They impiously essayed to dethrone God the Creator; they attempted to exterminate the Christian religion; they deified a strumpet in the streets of Paris; they abolished the marriage tie; they scoffed at modesty, chastity and virtue, as well as piety; they respected neither property nor personal rights; they involved their country in universal bankruptcy, with its hideous train of crime, injustice, and misery. Never had the world witnessed so appalling a spectacle. The mind revolts, the heart sickens at the dire recollection. Is it matter of surprise then that disappointed enthusiasts, men of delicate feelings and conscientious scruples, should have been driven by horror and disgust, to repudiate doctrines which seemed to have engendered so infernal a progeny? Is it to be wondered at, if they gave all their talents to the powers that be, in their effort to repel the sanguinary inundation of such infamous principles and still more revolting deeds? How many of us, we ask, would have found our political principles able to stand so formidable a test—to go through so fiery an ordeal? But the great mistake is to ascribe these effects to liberty, which are attributable only to the corrupting influence of pre-existing tyranny. We repel the foul accusation, that freedom is responsible for such consequences, which we charge without scruple to the debasing and depraving spirit of despotism, which had rendered its emancipated slaves unfit for those blessings to which man is as much entitled as to the air he breathes. We will not palliate these

horrors, or admit, for one moment, as some are prone to do, that it is our interest and our policy to soothe and gloss them over, as unavoidable stains upon a righteous cause. No: they are unmitigated and unjustifiable evils, which are not only unnecessary to, but destructive of, the principles which they pretend to subserve, but which they cover with obloquy and disgrace. We repudiate the maxim, which enjoins upon us to do evil, that good may come thereby. Our means should be as pure and as honorable as our ends. It is this miserable doctrine, still so prevalent, that crime is justifiable or necessary to the prosecution of good ends, which has defeated so many efforts for the emancipation of mankind; which will and ought to defeat every attempt by which it is sanctioned. "Who would be free must first be wise and good." We have no patience with those who inculcate this horrible doctrine. They are the worst enemies to the cause of true freedom. We speak without reserve on this topic. It cannot be the interest of liberty to disguise truth, or palliate crime. So far from slurring over the enormities to which we have alluded, we admit them in all their horrible extent, and derive from them a most cogent argument against that despotism, which vitiates the nature of man, and brutalizes humanity itself. This is the way to meet the illiberal imputations upon freedom, founded upon the atrocities of the French revolution, which we condemn, repudiate, and abhor. To show that they are altogether unnecessary to the cause, we need but point to the fact, that the same people have since effected a great political reform, with a moderation, an energy, and magnanimity that do honor to human nature. "Something too much of this." Our poet then, was one of these disenchanted enthusiasts. His finely-tempered spirit, his awe for religion, his philanthropy, his pure feelings, his refined taste, his love of liberty itself, all combined to make him cast aside with horror a creed which had been the pretext, not the cause, of such deeds and designs. We should not be too severe in our judgments of men who change their opinions at such times and from such impulses. We should respect the incentives, while we lament the act; we may even admire the feelings which lead to the dereliction. But our indulgence should not extend to men, who discarding the generous devotion of their youth, become the willing tools of despotism; the servile instruments which arbitrary power wields against prostrate liberty. We should not readily pardon men who make such unhappy events a pretext for selling themselves for a price, and combating, with the exaggerated zeal of the renegade, the convictions of their ardent and unsophisticated years. Of these, however, Wordsworth is not one. A hermit among the mountains, attaching himself to no party, and asking no favors from power, although he changed, perhaps, the symbols of his political creed, he has never deserted the cause of freedom and of man. On the contrary, everything that he has written, even to the very last, expresses that high and enduring sense of the innate and essential dignity of man, which must ever be the chief foundation and support of republican institutions. He has sought him out, in his humblest abodes and most despised forms, and has endeavored to fit him for his high vocation, by teaching him to respect and cultivate these principles within him, which are akin to the source

whence he sprang, and to which he is destined to return. He has even in a measure sacrificed his taste and jeopardized his fame, in his attempt to dignify and exalt the humble and the low. Whatever be his creed, he is emphatically a poet of liberty, not by passionate invocations to popular enthusiasm, but by calm and beautiful appeals to those manly qualities, those chastening virtues and noble sentiments, which are perhaps more often found in the cottage than in the halls of splendid opulence. No other poet has expressed such high regard for the character of man simply as man; none has written so much in honor of the people, in whom, and not in kings, or nobles, or rich men, or fleets, or armies, he places the strength, the dignity, the glory of a nation. Countless passages might be cited in proof of these assertions. The difficulty is to select, not to find.

"The power of Armies is a visible thing,
Formal and circumscribed in time and place,
But who the limits of that power shall trace
Which a brave people into light can bring,
Or hide, at will—for Freedom combating,
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may chace,
No eye can follow to a fatal place
That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
Within its awful caves. From year to year,
Springs this indigenous produce far and near."

[Son. dedicated to Liberty, part 2., No. 32. p. 125.]

Can he be essentially a tory in principle, who can write in the following strain of one,—the most daring thinker on every question within the scope of human cognizance—the boldest contemner of mere authority in every form—the most eloquent writer in the cause of freedom the world has known?

"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh raise us up, return to us again;
And give us freedom, virtue, wisdom, power.
Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart:
Thou had'st a voice, whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So did'st thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The humblest duties on herself did lay."

[Son. ded. to Liberty, part 1. No. 14. p. 119.]

Yet the man, thus almost deified in these noble lines, was the Secretary of Cromwell; the author of the Regicide "Defence of the People of England." And thus the poet characterizes other remarkable men of the same school.

"Great men have been among us; hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none:
The later Sydney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane and others who called Milton friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendor; what strength was that could not bend
But in magnanimous meekness."

[Son. ded. to Liberty, part 1. No. 15. p. 119.]

The following beautiful sonnet is exceedingly appropriate to the country and times in which we live. Every

man must have been struck with the progress that luxury has made in these United States; a progress, especially in the large towns, rapid, extravagant, and unaccompanied by that refinement and elegance, which form its only palliative or corrective. We have anticipated our means and exhausted our resources, in vain efforts to emulate the ostentation and parade of European society, by which we have impaired our stern republican virtues, and brought ridicule, obloquy and ruin upon our heads. We devoutly hope that the financial calamities which have lately fallen upon the nation, will be improved as an infliction of the chastening hand of Providence, upon the pride, vainglory, and sordid ambition of our people.

"Oh friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
Or groom! We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion, breathing household laws."

[Sonnet ded. to Liberty, part 1. No. 13. p. 119.]

Again:—

"These times touch monied worldlings with dismay:
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair.

—virtue and the faculties within
Are vital * * * riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice and death."

[Son. ded. to Liberty, part 1. No. 20. p. 120.]

"The time is come when we should wean
Our heart from its emasculating food;
The truth should now be better understood.
Old things have been unsettled; we have seen
Fair seedtime, better harvest might have been
But for our trespasses."

[Son. ded. to Liberty, part 1. No. 21. p. 120.]

Do not these lines seem to have been written for our especial edification, and ought they not to be devoutly read and inwardly digested, for our warning and instruction?

The things, which, above all others, Wordsworth seems to despise and to condemn, are arbitrary power, mere external grandeur, brute violence, and haughty oppression. His writings indicate throughout a profound respect for the rights of humanity, which he asserts on all occasions with the eloquence of deep conviction. From this feeling springs his antipathy to Bonaparte, whom he viewed, not merely as an enemy to England, but as a cruel oppressor of the human race; who, consulting nothing but policy, and wielding nothing but physical power, sported at pleasure with the rights of nations, and treated his fellowmen as the mere instruments of his unprincipled ambition. Thus spake the poet of him, with prophetic indignation, in the height of his career, when all other eyes were dazzled with his glory, and meaner voices were heard only in servile acclamation. The high trust in God,

and in the late though certain justice of Heaven, displayed in these lines, would almost seem to indicate a loftier inspiration than that of the muse.

"Look now on that Adventurer, who hath paid
His vows to Fortune; who in cruel slight
Of virtuous hope, of liberty and right,
Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was made
By the blind goddess; ruthless, undismayed;
And so hath gained at length a prosperous height,
Round which the elements of worldly might
Beneath his haughty feet like clouds are laid.
Oh joyless power that stands by lawless force!
Curses are his dire portion, scorn and hate,
Internal darkness and unquiet breath;
And if old judgments keep their sacred course,
Him from that height shall Heaven precipitate
By violent and ignominious death."

[Son. ded. to Liberty, part 2d. No. 21. p. 124.]

In a note to one of the sonnets, the poet speaks of those "whose besotted admiration of this intoxicated despot, is the most melancholy evidence of degradation in British feelings and intellect which the times have furnished." We ourselves have been often astonished at the admiration of men, who call themselves lovers of liberty, for one who, with all his genius and great qualities, was one of the direst enemies to human rights and freedom the world has trembled under; for one, who spurning the instruments by which he rose to power, deemed himself almost a god in his fortune, and looked down upon his fellow creatures as mere slaves and victims to be used and sacrificed in masses (his favorite term,) for the vainglory of his name. This man, who covered the fair fields of Europe with millions of human bodies—fathers, husbands, brothers, sons—coolly declared that it sickened him to look upon a single corpse upon the battle ground! Great as he was, every miserable victim that bled at his feet, was as precious in the sight of the Father of all spirits, as was this fancied demi-god, who chained at last to the Atlantic rock, perished, Prometheus-like, inwardly devoured by the vulture of thwarted ambition. The weakness which makes men gaze with dazzled admiration upon these mighty hunters of their kind, is akin to the miserable delusion of the poor natives of India, who cast themselves before the crushing wheels of the idolatrous car. This degrading worship is at least unworthy of a republican.

"Never may from our souls one truth depart,
That an accursed thing it is to gaze
On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye;
Nor touched with due abhorrence of *their* guilt
For whose dire ends, tears flow, and blood is spilt,
And justice labors in extremity.
Forget thy weakness upon which is built,
O wretched man, the throne of tyranny."

[Son. ded. to Liberty, part 2d. No. 33. p. 125.]

Behold the childless mother, the widowed wife, the desolate orphan; behold the victim himself, when, perishing in his blood, perhaps for the want of a cup of cold water, his misery is suddenly terminated by the crushing hoof of the plunging steed, and then admire the Conqueror if you can!

"'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood:

Wisdom doth live with children round her knees,
Books, leisure, perfect freedom and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business; these are the degrees
By which true sway doth mount; this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these."

[*Son. ded. to Liberty, part 1. No. 4. p. 118.*]

But we would never have done, did we attempt to cite all the beautiful passages and noble sentiments contained in these remarkable sonnets, which are throughout of the highest excellence; than which there is nothing finer of the kind to be met with in the whole range of English, or any other literature. Our extracts have been purposely copious, knowing, as we did, that the text would prove more grateful than any commentary we could offer, and believing that these sublime verses, in honor and defence of liberty, are not sufficiently known to the American community. Before we conclude, however, we cannot refrain from presenting to our readers two sonnets, which for splendid diction, classical elegance of style, truth and loftiness of thought, we venture to say, stand unrivalled. The germ of Byron's noble apostrophe,

Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?

is to be found here, as finely expressed, but with serener power.

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

"A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground,
And to the concourse of the Isthmian games,
He by his Herald's voice aloud proclaims
The LIBERTY OF GREECE: The words rebound,
Until all voices in one voice are drowned:
Glad acclamation by which Earth was rent!
And birds, high flying in the element,
Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound!
A melancholy echo of that noise
Doth sometimes hang on musing Fancy's ear:
Ah that a Conqueror's word should be so dear!
Ah that a boon could shed such rapturous joys!
A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven."

[*Son. ded. to Lib. part 2. No. 1. p. 121.*]

UPON THE SAME EVENT.

"When far and wide, swift as the beams of morn
The tidings passed of servitude repealed,
And of that joy which shook the Isthmian field,
The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter scorn.
"Tis known," cried they, "that he who would adorn
His envied temples with the Isthmian crown—
Must either win through effort of his own
The prize, or be content to see it won
By more deserving brows. Yet so ye prop,
Sons of the Brave who fought at Marathon!
Your feeble Spirits. Greece her head hath bowed,
As if the wreath of Liberty thereon
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,
Which, at Jove's will, descends on Pelion's top."

[*Page 121.*]

Here we have the noblest poetry, the highest philosophy, the most generous sentiment, united. The same beautiful spirit animates all these varied productions, whether the poet invoke the ancient glory of England, or arouse the haughty Spaniard against the ruthless invaders of his soil, or mourn and exult by turn with the sturdy Switzer, and Tyrolese patriot; or teach, as with an inspired tongue, that "from within

proceeds a nation's health," that its reliance must ever be upon God and upon the virtue of its people, rather than upon the "visible power" of armies and of fleets, or the policy of "o'erweening statesmen." Whatever be his subject or his aim, the same high reason, exalted philanthropy, and religious reverence for the rights of humanity—the same deep conviction that Power Divine watches, joins in, and overrules the actions of men, pervade these lofty and beautiful strains. They must and will be read with unequalled delight by all those who have correct principles, generous sentiments, and pure taste—who love liberty and detest tyranny in every shape, however bright with glory, or resplendent with fame. This poet should be dear to every man of an erect and republican spirit. Despite the banner under which he is enlisted, still, in his own spirited words—

He doth love
The liberty of man.

We think we see him seated upon a lonely hill, far off from the strifes and the turmoil of the world; the clouds careering above his head; the quiet lake of his adoption, low down in the vale beneath his feet; the eagle soaring heavenward on wheeling pinions. We think we see him, alone with God and with his spirit, glowing with high thoughts and lofty inspirations, until his eye kindles, his whole frame expands, and his face becomes like that of an angel!

"Blessings be with them and eternal praise
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The poets who on earth have made us Heirs
Of Truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!"

[*Miscell. Son. part 1. No. 41. p. 100.*]

"BEHOLD THE DREAMER COMETH."

"And there lay visions swift, and sweet, and quaint,
Each in its thin sheath like a chrysalis;
Some eager to burst forth, some weak and faint
With the soft burthen of intensest bliss."

Shelley.

I was alone in the dark world!
Had lost my wife and child!
A chilling sense of desolation
Stole o'er my shuddering frame.
My brain was wild by fits—by fits my heart stood still;
As when the sudden tempest sweeps
With rapid wing, o'er Ocean's tranquil breast,
His mighty waves to phrenzy lash'd,
Sport with the roaring winds,
And then, in sullen majesty, subside.

Time waves his magic wand and grief
Discards her sombre robes. The ruler of the winds
Hath given bounds to woe. A gentle calm
Came o'er my troubled soul—my heart
Grew tender as a child's.
A simple tale of sorrow
Would move my breast to pity
And melt my eyes in tears.
My soul had known the charm
Of sweet communion with a kindred soul,

My heart had felt the throb of one as warm.
But now, there was an aching void within.
Methought, if I could gaze again
In Beauty's eye, and catch the faintest twinkle there,
Of Love's electric spark, each languid pulse
Would thrill with life anew.

'Twas night. I lay, and mused on mortal life.
My eyes were fixed on vacancy.
My mind was dwelling on the past.
I knew not that I dreamed.
A little girl was on my knee,
The image of my child:
She looked upon my face
With her soft eye and sweetest smile!
Her gentle hands culled from my locks
The silvery hairs, a few short years
Had prematurely sprinkled there—
And as she pluck'd, she gave them to the breeze.
I bowed my head to press upon the seraph's lip
A tender kiss—when lo! the vision changed.

Her mother sat beside me, and her arms
Were lock'd about my neck:
She too was gazing in my face;
And in the depths of her mild eyes,
I read, "there's happiness in store for you."
And then, she smooth'd my furrow'd cheek,
And made my brow serene.
She was as well, and looked as sweet
As she was wont to look before our bridal day,
When we would sit for hours
And drink each other's thoughts,
And deprecate the chance that broke the spell.
I reached my hand to touch her blooming cheek—
But, oh! again, the vision changed.

My eyes were fix'd upon the fire,
And in it, there a maiden stood,
Robed in a dazzling blaze
Which wantoned round her form.
Her features, circled by the whitest flame,
Expressed a spirit's grace.
Upon my little daughter's head
Who stood beside her, she had fondly tied
A gipsy bonnet, wove of silk and straw,
In open lattice work, which seemed
Of burnished gold the flame had blanch'd.
And then, she gave to me a look
That kindled all my soul to love;
But, startled by a noise, I turned,
And there the maiden stood behind my chair.
She pressed my cheeks with both her hands
And printed on my lips a burning kiss.
I caught her in my arms and held her to my heart,
But suddenly, a raging flame did burn
Between and sunder us forever.

Another change—another vision came:
I saw a wide and verdant lawn,
As thickly set with little yellow flowers,
As th' vault of Heaven with the gems of night.
And by a brook, o'er which a willow flung
Its cooling shade, a maiden sat
And angled in the stream.
A simple silken band of lemon hue

Was bound about her head,
And, neatly fasten'd with a single bow,
Confined her black and glossy curls,
Which hung profusely o'er her rosy cheek.
The hook, without a bait or lure,
She cast into the stream, and gazed
Intently there. Soon, forth there came
From underneath the bank, close by,
A timid fish, which seemed to play
About her shadow with delight:
But ever as the naked hook it spied,
'Twould dart affrighted to its close retreat.
And then, it seemed that I became that fish,
And that I shyly played about the hook
And longed to see it baited, with a smile
Or blush; but while I dallied there,
A greedy pike with sudden dart,
Did spring upon the barbed point,
And fluttering, panted by the maiden's side.

I dreamed 'twas early dawn.
As up my garden walk I strolled
The balmy breath of spring
Infused its healthful spirit through my limbs.
The morning air was fresh upon my cheek.
I looked upon the eastern sky,
Expecting there to see the mellow blush
That tinges first the wide horizon's verge;
But night, her sombre curtains yet undrawn,
In undisturbed dominion slept.
The whole pavilion of the sky
With countless constellations glowed:
The morning star, more bright than all the rest,
A steady gleam of glory shed.
I turned me to the west. The laws
Which heretofore had ruled the universe,
Now seemed reversed. The morn
Arrayed in robes of light, came forth
To chase the lingering shadows home
And o'er the waning stars to spread
Her blue ethereal veil.
The sun illumed the west: his form too changed:
The dazzling disk, around whose single ring
Eternal blazes flew, now seemed
Two burning rings of liquid fire,
The one encircling half the other's disk;
As when the moon comes o'er the sun in half eclipse,
And yet, each circle uneclipsed, appeared distinct.
Then came thin clouds, all silvered o'er with light
Which tipp'd their feath'ry wings with crimson and
with gold:
They ran from south to north
And spread their fleecy veil
Athwart that double sun;
They hid his blinding blaze,
But left the glory of his disk revealed;
And as that light and transient veil
Before the wind was rolled away,
The double circle glided into one.

The vision changed!
And I was seated by a girl
Intently gazing on her placid eyes,
Which, black and glistening as the raven's plume,
Were cast upon the floor.

The long and glossy lashes, hung
 A feathery screen before their arrowy glance.
 Her arching brows were shaded well,
 Yet open and serene.
 And jetty ringlets waved upon her polished cheek,
 Thro' which the blood did flush from her young heart.
 And on her ebon hair, a simple cap
 Of silken net she wore—'twas white, with downy fringe.
 Methought her little hand was in my own,
 Yet held so timidly
 That she had not perceived my touch ;
 But as I gazed upon her form,
 The pressure imperceptibly increased,
 Until the blood did mantle in her cheek.
 Then, suddenly, she seized my hand
 And strove to loose my grasp ;
 But, in the act, our hands united grew,
 And vows were interchanged.

A thought, in winged guise,
 Came flitting round and through my brain
 In antics wild and strange,
 And whispering softly said :
 "The mystery of dreams 'tis mine to solve.
 'Thy daughter plucked thy silvery hairs,
 'And gave them to the breeze.
 'Thy wife did kindly smooth thy care-worn brow.'
 Thus Age and Woe are bid to stay their hands,
 And youth and love to live for thee.
 'The maiden in the fire
 'Who fondly decked thy daughter,'
 Was once beloved by thee,
 And loved thee in return.
 'The flames that intervened,'
 Were those who interposed, and severed sacred vows.
 'The maiden angling in the brook,
 'Who baited not her hook for thee,
 'But caught another fish,'
 Is one for whom thy lonely heart did throb,
 Who might have been thy bride,
 Had not thy fa-tering spirit failed.
 'The stars that glittered in the east,'
 Were woman's radiant eyes ;
 But all their glory brought not day to thee.
 'The rosy dawn came blushing in the west,
 'Two suns in harmony illumed the sky,'—
 Thy fate, and that of some fair western maid
 Shall soon, like them, be blended into one.
 'The feathery clouds that threw a transient mist
 'Before their dazzling disks,' are but
 The fleeting shades that dim the path of love ;
 For she 'who wore the snow white net
 Upon her raven hair,' will be thy destiny.
 But when thou wilt be blessed,
 Or where, or who the maiden is,
 I leave for you to learn,—
 The world is wide before thee, go thy way."

STEPS OF A DANCE.

Thoinet Arbeau, at Langres, in 1588, printed a curious treatise entitled *Orchesography*, in which he was the first to note the steps of a dance in the same manner as that of music.

NAPOLÉON AND JOSEPHINE.

Napoleon, son of Charles and Letitia Bonaparte, was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on 15th August 1769; and died at St. Helena on 5th May 1821.

His father, a man of abilities died in Corsica, in 1785, and his mother, at Rome, in 1836. Her maiden name was Miss Romalini, sister of Cardinal Fesch. She was a superior woman; and the mother of thirteen children at the age of thirty, when she became a widow.

Napoleon's four brothers and three sisters who grew up were

Joseph, who became King of Spain.

Lucian, who became Prince of Canino.

Louis, who became King of Holland.

Jerome, who became King of Westphalia.

Pauline, who first married Gen. Le Clerc, and afterwards prince of Borghése.

Caroline, who married Murat, afterwards King of Naples, and now styled Countess of Le Panto.

Mary Ann Eliza, who married Bacciocchi.

In the spring of 1796 Napoleon married Josephine the widow of Alexander de Beauharnais who was guillotined in 1794, in the reign of Robespierre.

Eugene, who married the daughter of the King of Bavaria, and who became Viceroy of Italy;—and Hortense, who married Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland—were the only children Josephine ever had.

Josephine was Miss Tascher, a Creole, born in Martinico in 1763; married to Beauharnais in 1779, and to Napoleon in 1796; was divorced from the latter in 1809; died at Malmaison on 29th May 1814, and was buried in the village churchyard at Ruel.

Her superior sense;—her elegant manners and affectionate heart;—her love of justice and her boundless charity—endeared her to the whole nation. These,—and her mournful fall from the most elevated sphere that woman ever moved in, and which she bore with graceful fortitude and resignation,—have enrolled her in history among the most celebrated and lamented beings that any age has produced.

After death had canonized her name and sealed her destinies on this terraqueous globe, more than twenty thousand persons—attracted by an affectionate remembrance of her virtues—visited her remains as they laid in state.

EUGENE AND HORTENSE

TO

JOSEPHINE

are the simple but touching words on the pure white marble slab that adorns her grave.

Josephine was a being modelled in the happiest prodigality of nature; and formed for all the tender offices of connubial love. Her matchless charms foiled at once the poet's fancy, the painter's power, and the sculptor's skill. She seemed ever young and vernal as the morn. Grace was in her motion; symmetry in her form, and music in her voice. The odorous purple of the rose adorned her cheek; and her soft blue eye was as the azure sky that trembles through a cloud of purest white. She practised the refinements of honor, and imitated the graces of the gods. When—like some Naiad or some Grace—she strolled through

the gay parterres, or gambolled over the enamelled lawns of her favorite Malmaison, the light and verdant grass sprung elastic from her airy tread. When seated in conversation, she resembled a graceful swan anchored on the bosom of some crystal lake, carolling her melodious notes, and silencing the envious gabble of surrounding birds. And, as she stooped from the burnished throne to dispense her golden charity, she personated a ministering angel of mercy and light,—leading suffering humanity out of darkness into sunshine and joy.

Her gentle life and guileless purity were discerned through the robes of imperial glory; and marked the course of those tender sensitive affections on which the coldness of Napoleon fell like baneful frost upon the tendrils of a delicate vine.

Napoleon found this fair and flagrant flower, regaling all nature with its odorous sweets. In an evil hour he tore it from the vital stem, and threw it like a loathsome weed away.

He was 'the ocean to the river of her thoughts;' and she the gentle stream that paid perennial tribute to the swelling flood: till the earthquake shock of unappeasable ambition sundered alike the sympathies of nature and the policies of state; and turned what once was harmony into chaos and desolation.

'Love is a sea upon whose swelling breast
Lies many a wreck of fond affection lost;
And faithful hearts beneath its waters rest,
By adverse breakers on its passage crost.'

Imagination still conjures up this sweet being in the rural shades of Navarre; shading her tender sorrows from the vulgar view; and sighing to the soft air her unconquerable love.

Lieux écartés, demeure obscure,
Solitaires témoins des peines que j'endure;
Asile impénétrable à la clarté du jour,
Redoublez, s'il se peut, l'épaisseur de vos ombres,
Et cachez à jamais dans vos retraites sombres,
Mon desespoir et mon amour.

Had gratitude been his cardinal virtue, or virtuous renown the jewel of his aspirations, Napoleon would have weeded forever from his heart every vicious inclination to wrong this incomparable woman; and, with fondest attentions and delicate care, would have plucked every thorn from the roses of love. But, the tendency of insatiate ambition forbids that the victim of it should retain at eve the purity of the morn. And this fatal passion beguiled Napoleon from the path of sacred honor and connubial delights.

In the hope that a fruitful marriage would entail upon his lineal heir that mighty dynasty which his genius, valor and abilities had reared so high—Napoleon divorced himself from this fond—confiding woman; and the wanton act so shocked the moral sense of the wise, the virtuous, and the free—that Napoleon soon fell on Josephine's ruins.

In the spring of 1810 Napoleon, with all the ostentatious ceremonies of imperial amours, married Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor Francis, of Austria.

In the spring of 1811, the King of Rome, Napoleon's only child, was born. After his father's fall from power, this royal heir attended his mother to Austria;—resided there with his grandfather, and was styled the

Duke of Rastadt. He lived to manhood; then died—alike to battles and to fame unknown.

'Proud Austria's mournful Flower' hung her faded and fallen head, for a season, on the bosom of parental love. Anon—she coaxed her widowed heart to love another;—and wedded Count Neipper—her father's Chamberlain.

Quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis.

Far better for her dignity and fame had she cherished great Hector's son, and lived, like Andromache, on the memory of days more dear.

Ce fils, ma seule joie, et l'image d' Hector;
Ce fils, que de sa flamme, il me laissa pour gage!
Hélas! je m'en souviens, le jour que son courage
Lui fit chercher Achille, ou plutôt le trepas,
Il demanda son fils, et le prit dans ses bras:
"Chère épouse, dit-il, en essuyant mes larmes;
J'ignore quel succès le sort garde à mes armes;
Je te laisse mon fils pour gage de ma foi:
S'il me perd, je prétends qu'il me retrouve en toi.
Si d'un heureux hymen la mémoire t'est chère
Montre au fils à quel point tu chérissais le père."

But, Maria Louisa chose to divorce herself from those tender cares and unavailing sorrows for the mighty dead; and, from the solar height of imperial renown, she stooped contentedly to vulgar clay;—heedless of her royal rank, and the gibes of the world.

Of that extraordinary man who has stamped his name on the annals of our age in characters so prominent and bold I shall but trace the outline. With powers to have made all the ordinary objects of ambition subservient to his will, Napoleon mainly delighted in the study of pursuits that might ultimately secure him a regal dominion over his fellow men. To storm, or to defend; to elude or to subdue, an enemy—was the master faculty that he delighted to cultivate and to display.

What Tacitus wrote Napoleon felt, and was resolved to illustrate and to enforce. *Reges ex nobilitate, Duces ex virtute sumunt.* That diadem which hereditary power alone bestows upon a king, a military chieftain can only acquire by consummate valor and abilities in war. Hence, from childhood's hour he studied battles and delighted in the mimic scenes of war. Every character that had adorned the theatre of war; that had been skilful in arms, and intrepid in strife—was painted to the life, and hung aloof in the chambers of his imperial mind.

The temple of Napoleon's mind was of the Composite order, where you find the strength, grandeur and sublimity of the Doric; the taste and beauty of the Ionic, with all the elegant magnificence of the Corinthian style. In this magnificent temple he studied the military art; remodelled the science of war; and elaborated that impetuous thunder that shook the dynasty of states, and strewed the earth with hostile bones.

Of Julius Cæsar the opinion has been expressed by a competent judge that he was the first general,—the only triumphant politician,—inferior to none in eloquence,—comparable to any in the attainments of wisdom,—in an age made up of the greatest commanders, statesmen, orators and philosophers that ever appeared in the world.

These are qualities rare in each separate excellence, and wonderful in their combination.

Had Julius and Napoleon appeared as contemporaneous rivals in honors and in arms, they might have figured as the Diomedes and Æneas of the age.

Ambo animis, ambo insignes præstantibus armis.

As it is—it is difficult to compare them, with justice to either. The ancient arts and implements of war were so rude and imperfect when compared with what they now are, that the Greek and the Roman;—the legion and the phalanx; the ponderous elephant and the warlike steed—would have been ignoble food for the haughty and rapacious Eagle of Napoleon's day; that Gallic bird that soared so high;—that wheeled in solitary grandeur through the void immense, and often winged his adventurous flight against the blaze of the sun, with an eye that never winked, and a wing that never tired. Not all the congregated forces of Cæsar, aided by the signal intrepidity and address with which he achieved his victories in Gaul, Illyria, Britain, Egypt, Asia, and Africa, could have stood the mortal shock of Napoleon's battle field. Had the French army of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, or Waterloo, stood before Cæsar on the plains of Pharsalia, Rome might still have lost her glorious freedom;—but Cæsar and his legions had perished in the strife; or, had been subdued and led to Rome to expiate their offences against the public laws by a still more severe and ignominious death.

If Cæsar was once but the best wrestler on the green, so too did Napoleon, without patrimonial fortune or hereditary claims, rise to the summit from an humble sphere. And, in his ascent had to contend with a crowd of eminent competitors who were swift of foot and of indomitable breath:—men of profound learning, of vigilant sagacity, and practised abilities in council and in war, all looking to the eminence where fame's proud temples shine afar. Yet, even these joined ultimately in the general voice that raised Napoleon to the supreme power of a great, enlightened, populous and powerful nation, which he found distracted at home and depreciated abroad. Napoleon, too, legislated and negotiated in a refined age; controlled the destinies of Europe, for a considerable time; warred against the conjoined energies of the most formidable nations in the world; and gained a number of decisive battles, each one of which might give immortality to a warrior's name.

These must surely vindicate the deference that is claimed for the supremacy of his powers.

The vigor and versatility of his genius, are illustrated in the many great works of art, commerce and legislation, with which he adorned his empire; and which must always aggravate the regret that one so gifted to grace and to serve the cause of humanity, should have thrown his weight in the scale against it. For, what avails the wide capacious mind, with every science accurately stored, if the tendency be to dishonor and to mar the national peace, freedom and felicity, until these inestimable blessings shall encompass but one man, and live or perish at his nod!

As General of the French Republic, he had faced with dauntless breast the tyrants of his country, and earned, by his immortal victories, the laurels that

adorned his brow. Here was the pinnacle: the measure of heroic fame was full. He was then the first in honor and in arms;—in renown and in place. 'Tunc Galliæ decus, columenque gentis.' Then was the time to have hung his armor on the post; and to have bound up the demon of discord in the chains of peace.

The consular power which Napoleon afterwards acquired from the generosity of the nation, was given and intended to consolidate the liberties of the Republic: and he himself instituted the Legion of Honor to stimulate the republican heroes, and to bind them for ever in dutiful allegiance to that fair Goddess of Liberty which might have towered above all Greek; above all Roman fame.

But now, mad and boundless ambition had fired Napoleon's soul. And, to him, there was no middle way between a coronet and a coffin. He sought the crown and wore it too; not, in forma Cæsaris, by an open seizure of the government; but by means in which his art was more conspicuous than his love of virtue and the general good.

He continually complained of the folly and imbecility of the popular—and nourished and invigorated whatever of public sentiment there was in favor of the imperial—form of government; until at last the very champions of the Republic, who had been brevetted members of the Legion of Honor and had sworn eternal fidelity to the Republic, to the integrity of its territory, its government and laws, came forward to grease the wheels of the imperial car—that car that rolled with haughty violence over the dead body of the Republic, and crushed her marrowless bones in the celebration of departed liberty.

But, let it be conceded that Napoleon was the natural creature of the times he lived in: that he was merely borne up by the wave of the multitude, and rolled on with it:—that he raised the crown to his head with no blood-stained hand. Yet, when the throne became his, how ignobly quick did he imitate the ancient regime he was elevated to despise! Ranks, privileges and badges of nobility filled every place that had been the sacred home and pride of the free. The majestic Eagle of Liberty that had stretched her unconquerable pinions over a thousand hills was mewed up; while all the servile kites and buzzards of the land cleaved the genial air and battered in the sunshine of royal approbation.

Not content with one throne, Napoleon took two; and placed the members of his family on several more. So that about the time his son, the King of Rome, first saw the light, Napoleon and his family ruled over more than fifty millions of people. But, power seldom cloy the appetite it feeds. And to swallow the independence of fifty millions of people could not appease, or even mitigate, Napoleon's hunger for dominion over his fellow man. He honored the trophies of Alexander, aspired to surpass the celebrity of his deeds; and dreamed of Grannicus, Tyre, Issus, Gaza and Arbela, till emulation banished all sleep from his lids, and repose from his heart.

After the whole continent of Europe had quailed before the thunder of his imperial guns he turned to the free ungovernable sea, frowned upon that element he could not rule, and burned to starve into his embraces that proud majestic woodnymph liberty that resid-

ed in the British oak, and which no violence could reach, no blandishments seduce, nor menace awe.

To effect this a continental system was devised; and hostile proclamations against maritime rights and the freedom of trade covered the ocean and the earth. A governmental control over any man's bread controls his allegiance, merely because the power of the state is greater than his. But, for one man to control the bread of a whole nation, and not only the bread of his own nation, but of a whole continent of nations, and actually to deprive them of it, was a tyranny of state never yet attempted with impunity even in a barbarous age. To this system which recommended living without food, and the discharge of obligations without means, a resistance naturally arose; and spreading quickly, drove away from the immediate aid of Napoleon all who had the power to go; and prepared others to follow upon the first conviction of their ability to do it.

He who would rive the gnarled oak, should always calculate the force of the rebound; and strike not when he can prevail not. A failure to make this useful calculation roused that formidable coalition before whose united vengeance no solitary dynasty could stand. All the great powers of Europe, with England in the lead, mustered the elements of war, and bore down upon the gallant French, until Napoleon deserted the throne, to mourn his fortunes in a dreary isle.

But, Elba was no place for one who had scarce dreamed of limits to his sway. Far better with the dying or the dead to be, than cease to amaze and to agitate the world with the celebrity of his deeds and the power of his name. And, with almost marvellous intrepidity, celerity and address, Napoleon reappeared at the Tuileries, unscathed himself, and guiltless of another's blood. But, if this return was marvellous, it was disastrous too. The elements of war soon lowered again over the destinies of Europe; and Napoleon had once more to face that united and indomitable host that laid his fortunes forever in the dust; and compelled proud, beautiful and gallant France to ground her arms before the arbiters of her fate. And soon, in the far distant isle of St. Helena, the eye of Napoleon;—that eye that used to soften and to charm,—to dazzle and to lead,—to threaten and to subdue, had to gaze on memory's board of irreparable woes, in pining solitude.

If, during the several years of peace that attended the early period of his imperial power, Napoleon had strengthened the national resources of his country by wise, liberal and pacific dispositions towards the continental powers, and had, by a generous policy cultivated their good feelings and opinions until he had made it their interest to appreciate and befriend him; had he magnanimously granted an amnesty for the past, and guarded the future by a firm but respectful proclamation that he would take away the crown from the first national wrong-doer that should thenceforth wrong the people or the government of France, and that he would allow the people of every such dethroned monarch freely to choose their future form of government and the Magistrate who should preside over it,—he might still adorn the throne of Charlemagne, and be the living wonder and admiration of the world. For, there was an advantage in his friendship, a power in his hand, and a terror in his threat that would have peace-

ably subdued opposition, and augmented the number of his adherents in every quarter of Europe. It is obvious that such a course of elevated justice, dignity and wisdom, would have made the aggregate of every nation friendly to him;—the people from principle and respect;—and the monarchs from policy and fear. And, had any bold disturber of the French repose forced Napoleon to execute this proclamation, a single example of his firmness and ability had sufficed to intimidate the rest, and to insure tranquillity to future times.

Instead of this—he placed upon the various thrones he subverted, potentates whom the people neither elected, loved nor knew. And, by the general scope of his conduct, created a prevalent belief that he was quarrelsome because he was strong; selfish in council, and tyrannous in war;—and an intermeddler with his commonarchs because they wore crowns he coveted to rule, and wanted his own family dependents to enjoy.

It is impossible to reflect on the actions of this most extraordinary man, without a firm belief that he was long before the close of his days, a fatalist in the fullest sense of the term; and that he greatly presumed on the countenance of Providence for a continuance of his career, and the consummation of the vast schemes of ambition in which his fatal genius delighted to indulge. Under the prevalence of this notion, he traversed the earth with hostile bands, from the burning deserts of the East to the frozen regions of the North;—and roused up enemies from the pyramids of Egypt to the palace of the Russian Czar.

'Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind fury with abhor'd shears
And slits the thin-spun life.'

The blaze of Napoleon was sudden, effulgent, and protracted. But it was a blaze that lured him from the paths of peace, true glory and felicity;—the highest aspirations of virtuous ambition.

It puzzles the understanding to conceive how one,—who had the unquestioned power and inclination to leave a mighty name to after ages, and who struggled with such persevering assiduity to effect it,—should have formed such false and inaccurate notions of renown: and should have turned so coldly and so heedlessly away from that matchless and beautiful celebrity he might have wooed and won. He might have conferred more blessings on the human race than any other individual of the age he lived in. If, after his return from his memorable campaigns, adorned with victorious wreaths, crowned with the accumulated trophies of the vanquished foe, and elevated to the summit of political power, he had given freedom to his own land, and broken the iron thralldom that weighed his neighbors to the earth, there would not, at the period of his death, have remained a tyrant's dungeon on the continent of Europe.

Then, had the muse of history enrolled with a pencil of imperishable light—*NAPOLEON—dux et princeps et liberator hominum reliquorum*. And, what an immortality for any mortal to deserve!

But Napoleon secured, enlarged and consolidated his own imperial powers, in derogation of the great origi-

nal rights of man;—and left the votaries of liberty to deplore that they had elevated to a perilous height an idol who valued ambition too much for their repose; and who—with powers to save—sundered no chain that tyranny had laid upon the freedom of the world.

His repudiation of Josephine, and immediate inter-marriage with a family that had been, for ages, the ready foe and perfidious friend of his own nation, was an ill-judged disrespect to the public sentiment of France: and an unbecoming longing after royal connexions. His own patent of nobility had been bravely won by his valor and abilities. And the quarters of a family shield, so ample and bright, were not to be rounded into grace and beauty by any lustre that could be reflected upon it from the paltry House of Austria;—that House that he had so lately humbled and crushed and reconstructed as he pleased; and which nourished within its imperial chambers—until a fitful season for vegetation should approach—those baneful seeds of revenge which soon sprouted up in direful thorns about Napoleon's path.

His boundless disposition continually to extend his mighty sway brought the national mind to reflect on the unprofitable tendency of all that he had done; and created a belief that endless requisitions were to be made on the treasure and valor of France. The people, and even the military, grew weary of the bootless work; and sickened at the torrents of useless blood that the rash-unsparing hand of Napoleon had improvidently drained from the generous veins of a gallant nation. Peace, sweet gentle peace, drooped her featherless and shattered wing; and, frightened from the crowded town, the cultivated plain, the sunny hill, and verdant vale,—told her sorrows to the heedless gloom. Sad freedom in her mourning vestments hid her repudiated face from the maddening strife; and the greatest warriors that adorned Napoleon's camp sighed at the havoc they had made on the repose of the world.

Yet, no pitiful revenge, or private cruelties are chargeable to the actions of this imperial man. He strided far; but crushed no abject worm in his mighty tread: while he struck each manly foe with a bold and open hand; and in a manner to impress a belief upon the age that he was actuated by some great purpose of the state—unmixed with the little, mean, personal dispositions of a vulgar mind.

'His heart was formed for softness—warp'd to wrong;
Betray'd too early, and beguiled too long;
Each feeling pure—as falls the dropping dew
Within the grot—like that had harden'd too.'

Oh! what a perilous thing it is to the life, the honor, and the soul of man to nourish immortal longings in his breast; and to fix his dazzled and enamored eye on the bewildering mazes of renown!

With what justice vanquished Priam was treated by Ulysses, is a question that it would be more curious than profitable to discuss. Fallen greatness challenges the regards of the generous and the brave. And, when we see a great man struggling with misfortunes, till grief becomes his food and solitude his home, the eye of sympathy drops a softening tear upon the wounds it fain would mitigate but cannot heal.

The career of Napoleon teaches lessons that every people should remember and bequeath as a legacy to future generations. There is no prosperity that may

not be reversed. And no deeds of valor, or emanations of the towering mind, however signal and bright, that vaulting ambition may not tarnish, and convert into a warning rather than a blessing, to mankind.

Wisdom and virtue; justice, moderation and mercy must, in every age of enlightened reason, lie at the bottom of national peace, glory and felicity. And no magistrate, however exalted to the supreme power of the state, can venture with impunity to weaken these fair and solid foundations.

Whoever would acquire a name of permanent renown; a name which the present age may revere, and the page of history preserve for the imitation of posterity, must evince no stubborn disobedience to these immortal canons of Almighty God. The hand of power should never be roughly laid upon the national repose. Tyranny subdues not half the hearts that mercy wins. The Omnipotent Being who has no pardon to solicit, or atonement to make, may reward each one among us by a severe scrupulous standard of his own. But, frail and fallible man, whose very best actions should be charitably considered, cannot be too mild, merciful and forgiving. Liberality should characterise the virtuous and the free; and should always point this admonition to political power, that it is wiser to suspend a portion of its rightful weight than suffer it to gravitate upon the repose and affections of our fellow men.

O repos! ô tranquillité!
O d'un parfait bonheur assurance éternelle,
Quand la suprême autorité
Dans ses conseils a toujours auprès d'elle,
La justice et la vérité!

Heaven formed great matchless Washington to raise before the nations of the earth a beacon of eternal light—to shew how much wisdom and benignity; justice, moderation and virtue, may adorn the councils of a man the first in honor and in arms; in renown as in place.

Que son nom soit béni; que son nom soit chanté,
Que l'on célèbre ses ouvrages
Au-delà des temps et des âges,
Au-delà de l'éternité!

POWER OF THE STEAM ENGINE.

In the newspapers, we used often to see steam engines mentioned as being of such a "horse-power"—as "of sixteen horse-power"—"of eighty horse-power"—&c. This phraseology was founded on a supposition, that the strength of *one* horse was competent to raise 32,000* pounds avoirdupois, one foot high, in a minute. So that a sixteen horse-power is that which could raise 512,000 lbs. one foot in a minute—and so of other powers. But this mode of estimating steam power is now almost entirely disused by practical men. They reckon it generally, by the diameter of the cylinder,† and the length of stroke of the piston; with the pressure upon each square inch of the piston. Thus, when

* Usually stated at 33,000 lbs. But 32,000 is the number taken in Rees' Encyclopædia.

† Meaning always by "the cylinder," that in which the piston works.

an engine maker hears that a piston is 'of 8 feet stroke, with a pressure of 110 lbs. to each square inch, in a cylinder of 24 inches diameter,'—he has, immediately, a clearer idea of the force exerted, than if he were told that the engine is 'of 80 horse-power.'—But it is not so, by any means, with the man ignorant of steam machinery. To him, the old mode is far the most expressive; notwithstanding its inaccuracy, in ascribing one fixed measure of strength to every horse: a measure, too, which is said to exceed, by at least one third, the average strength of English and American horses.

TO MARY.

BY H. THOMPSON.

"Those who believe the face to be an index to the heart, are but little familiar with the philosophy of the human mind."

Anon.

Though I join with the throng, and smile with the vain,
And laugh with the young and the gay,—
Think not I forget, 'mid the revelry there,
The one "that's forsaken" they say.
And beloved of my soul, it is not to thee
I come with this idle appeal;
No! 'tis only to those who never yet knew
That man has the power to feel!
Nor think that I bend to misanthropy's shrine,
The slave and the victim of thought;
Though sorrow from childhood has ever been mine,
Some good e'en affliction hath brought;
And oft in my moments of solitude now,
Hope whispers serenely of bliss;
And bids the lone spirit look up, and revere
A world that is brighter than this.
Then why this dejection?—for meteors shine
Alone from the darkness of night;
And happy indeed is this sorrow of mine,
If only directed aright.
Then cease your detraction, ye heartless of earth,
Whose blast, like the Siroc of death,
Annihilates all of affection and worth;
And beauty decays in your breath.
And if with the idle, and e'en with the vain,
I join in the song and the glee,
Think not, dearest Mary, whatever they say,
That thou art forsaken by me.
While feeling and life in this heart shall remain,
Wherever my pilgrimage be,
It will beat for the hours which come not again,
And memory whisper of thee!
Then forgive! oh forgive the censurer tale,
Who've nothing to love or regret;
And think as you may of the *Present* dear W. . e,
The *Past* you can never forget.
And remember in storm, the wave of the deep
An image of terror may be,—
Which *Man* in his anger resembles, perchance;
But *Woman's* the slumbering sea.
Then if with the idle, and e'en with the vain,
I join in the song and the glee,
Think not, dearest Mary, whatever they say,
That thou art forsaken by me.
Alabama, Oct. 1837.

NOTES AND ANECDOTES,

Political and Miscellaneous—from 1798 to 1830—Drawn from the Portfolio of an Officer of the Empire; and translated in Paris, from the French for the Messenger.

COUNT DUPONT.

After a restoration, or a revolution, which are the same thing, the avidity with which every sort of place is sought, is truly incredible. We have all seen what followed the month of July, 1830; the first months of the restoration offered a still more extraordinary spectacle.

I have seen a petition addressed to the minister of foreign affairs at this period: it was endorsed by the most influential men of the day. The signer of this petition demanded the place of Minister Plenipotentiary at Florence, for the single reason that his physician had recommended him to breathe the air of Italy! His claims consisted in his complete inaction under the republic and the empire, and the loyal sentiments which he had never failed to manifest, most probably, by remaining silent.

The general, Count Dupont, was the most occupied of all the ministers in 1814; he was at that time minister of war. He had been selected by the restoration from its hatred to the empire, which had been desirous of punishing General Dupont for having capitulated at Baylen before forces inferior to his own. General Dupont had so many persons to satisfy, and so many signatures to affix, that he had two attendants in his cabinet standing one on each side of him, holding a pen moistened with ink, which they handed him by turns.

I knew, I will not say an officer, but a private gentleman, who from an honest proprietor that he was, became a colonel of *gendarmérie* (thanks to the protection of his brother, who had been a priest, and is at this time a receiver-general), passing through all the intermediate grades, in the space of three months. He had written, from the department of l'Isère, to his brother, to beg him to procure him the decoration *du lis*. His brother thought such a request beneath his attention; he solicited the cross of Saint Louis, and obtained it. The countryman comprehended that Paris, for the moment, would be for the adroit, a true *pays de Cogne*. He came up to the capital, caused himself to be received as *garde de la porte*, consequently sub-lieutenant; and without having served a single hour, obtained every grade, up to the colonelcy inclusive. He remained a colonel up to the revolution of July, and ought to have secured a good retiring income; for his brother, generally behindhand with the treasury, is still receiver general.

We have a lieutenant general, who at the period of the occupation of Paris, was a captain in the *suite* of the Emperor Alexander's staff. At the period of the entry of the foreign armies into Paris, he obtained permission from the Emperor of Russia, to change his title from captain to that of a colonel; a month afterwards he was a major-general in the service of France; and in six months from that time, a lieutenant-general. His name figures on the official list as one of the oldest generals.

An ancient *bailly*, of I know not what *seneschal*, obtained the place of a magistrate. He had never heard a code spoken of. Having to pronounce some simple police punishment, against a boy for stealing apples, he condemned him to five years imprisonment in the galleys! This old *bailly* was a deputy under the restoration.

AN ANAGRAM.

I have in my possession a petition, addressed in 1814 to Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, then minister of War. The petitioner had painted at the top of his petition, a large gilded sun; on one side, he had written the latin word *UT*, and on the other *SOL* (as the sun); and at the bottom, '*the anagram of your name.*'

Marshal Soult, who is not of a very gay character, could not, however, prevent himself from laughing heartily at this piece of flattery, *so delicately ingenious*. I do not doubt that the object of the request was accorded.

M. B— L—, OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

M. B— L— had obtained under the empire a pension of 6000 francs. In 1814, he said:

"Bonaparte dishonored me by giving me a pension of 6000 francs, but it was necessary to receive it; one cannot play with a tyrant like that."

The restoration reduced the imperial pension of 6000 to 3000 francs, and Martainville hastened to announce the fact to M. B— L—, in these words:

"Half your honor is returned; endeavor to recover the remainder."

Under the empire, M. B— L— had played with General J—, and lost, on credit, 12000 francs, which he was unable to pay. The General and his great sabre inspired him with so much fear, that he dared not leave his house. However, one day he summoned up courage and went to visit the Duke of Rovigo, and begged him tell his misfortune to the Emperor. The Duke seized a favorable moment, and the Emperor gave him 20,000 francs. M. B— L— has doubtless restored these 20,000 francs to the public treasury since 1814, otherwise his honor would have suffered another severe injury.

THE FARRIER OF THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT OF CHASSEURS.

The twenty-second regiment of mounted Chasseurs had been engaged in the war in Spain; it returned to France in 1814. To reach the garrison destined for its occupation it was necessary to pass through Gap. The farrier of this regiment had brought from Spain a sum of 18,000 francs, part in gold, and part in silver; it was, perhaps, *the fruit of his economies*.

While travelling the farrier had observed that the enormous weight of his porte-manteau, which contained the 18,000 francs, injured his horse. He was unwilling to trust his secret and his treasure to any one, and anticipated with no pleasurable feelings the moment when,

from the injury of his horse, he might be compelled to march on foot, and to carry himself, his baggage and his money. To avoid this disagreeable alternative, he resorted to the following expedient.

The house in which he was to be quartered at Gap had a garden attached to it. During the night he went into this garden, selected a place which he could easily recognize, dug a deep hole, and buried his 18,000 francs, taking care to cover them in such a way as to leave no marks that might lead to the discovery of his hidden treasure.

The next morning he set off, and, on the reorganization of the army, obtained his discharge. Returning to his home, some leagues from Gap, he resumed his trade of a farrier, and married. Not a word ever escaped him on the subject of his money; he even concealed its existence from his wife.

After the lapse of two or three months, he announced his intention of going to Gap, for the purpose of buying some articles that he had occasion for. He set out alone and on horseback; on reaching the house of his old hosts he introduced himself, and expressed his unwillingness to pass through their town, without thanking them for the kind reception he had met with on his former visit, and invited himself to dine with them, proposing, that he should be allowed to add something to their repast.

They sat down to dinner, and drank largely. Whether the fumes of the wine rendered the farrier more communicative, or whether he thought it impossible to unbury his treasure, and carry it off without being observed, I cannot say; but he determined to reveal his secret to his hosts, and invited them to accompany him into the garden, promising them a mark of his gratitude.

The place was recognized, the earth removed, and the money found untouched. The owner, full of delight, proposed that they should empty a few more bottles. Night came on and he accepted with pleasure the hospitality offered to him.

The young wife of the farrier did not suffer herself to be much disturbed on account of her husband's absence, though he had promised to return home that evening. She thought some unexpected business might have detained him. But his absence being prolonged through the next and the succeeding morning, she began to feel apprehensive for his safety, and determined to set off with one of her neighbors for Gap.

At Gap nobody had heard of the farrier. He had not stated particularly the object of his trip, and they were unable to determine where he had put up. His wife went in vain to all the inns; he had not been seen at any of them. Many days were consumed in fruitless researches; and the unfortunate young woman was about to return, in despair, to her family, when she observed a horse which she thought was her husband's. She hastened to interrogate the individual in whose possession it was, and he stated that he had purchased it a few days before of a person whom he named. The judicial authorities were informed, and immediately visited the house of the vendor, who proved to be the host of the farrier. Being interrogated, he explained in a very unsatisfactory way, the circumstances under which he came in possession of the horse. Pressed by the cross examinations of the magistrate, he stammered

out a few evasive replies, betrayed himself, and finally confessed the facts.

The garden was examined anew. The farrier wounded by many blows from a knife, was found interred in the spot in which he had concealed his money.

AN OFFICIAL JOURNAL.

I know nothing in the world better calculated to give an idea of the character of an official journal, than the number of the *Moniteur Universel* of the 21st of March, 1815.

You read at the head of the first column of this number: "The king and the royal family departed at one o'clock last night."

Immediately after, and without any other separation than a simple dash.

"H. M. the Emperor, arrived at the chateaux of the Tuileries, last evening, at half after eight."

Afterwards follow the nominations of ministers, of the prefect of the Seine, and of the prefect of police.

THE EMOTION OF M— OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

I never knew any orator who had more tears at his service than M—, of the French Academy. On the day that Picard was buried, the disappearance of M. Auger, the perpetual secretary of the Academy, was announced. M—, as a member of the deputation of the French Academy, had accompanied the remains of M. Picard to the cemetery de l'Est. He pronounced, in the name of the Academy, the funeral eulogium of the deceased; and with an emotion that drew tears from the whole audience. One hardly weeps for his father as M— did for Picard. I was standing behind him at the moment that he turned away, after concluding his discourse; he took my arm, and said, shrugging his shoulders: "See what we shall perhaps have to repeat to-morrow for Auger."

INOCULATION FOR THE PLAGUE.

There are certain falsehoods, which, merely from frequent repetition, have come to be regarded as admitted truths. Thus it is universally acknowledged at the present time, that at the battle of Fontenoy, the English and French, with singular politeness, absolutely saluted and offered each other the first blow.

Under the restoration, a minister who availed himself of every possible means to procure some hours of sleep, was accused of sleeping incessantly. A little journal (which I could name,) invented this pleasantry; repeated by others, it was finally received as a serious and well-established truth; it was even used as an argument in the tribune.

"The minister of the Interior sleeps," said M. Labbey de Pompières; "the monkey also sleeps; but when it sleeps it consumes nothing."

The reader can easily comprehend the economical conclusion which the venerable deputy, de l'Aisne, drew from this argument.

It has been so frequently asserted and even printed, that Doctor Desgenettes inoculated himself with the plague, during the campaign of Egypt; that at the present day no one is permitted to question the fact. In vain did M. Desgenettes a thousand times deny what was regarded as an act of courage, but which he would have considered one of mere folly; he even found persons who asserted that they had seen it—to these he could make no reply. I should not be astonished if, at last wearied with resistance, he should resign himself to believe it like the rest of the world.

The place of an Academacian was vacant in the Academy of Sciences; the Baron Desgenettes was among the candidates to fill it. During the sitting, in which the claims of those who aspired to this honor were discussed, Baron C— rose to support the claims of Baron Desgenettes:

"Gentlemen," said he, "there is one incident in the life of Baron Desgenettes, which should not be passed over in silence. The French army in Egypt was decimated by the plague; it was important to reanimate the expiring courage of the soldiers. M. Desgenettes, my learned colleague, Baron Larrey, and myself, are the only remaining witnesses of the fact I am about to report."

Here M. Larrey instantly rose:

"Should my colleague, Baron C—, be disposed to communicate any circumstance to the Academy, I beg he will not introduce my name."

Baron C— resumed his seat, without adding a word.

THE LAW OF SACRILEGE.

The law of sacrilege was the introduction of the inquisition into France, but without its masked judges and its tortures; the guillotine was substituted for the *auto-da-fé*, and the inquisitorial officers by the clergy, to whom the law gave the right of *surveillance* and of denunciation. M. de Bonnald, one of the most zealous defenders of this law in the Chamber of Peers, justly characterized it by a celebrated observation: "To kill a man accused of sacrilege," said he, "is to send him before his natural judge."

I have occasionally met with individuals who discovered some profound meaning in these words; they always appeared to me but an atrocious *jeu-de-mot*, which would have frightened, without surprizing me, coming from the mouth of Marat. The expression of Barrere: "The dead alone never return," would have paled before it.

I read, long since, an opinion of the Emperor's of the character of M. Bonnald; it is to be found in his correspondence with Carnot, while minister of the Interior in 1815. This opinion, which I should not know where to find at this time, commenced with these words:

"More extravagant than profound, resounding because of his emptiness," &c.

MOSES' TEN TABLES.

Peter Harrison, an annotator on the Pentateuch, remarks that Moses' ten tables of stone were made of Shittim-wood.

CONSTANTINE:
OR, THE REJECTED THRONE.

—
CONCLUDED.
—

By the Author of "Sketches of Private Life and Character of
William H. Crawford."

—
CHAPTER XIII.

Oh my soul's joy!
If after every tempest comes such calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death.
* * * * * If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Othello.

What a load was taken off the oppressed bosom of Amelia, when informed by the Countess, of Constantine's relinquishment of his claims on her, and the transfer of his affections to her cousin! She threw herself in a transport of joy on the bosom of Sophia—she covered her cheeks with mingled tears and kisses—she sobbed aloud, and for some time could not articulate the congratulations she wished to offer her cousin. The Countess might have mistaken the cause of her violent emotions, and attributed her tears to regret for what she had lost, had she not been long assured of the secret inclinations of the Princess. A full explanation now took place, and the feelings of their long locked-up bosoms now mingled in perfect confidence and tender sympathy.

Amelia entreated the Countess that she would, without delay, procure for her a private audience of the Grand Duke, and to enforce her supplications for the pardon of her duplicity, and her solicitations in behalf of Count Alexius. The Countess promised all that was required;—the request for a private audience was made, and granted. With trembling steps, and a beating heart, leaning on the arm of her friend and kinswoman, Amelia entered the apartment where Constantine awaited her. Still pale and emaciated, but no longer divested of her natural grace and loveliness, she approached him, and before he could prevent her so doing, she sank at his feet, and would not rise until she had made a full confession of the artifice she had practised—the motives by which she had been governed; but above all, until she had obtained the pardon of Alexius. The Prince, more than once, would have interrupted her narration, to raise her from her knees, and lead her to a seat; but she resisted his kind endeavor, and refused to rise until Constantine should promise to restore his friend to confidence and favor. The Countess joined her entreaties to those of the Princess; and, although bewildered by the metamorphosis he beheld, and but half comprehending the hurried and imperfect details given him by Amelia, he was himself too happy in the accomplishment of his own desires, to resent, as he might otherwise have done, the imposition practised on him. Had the lovely supplicant appeared in all the glowing beauty of which sickness and anxiety had deprived her—smiling and radiant as his imagination had painted her, the effect she produced might have been

very different, notwithstanding his admiration of the Countess. But now her faded charms awakened no emotion inimical to his present passion, and he listened, without regret, to a development of the scheme which had separated him from the Princess. He turned his gaze from the pallid and delicate Amelia, to the animated and glowing Sophia, and rejoicing in the possession of such a woman, yielded, without reluctance, to her solicitations in favor of Alexius. Indifferent to the Princess, and desirous of appearing amiable in the eyes of her he loved, he acceded, with a generous promptitude, to the restoration of his former favorite, expressing, however, a curiosity to learn more minutely the details of this strange event. The promised pardon given, Amelia allowed the Grand Duke to lead her to a seat, between himself and the Countess, where she recapitulated what she had said, and added those minute details which proved, at the same time, her inventive powers, and the strength and sincerity of her love. She painted, in the strongest colors, the struggles of Alexius—his fidelity to his Prince—his determination to die rather than betray the confidence reposed in him. She depicted the manner in which, while he endeavored to awaken in her bosom sentiments of regard for his beloved master, he had undesignedly inspired her with love for himself—his horror on discovering this to be the case—his consequent avoidance of her presence—his resolution to fly from her—his absolute silence respecting his own feelings—his scrupulous concealment of his internal struggles—which no word, no look of his ever betrayed; and that the instinct of sympathy alone had revealed to her the secret of his bosom. She confessed she had left no means untried to bring him to a confession, but that he had remained unshaken in his fidelity, and was ignorant of her designs and the artifice she had practised.

"But the picture which he sent me," exclaimed Constantine—"does not this betray concurrence with your design—a participation in your imposture?"

"He never saw that picture," replied Amelia.

"How," cried the Countess, "was it not painted in his presence as well as mine?"

"Let the picture be sent for," said Amelia; "then you shall decide whether you or the Count ever saw it."

"What new invention is this?" asked the Grand Duke, evidently displeased at the statement of a fact in opposition to the assertion of the Countess.

"Oh, pardon, pardon the daring artifice of a love by which I must live, or by which I must die. I entreat your highness to have the picture brought forward, and then let my cousin decide."

The picture was accordingly sent for. The moment the Countess cast her eyes on it—"That," she exclaimed, "is not the portrait of Amelia—that is not the picture which I saw carefully packed up; for so precious did we deem what we thought a miracle of art, and a most perfect resemblance of the dear original, that I would not entrust its package to another; but stood by, until I saw it, with every possible precaution, put up ready for transportation. What, then, does this mean?"

The Prince looked the same inquiry.

"This picture," replied Amelia, "I painted. Theresa watched an opportunity, when, unseen by any eye, she, by my direction, opened the case in which the real por-

trait was packed, and substituted this in its place. By this device I expected to change the inclination of your highness for the original, and that such would have been your disgust, that your proposals would have been instantly withdrawn. My inexperience did not anticipate any dangerous consequences, and filled me with hopes of thus easily realizing my fondest wishes. In this expectation I was disappointed; and it was not until ruminating on various impracticable projects, that driven to despair, I adopted the strange and perilous one which has so happily succeeded—happily, believe me, my lord, for all parties—for, my dear and excellent cousin is far worthier than I could ever be of the high destiny that awaits your bride.”

“Yet this high destiny had no temptation for you?”

“Love is a stronger passion than ambition,” replied Amelia.

“True, most true,” said Constantine, casting an expressive and significant glance at the Countess. “But the original portrait?”

“Is now concealed in my cabinet at home. It is destined for the man my heart has chosen; if a cruel fate forbids our union, it shall perish, as I shall perish!”

“Love triumphs!” exclaimed Constantine, looking from one to the other of the lovely women between whom he sat, thinking of the conquest it had gained over himself. “Yes, love is stronger than ambition; but friendship is mightier still, since Alexius could sacrifice love to its sacred dictates. Happy moment! one of the happiest of my life, that thus restores to me a true friend—that thus affords an unprecedented example of perfect love and perfect friendship.”

The glad tidings were immediately despatched to Count Alexius, who was not only restored to past favor and past rank, but to an increased degree of both. Why attempt to describe the re-union of Amelia with her heroic lover? yes, heroic—for, true heroism is not to conquer in the field of battle, but in the conflict of passions; self-conquest is the greatest victory man can achieve.

The trials through which they had passed, not only compensated, but seemed to enhance their present felicity: language is inadequate to convey an idea of the transports of joy and tenderness that fill the youthful hearts of fond and faithful lovers. But once in the life of any individual can such emotions be felt with equal strength and purity; these first blossoms of sensibility are as lovely, but alas, as evanescent as the bloom of spring; as easily destroyed by indifference, as that by the nipping frost. Amelia and Alexius had struggled with destiny—had triumphed over almost insuperable difficulties; and like mariners, long tempest-tossed, doubly enjoyed the security they had attained; but were not so engrossed by their own happiness, as not warmly to participate in that of Constantine and Sophia. The Grand Duke, impatient of delay, even in the most trivial affairs, would not yield to any on this occasion; and his indulgent mother, eager to complete so pure and rational a scheme of happiness, threw no impediment in the way of the immediate accomplishment of his wishes. It may easily be imagined none were raised by the good Elector. The ceremony of betrothment was celebrated with the magnificence usual on such occasions—and a few weeks afterwards, the marriage of the Grand Duke and the Countess Sophia

Pzinski was solemnized. On the same day the Princess Amelia gave her hand to Count Alexius, and never perhaps were brighter faces assembled round an altar in a royal chapel, than those exhibited on this day.

The Grand Duke soon left St. Petersburg, and returned to his government in Poland, and thus restored his bride to her native country, to which she felt a warm and patriotic attachment.

The Princess Amelia, with the husband of her choice, and the proud and happy Elector, went to Germany, where the young couple were to pass some months previous to making a visit to Moscow, where the noble family of Count Alexius resided, with whom Amelia was to remain, while the Count should be absent on military duty, to which the state of his country imperiously called him.

CHAPTER XIV.

There is your crown;
And, he who wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours.

If I affect it more
Than as your honor, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise.

Henry IV.

Constantine, on his return to Poland, fixed his residence at Warsaw, where he continued during the remainder of Alexander's reign, to enjoy the domestic happiness he had purchased by the sacrifice of his birthright. In marrying a man of his character, the Countess Sophia could not have hoped to be exempt from severe trials, both of her temper and affections. One cause of dissatisfaction was soon developed by the peculiar circumstances of her beloved country.

The spirit of liberty, though suppressed, was not extinguished. The latent flame was continually betraying itself, and while the patriotism of the Countess would have impelled her to fan every spark, the duty of the Grand Duke as imperiously required him to smother the smouldering fire. Interests and feelings in such direct opposition, often produced painful and troubled scenes, and might have led to consequences alike fatal to public tranquillity and domestic peace, had not the patriotic zeal of the Countess been regulated by prudence, and a high sense of her duty as a wife. The conflicting views and feelings, though a cause of distress, and sometimes of discord, never destroyed the ascendancy her virtues and talents had obtained for her, over the heretofore indomitable disposition of the Grand Duke; for, not even his mother had ever gained so controlling and benign an influence. If, therefore, not perfectly happy, she never complained, knowing that she only shared the common destiny, which has made life a scene of mixed joy and sorrow; and while she keenly felt the pains, she as vividly enjoyed the pleasures that fell to her lot. The inconstancy and caprice of Constantine's affections, was the keenest of those pains; still, whilst she preserved his confidence, esteem and respect, she could support, not only in silence and patience, but even with a cheerful tranquillity, his infidelities, his moroseness of temper, and even his paroxysms of passion, from which others fled in terror; and in moments of the most furious anger, her imperturbable

mildness, her unalterable sweetness of manner, could calm his violence—as oil poured on the tumultuous waves of the ocean, smooths its roughened surface. Excess, or intemperance of any kind, produces a physical disorder, and a moral dissatisfaction, which sends the votary of pleasure home from his dissolute haunts, in a condition of all others the most difficult to please, and the most prone to violence. Then is the auspicious moment for virtue to exert her benignant influence, and to display its peace and pleasantness, in contrast with the turbulence and irritation of vice and licentiousness. Then the cordial warmth of true and pure affection—its tender cares and cheering accents, fall with healing power on the perturbed feelings of the exhausted and dissatisfied voluptuary; then, although his wandering inclinations and affections may not be reclaimed, his esteem and confidence will reward the generous woman who thus palliates the errors, and patiently endures the evils she cannot prevent. Friendship is more than an equivalent for the capricious and inconstant impulses of love; and, while a woman continues to be the trusted and respected friend of her husband, she may be even happier than when the idol of his fancy, or the object of his raptures; and such was Sophia. Instead of meeting him, on his return from scenes of disorder and debauchery, with angry words and a frowning countenance, and chilling coldness, she welcomed him with cheerful kindness, if not with fond affection, administered soothing restoratives, and made him so sensibly feel the difference between the enjoyments of virtue and vice, that even amidst the excesses of vicious pleasure, home and happiness were ideas inseparably connected in his mind; or rather, happiness and Sophia, to whom, after every wandering, he instinctively and eagerly returned.

The influence thus gained, the Countess turned to the best account; she healed, by her gentleness, the wounds his harshness too often inflicted on his dependants; she alleviated the sufferings, and sometimes redressed the wrongs endured by an oppressed people; and whatever he might be abroad, made her husband respected and beloved at home. Such were the results of prudence and gentleness—qualities in a wife, which often counteract the evils incident to married life; and even where they fail in procuring happiness, at least secure tranquillity and peace.

This state of negative enjoyment and domestic quiet, was, however, soon interrupted by alarming rumors of the illness of the Emperor, who, during the past year, had been making a progress through the distant provinces of the empire; and was, when news of his illness arrived, on his return from the Crimea. The empress-mother remitted to Constantine a letter she had received from the Empress Elizabeth, who had accompanied her husband, in hopes of relieving the mind of her son from the alarm the exaggerations of rumor might have excited; he eagerly unfolded the letter.

"My dear mother," wrote the Empress, "I was not in a state to write to you by the last courier. To-day—a thousand and a thousand thanks to the Supreme Being—there is decidedly a great improvement in the health of the Emperor. For whom should God not manifest his infinite mercy, if not for this angel of beneficence and goodness!"

"Oh, my God! what moments of affliction have I passed! and you, dear mother—I can picture to myself

your uneasiness; you have seen the bulletins, and therefore know the despair to which we were yesterday reduced, and still more so last night; but the physicians to-day declare the state of our dear patient to be greatly improved; he is, however, excessively weak.

"Dear mother, I confess to you I am not myself—I can add no more; pray with me—pray with fifty millions of men, that God may deign to complete the cure of our beloved patient.

ELIZABETH."

This letter could not dissipate the extreme anxiety of Constantine, notwithstanding the glimmering of hope it contained. He sank into a gloomy reverie, from which he was seldom roused, but by the hourly arrival of couriers from St. Petersburg. Independent of his own interests—his own determinations—he felt a deep and awful concern for his country—aware that the approaching crisis was big with the fate of the empire. To break the regular line of succession, was a daring, and might be a fatal act—one to which the people might not submit; and, in case of resistance, in what difficulties might not he—in what evils might not the nation be involved! His mother had warned him of these dangers—had predicted his repentance of his rash and unprecedented act. Her prediction was not realized—he did not repent the act of abdication—perhaps the threatened consequences would prove equally ungrounded. This, only events could prove; and, in the meantime, the thoughts of the Prince were gloomy and perturbed. As for Sophia, tenderly as she sympathized with the affliction of Elizabeth, she could not entirely suppress the risings of ambition, a passion inherent in her nature. She watched with restless anxiety every expression that passed over the countenance of her husband, and hoped that the deep thoughtfulness and abstraction into which he had fallen, was occasioned by regret for the abdication of his right of succession, and irresolution in adhering to it. In spite of her better feelings, she could not but wish he would resume and assert his birthright. The dazzling idea of ascending the imperial throne, took possession of her fancy, and bewildered her mind. Nor could she believe that one so enterprising and intrepid as Constantine, could remain insensible to the charms of absolute power, and thought however indifferent he might have been when the object was remote, and his feelings under the dominion of an unsatisfied passion—that now, when that object was within his grasp, and his passion cooled by possession, he would, oh yes, he certainly would resume his abdicated right to the crown. When however, under this persuasion, she ventured to hint at such a possibility, he rebutted it with anger, and forbade her indulgence of such a hope. This command she could not entirely obey. The one idea of imperial greatness, to the exclusion of almost every other, absorbed every thought, until by dwelling on its possibility, she almost persuaded herself of its certainty, and she anxiously and impatiently counted the passing hours which were to bring tidings of an event that she trusted would realize her proud aspirations.

This state of suspense did not last long, however. The fond prayers of the wife—the mother—the empire, could not prolong the days of Alexander. In the meridian of his glory—the prime of manhood—in the fullness of happiness—in the midst of a progress through the nations that blessed his sway—in a remote part of

his dominions, far from his family, he was suddenly snatched from empire and life. He died with the tranquillity, with which good men only can die—with the consolations afforded by the truest affection and most devoted tenderness. When he became sensible of the approach of death, by his fast failing senses, he directed the window of his apartment to be opened, and looking out on the lovely landscape and cloudless sky of the Crimea, he bade farewell to nature, and sank to rest on the bosom of his wife, who for days and nights and weeks had fondly watched beside his couch, with that unwearying vigilance of which woman's love alone is capable. Elizabeth wiped the damps of death from his marble brow—closed those eyes, whose last look had been turned to her—folded those arms, which had so lately clasped her to that heart which had now ceased to beat. These holy duties, which she allowed no hand but her's to perform, completed, strength and sense failed her, and she fell fainting by his side. Her health had long been on the decline, which circumstance, as appears from her next letter to the empress-mother, was now her greatest consolation. It was thus she wrote:

"Our angel has gone to heaven, and I linger still on earth! Who would have thought that in my weak state of health, I should have survived him! Do not you abandon me, my mother, for I am alone in this world of sorrow. Our dear deceased has resumed his look of benevolence—every trace of suffering has disappeared—his smile proves to me that he is happy, and that he now gazes on brighter objects than exist upon the earth. My only consolation is, that I shall not long survive my irreparable loss. I hope soon, very soon to be re-united to him. ELIZABETH."*

The hope expressed in this short and incoherent epistle was realized, and she soon followed her husband to the tomb. With the tidings of his brother's death, Constantine likewise learned the fact that he himself had been proclaimed Emperor. The annunciation of this event, made no change in his purposes. It might have been imagined that whatever were his previous resolutions, now that the unanimous voice of the people called him to the throne, he would not have rejected, although he would not have sought the crown. Freed from the authority of his sovereign, who had required the abdication of his right of succession—secure in the possession of the object for whom that right had been sacrificed—left to the decisions of his own will and the dictates of his own inclinations, and proclaimed by the public voice as the successor of his brother, it was reasonably supposed that he would have disregarded the engagements into which he had entered, while under the dominion of a passion stronger than ambition. So his mother believed—so his wife hoped. This, however, was not the case; not for a moment did he swerve from the resolution he had formed.

After the notification of his having been proclaimed Emperor, he continued to live as a private individual, and far from assuming any of the titles and appendages of royalty, he immediately despatched his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, to St. Petersburg, with

*These letters are authentic—as are the details of Alexander's death, and the remaining incidents of this story—all of which appeared in all the public journals of that time.

letters to his mother and brother Nicholas, containing assurances of his determination of adhering to his abdication of the imperial dignity. Equal magnanimity was displayed by this young prince, when informed of the renunciation of his brother. The senate communicated to him the contents of the sealed packet, which some years before had been confided to them by Alexander, with orders for its not being opened till after his decease. In this packet was enclosed a letter from Constantine, containing his solemn abdication of his right to the succession, together with a manifesto of the Emperor, declaring Nicholas his successor. Similar documents had been deposited with the holy synod, and in the cathedral church at Moscow.

Nicholas refused to act in conformity with these instruments, declaring the natural and inherent rights of his brother could not be abrogated by the will of the late Emperor. Finding his resolution could not be shaken, the senate proceeded to take the oaths of allegiance to Constantine, and issued the ukase which proclaimed him Emperor, and requiring a similar oath from all the constituted authorities, both civil and military, which was gladly and unanimously taken by every class of citizens.

Even after these decisive measures of the senate—after learning that Nicholas had refused compliance with the will of the late Emperor, Constantine maintained the resolution he had announced, and absolutely declined receiving the despatches transmitted to him in character of Emperor, for his signature. In a letter addressed to the senate, explaining the motives of his refusal to mount the throne, he says, that "he does not lay claim to the spirit, the abilities, or the strength of mind required for the exercise of the powers annexed to his right of primogeniture," at the same time declaring his decided preference for private life. In an accompanying letter to Nicholas, he reiterated these sentiments, and begged him no longer to delay accepting the sovereign power. Surely the world never before witnessed a similar contest, although history is full of examples of brothers shedding each other's blood for objects of far inferior value and magnitude. These letters from Constantine were too determined and explicit to admit of farther debate, and Nicholas yielded to the decision of his brother and consented to accept the imperial dignity; and by a manifesto, his succession was announced to the empire. Of this document, he transmitted a rescript to Constantine, to which that Prince returned an answer, displaying the affection of a brother and the duty of a subject.

Such a termination to an affair so deeply interesting to the wife of Constantine, while it destroyed all her high raised schemes of greatness, must however have afforded her a gratification beyond any that successful ambition could have bestowed: since, for her sake, Constantine resigned his right of succession, and after the trial of many years, it was for her sake he preferred the comparative obscurity of his present condition, to the exaltation and splendor of an imperial throne. If other motives swayed his determination, they have never been revealed to the public, and love may proudly assert its triumph over ambition.

When the succession of Nicholas was made known, great dissatisfaction was exhibited by the people and the army. They were averse to this transfer of power

from the rightful heir, and loudly complained of the regular line of succession being thus infringed. Conspiracies were formed among the citizens—a mutinous spirit broke out in the army, and the public voice loudly called on Constantine to yield to the wishes of the whole empire. Had there been the shadow of insincerity in the intentions of that Prince, he might yet have changed his purpose and have assumed the purple, without incurring the charge of falsehood and dissimulation; nay, he might truly have urged the most patriotic motives, as his continued refusal certainly exposed his country to a civil war. But his purpose was not to be shaken, and the only use he made of the popular favor he enjoyed, was to turn it to the suppression of the spirit of rebellion, and to discover the dark conspiracy which aimed at destroying the life, as well as the power of his brother.

Whatever were the faults of Constantine,—and they were neither few nor small,—he must have possessed great magnanimity and moderation, thus to have renounced a prize, which in every age and every nation, has been considered as the most glorious object of human attainment, and thus zealously and generously have used his influence in securing it to his brother.

Yet it is difficult to comprehend the union of such magnanimity and moderation, with the known vices of Constantine's character. The impulsive force of a violent and dominant passion, readily accounts for his original abdication of his birthright; but the constancy of his purpose under such strong temptations to change, is almost miraculous, being in opposition to all the common laws which govern human conduct, and must, unless time developes other motives than have hitherto been assigned, remain an anomaly in the history of mankind. Nor is the equal moderation of Nicholas less wonderful and less admirable. Instead of eagerly seizing on the offered crown, he long persisted in refusing it—unless, indeed, he were aware of the opposition of the nation to such a violation of the established order of succession, and foresaw the danger to which it would expose him. Of this he was soon convinced. The universal discontent soon broke out in rebellion, or more fatally exerted its power in dark conspiracies, which aimed at the life as well as the power of the young Emperor. Instead of the glad spirit and public rejoicing, that is generally exhibited on the commencement of a new reign, a universal gloom spread not only over the court, but through the whole circle of society. Suspicion and distrust destroyed social confidence—rumors of secret combinations, and dark plots, and threatened violence against the Emperor, excited alarm and apprehension in every mind. A tribunal of inquiry was established, and during its investigations, all public festivities and entertainments were suspended. The suspected conspiracy was proved to exist, and so extensive were its ramifications, that there were few great families in the metropolis, who in a greater or less degree, were not implicated, and deeply interested in the results of the examinations going on in the court of inquiry. Suspense and anxiety pervaded every bosom, and a dark cloud lowered over the public mind, as well as the social circle.

The whole progress of this judicial inquiry was most honorable to the Russian government, but peculiarly so to the character of the young Emperor, who,

by his disposition to pardon and his moderation in punishing offenders, proved that it was the public weal and not personal revenge that actuated him in this prosecution of the conspirators. The mercy he displayed so far transcended the expectations, or even hopes of the public, that hostile sentiments were changed into personal affection and confidence. But though many were pardoned—many were punished with death and exile—conspiracies were baffled—insurrections suppressed—justice was tempered with mercy. The storm that had threatened the public tranquillity was happily dissipated, and the sunshine of confidence and cheerfulness was restored.

The coronation, which had been long delayed, now took place. It was celebrated at Moscow, with all the pomp that the splendid ritual of the Greek church could bestow on this grand and solemn ceremony. To this religious spectacle, was added the brilliant and unparalleled magnificence of the assembled representatives of all the crowned heads of Europe, united to an unprecedented display of national rank, wealth and beauty. Princes, nobles, and citizens, hastened from all parts of the empire to pay their homage to their new sovereign.

But into what insignificance does this pomp and splendor dwindle, before the spectacle of moral grandeur that was exhibited on this great occasion! Unrequited, unlooked for, Constantine entered this august assembly. Who could behold, without the thrill of high emotion, this young prince, in the prime of life, brave, intrepid and enterprising—the legitimate heir of empire—the favorite of the people, thus coming forward, in the midst of all that was most alluring to ambition and most dazzling to vanity—the homage paid to power—the splendor encircling royalty—to place on the head of his brother the imperial crown, which, by the right of birth, should have glittered on his own brow, and hear him at the same time pronounce the oath of allegiance to the younger born, whom he had exalted to be his sovereign?

The annals of history, while they record thousands of instances in which individuals have waded through the blood of slaughtered parents, brothers, friends, aye, of desolated nations, to grasp a crown, contains not another such example of

“A THRONE REJECTED.”

JOHN RANDOLPH AND MISS EDGEWORTH.

Mr. Randolph's admiration of Miss E. was almost unbounded. Several of his letters that have been published, manifest it: but none of them so strikingly as a passage of his powerful though eccentric speech in the U. S. Senate, February, 1828; *nominally* on retrenchment and reform—*really*, de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis, but especially intended to put down the administration of Mr. Adams, and to raise General Jackson to the Presidency. Speaking of Irish *Squireens* and *Agents*—he says—“For a description of these varieties of the plagues of Ireland, see Miss Edgeworth—*delightful, ingenious, charming, sensible, witty, inimitable, though not unimitated Miss Edgeworth.*”

CUPID WOUNDED.

[Translated from the Greek by a French Officer.]

As Cupid in the garden strayed,
 And sported through the damask shade,
 A little bee, that slept among
 The silken leaves, his finger stung.
 With tears his beauteous cheeks were drowned;
 He stormed—he blew the burning wound;
 Then swiftly flying through the grove,
 Said plaintive to the Queen of Love:
 "I am killed, Mama—ah me! I die—
 A little serpent, winged to fly,
 That's called a bee, in yonder plain,
 Has stung me—oh! I die with pain."
 The Goddess smiling, thus rejoined:
 "My dear, if you such anguish find
 From blind resentment of a bee,
 Think what *he* feels who's stung by thee."

[Anacreon—Ode 40.]

LINES

Accompanying a richly wrought Italian Coverlid, presented to General La Fayette, on his first arrival at the Eagle Hotel, Richmond, Va., Oct. 1824.

Sweet are the slumbers of the just and brave,
 When toils are past, and peace and virtue reign;
 But doubly sweet to him, who came to save
 A new-born world from slavery's galling chain:

Sleep gently then; and, in thy tranquil dream,
 May hosts of grateful hearts thy fancy greet:
 While retrospection busy too, shall seem
 T'enhance the welcome, you are *now* to meet.

Then gently sleep: Virginia's daughters fair,
 Invoke each guardian angel, to compose
 Thy war-worn cheek; and to thy couch will bear,
 This little tribute suited to repose.

And, when life's latest sleep shall close thine eye,
 And brighter worlds are opening to thy view,
 May thy freed spirit 'scape without a sigh,
 To meet the just reward to virtue due.

SINGULAR BLUNDER.

Among the egregious mistakes which foreigners are constantly committing, about the geography, social state, and political organization of our country, we have met with none more remarkable, considering the intelligent source whence it comes, and the period of its utterance, than one in the *Edinburg Review* for October, 1836; where, in speaking of various schemes of reform for the British Parliament, the reviewer imagines U. S. senators to be appointed in a mode never dreamed of by any mortal on this side the Atlantic. He says:

"Others have proposed that the Upper House, like the *American Senate*, should be appointed by election from a list of candidates presented by the Crown."

THE DESERTER:

A Romance of the American Revolution, founded on a well authenticated incident.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

Bacchus we know; and we allow
 His tipsy rites.

Lamb.

—Sir, are you here? things that love night
 Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
 Frighten the very wanderers of the dark,
 And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
 Remember to have heard.

King Lear.

It was on a dark and tempestuous night, when scarcely a being was to be met in the gloomy streets of the city, that Muller, the shoemaker of whom we have spoken, having dismissed his apprentices from work at an early hour, and entrusted his shop to the superintendence of his careful spouse, sat in the decently furnished back room of the second story of his unpretending, but snug habitation, entertaining a guest of somewhat dandified appearance. The shutters were carefully closed, and the apartment brightly lighted, while on a table, between its inmates, stood a pair of decanters filled with sparkling wine. Everything around the convivialists bore a cheerful appearance; and it was only during the short pauses of a brisk conversation, that the raging of the elements without might be heard: and then the pattering of the rain against the shutters, and the roaring of the wind over the chimney-top, served but to remind them of the comfort of their situation.

In the midst of their jollity, the wife of the shoemaker entered and informed her husband that sergeant-major Champe, of the American legion, was in the shop below, and wished to know whether *his boots were finished*.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Muller, with great apparent uneasiness. "To be sure, I did promise him he should have them to-night; but who, in the name of wonder, could dream of his coming after them through such a storm? He must be in a great hurry. Mr. Wilmington, if it would't offend you, sir, I'd just ask him up to take a glass of wine, by way of smoothing over the disappointment."

"Vy you see, Mr. Muller," returned the red-faced Mr. Wilmington (so called on this side of the Atlantic, whatever might have been his name in his native country); "you knows, sir, as 'ow I'm very partic'lar in the company I keeps. In regard of that, howsomdever, if you stands hanswerable for it—vy, as his honor, the Colonel, said to Sir Henry Clinton, in my presence, its on your responsibility, hof course."

"Just so, Mr. Wilmington, exactly so," returned the shoemaker with great gravity. "Now, do you know I like you for that very fashion you have of coming to the pint without any hems or haws? Well I do, now, really. Show up Mr. Champe, wife. The sergeant-major is a fine fellow, Mr. Wilmington. When he comes in, judge for yourself. Don't take my word for

a syllable of what I tell you, Mr. Wilmington, but just judge for yourself. And look here, wife, you may as well shut up the shop, for it's so rainy that no other customer will be in to-night. Mr. Wilmington, here's your health."

They raised their glasses, and the guest, finely displaying the rings on his chubby fingers as he did so, drank his own health in a full bumper for the fifth or sixth time that evening; for the shoemaker had plied him well. But after Champe entered—the heretofore rigidly abstemious Champe—a new impetus was given by him to the conviviality of the evening, and the bottle circulated far more freely than before.

An hour passed away in this manner, and then the countenances and actions of all the bacchanalians exhibited the advanced stage of the revel.

"Gentlemen," cried Wilmington, extending his right arm, with a cambric handkerchief grasped in his ring-bedecked hand, while his little black eye flashed in great excitement, "Will you not listen to reason, or vont you? I tells you, upon the vord of a gentleman, that the plan was the Colonel's h'own—he was the very gentleman as started the whole scheme."

"I would not doubt any gentleman's honor or word," cried Champe, stammering, "much less that of a Colonel's—s, gentlemen. But then, Mr. Wilmington, it is so easy, sir, for a gentleman—any gentleman—to be mistaken. Here's my respects, gentlemen, to you—to you both."

"The easiest thing in the world, Mr. Champe, certainly," cried the complaisant shoemaker, agreeing with both his guests; "but then Mr. Wilmington is always so correct."

"Mistaken!" repeated the valet de chambre of Colonel —, (for such was Mr. Wilmington,) as he petulantly knocked his glass upon the table with a force that dashed it to pieces. "Hi tells you the thing's himpossible; what the hye sees and the hear 'ears, h'is no mistake whatsomdever, mind me. Says the Colonel to me, 'Wilmington,' says—that is to say, 'Mr. Wilmington,' says he—'you will oblige me,' says he, (for he's the perlitest man in the vorld, is his honor,) 'by just keeping your mouth shut about anything you might have heard to-night.' Vell, that's hexac'y what makes me remember the thing; for, Lord bless you, I'd been so used to 'earin' gentlemen talk, 'as I 'ad'nt taken no notice whatsomdever upon it. But seeing there was som'ut pertic'ler they'd been talkin' on this time, vy I *very nat'rally* begun fur to recollect what it was. Vell. It then h'occurred to me that they'd made up to spread a report among the prisoners as was to be hexchanged the next day, as 'ow that Major Ginerall — was hexpected to come over shortly to h'our side; jist as Ginerall Arnold had done. Now I put it to any gentleman, whether there's any mistake in that."

"Why, I should say, Mr. Wilmington," answered the smooth shoemaker, "that that argiment is conclusive. I don't want to flatter you, sir, nor any other gentleman; but I do declare I like your way of fetching up your argiments to a pint—positively I do."

"And I say," cried Champe, hiccupping, as he flourished his glass above his head, "it's no such thing. Any fellow—that is, any gentleman could be mistaken yet, notwithstanding all that."

"'Od rot it," cried the angry valet; "H'is'nt fact

fact? What the d—I, Mr. Sergeant—but I must be permitted to say that you does seem to be the 'ardest gentleman to be convinced I ever seed. Vy, sir, it was'nt a veek hafter that, h'afore Sir Henry supped agin with us, at his honor's quarters, and his hexcelency was in the mightiest good humor hever I seed 'im afore; for it seemed they'd 'eard betwixt 'em, as 'ow Vashington believed the 'ole story they told the prisoners. Vell now. Where's the mistake about that there? Hanswer me that, by —, sir. Hanswer me that, I say." And with the air of one who has indisputably gained his point, the gentleman's gentleman helped himself to a clean glass and more wine.

It was not long after this, that the conversation of the bacchanalians flagged; and Champe, appearing to be overcome with the potations in which he had indulged, leaned his head upon the table; and notwithstanding the horror expressed by the shocked Mr. Wilmington, absolutely snored loudly.

"Vell!" exclaimed the worthy and trusty valet, turning up his red nose in derision, and addressing his host, "I must say, Mr. Muller, as 'ow you H'americans has strange notions of perliteness, re'ly."

Muller made some excuse for the sergeant, and, soon afterward, Wilmington took his leave, moving out of the house with a forced precision of step that was quite necessary to conceal a certain involuntary tendency of his frame to vary from the perpendicular.

No sooner had the door closed upon him and the shoemaker, who politely accompanied his guest to the street door of the building, than Champe arose from his recumbent posture with an eye as calm and composed as usual. He had been practising deception; for now there was not the least sign of intoxication or even drowsiness about him. He then consulted his watch; and, drawing a piece of blank paper from his pocket, wrote a few lines in a disguised hand, and folding it in the form of a letter, handed it to Muller, who by this time, with a half-suppressed but significant laugh, re-entered the room, as sober as Champe himself.

"Read it," said the latter, as his companion took the paper; "you can direct and enclose it when you think proper."

"You have not signed it," returned the shoemaker.

"It is better so," replied Champe briefly. "Will you be good enough to light me to the door?"

"Why hurry?" asked Muller. "Come, sit down, and let us take one glass of wine at least in comfort. Come, it is not late."

"I must go," returned the sergeant decidedly. "I have some little business to transact at my quarters before I sleep."

No farther opposition was made by Muller, and muffling himself closely in the cloak he had thrown off in the shop below, and re-lighting a small lantern he had brought with him, Champe committed himself to the rage of the storm.

"One thing is in your favor," said Muller, as he stood in the door of his shop; "the wind is on your back."

"Yes—that's lucky; I should not care about facing such a storm as this. Good night."

"Good night to you," echoed Muller; and the door was carefully locked and bolted: but no sooner was this done, than Champe, whose present life appeared to be one of continued deception, concealed his lantern

beneath his cloak, and, crossing to the opposite side of the street, stealthily passed the house he had just left, in a direction different from that he had first taken. Thus, for some secret reason, he deluded the very man who had been the whole evening assisting him to practise upon the failings of another.

Now facing the blast, which a few minutes before he had pretended he thought himself lucky in being enabled to avoid, the deserter walked across the city to a long wharf in the East river. There he gave a whistle, so low as to be inaudible at any great distance, on account of the roar of the wind and the lashing of the troubled water against the pillars and butments of the wharf.

"You are punctual," said a suppressed but deep voice in unexpected proximity.

He quickly turned his lantern in the direction whence it proceeded, and its light fell upon the speaker. He was plainly dressed, and diminutive in stature; but his eye and forehead might indicate to a physiognomist excessive shrewdness and determination. From his dialect, he was probably a native of one of the eastern states.

The two now walked to the extremity of the long wharf ere they exchanged another word. There, although unprotected from the pelting of the storm, they conversed long and earnestly.

"When do we meet again?" asked the stranger, at the conclusion of the conference.

"To-morrow, at the same hour we met to night," returned Champe. "Shall it be here?"

"No—let it be the third wharf above; we must at least vary the *place* of our meetings. After to-morrow, we may as well change the *hour* also. We must not be too regular in our motions."

"You are right," said the deserter, "do we separate here?"

"Yes—and mark me—if we meet in the day-time by accident, we are perfect strangers."

"As you please."

The next day intelligence was received in the city, which caused almost universal gloom. Arnold shut himself up in his house, refusing to see even Champe, upon whom, also, as far as might be judged from his usually imperturbable exterior, the afflicting news took a strong hold. Sir Henry Clinton's utmost efforts had failed; the American court-martial, with the inflexible Greene for its president, had, the day previous, declared Major Andre a spy; and in conformity to the summary usage of martial law, he had, in pursuance of the same sentence, been hung that morning!

According to agreement, Champe met his acquaintance at the wharf: but this interview was shorter than the last, and the interval of non-intercourse agreed upon to follow it, much longer than that which had preceded it. Some event had occurred, which materially interfered with their mysterious plotting. After the lapse of a fortnight, however, they resumed their negotiations, and met every evening.

In the meantime, Arnold, for whom the secret detestation of his associates in arms had decidedly increased since Andre's death, plunged more deeply into the vortex of low dissipation than before. Still he returned regularly to his residence every night at twelve, after which, and before retiring to bed, Champe had disco-

vered that he always took a solitary walk in a garden, separated from the premises, on which the sergeant was quartered, only by an alley bounded by a pale fence.

To this alley the deserter now repaired as regularly as Arnold did to his garden, and, as though not content with thus secretly intruding upon the privacy of the restless and guilty being, whose conduct he had imitated so closely, he, one night, when the rattling of the storm prevented the noise he made from being heard in the surrounding houses, knocked off a portion of the paling and replaced it in such a manner as enabled him, subsequently, to remove it at will, and silently pass through the aperture. When in the garden, he might easily conceal himself in the shrubbery, and closely watch the traitor, even to observing his contorted visage and clenched hands, while bitter reflection was doing its sternest work upon him.

And had Champe already grown so callous to his own sin? And if so, had he so completely conquered all human feeling, that he could thus riot in the distress of mind of another? Had he grown so enamored of that, which prior to his desertion, he had ever appeared to detest—a life of habitual hypocrisy and deception—that he even now intended to glory in the wretchedness of another, from whom, bad as he was, he, at least, had received nothing but kindness? Be this as it might, deep was the game played by the Virginian, while in New York: heavy was the stake; and consummate the skill with which he strove to win it.

The night succeeding this act, Champe had as usual an interview with his friend of wharf memory. This occurred in the centre of the Hudson, on board a long, sharp, narrow barge, built with an express view to swift motion, but not remarkable for the brightness of her paint, or the pleasantness of her accommodations.

"You may as well give me the letter," said Champe's companion, (as they pulled in for a basin on the north side of the town,) "in which the rewards you promised are agreed to by —. As I stand personally pledged to the other men for the amount, I ought to be in possession of the voucher."

"It is here," returned the deserter, readily, handing him the letter in question. "And now let us once more repeat the particulars of our plan, in order that there may be no possibility of mistake. To-morrow night, at half past eleven, this boat will be at the very spot at which we are now about to land, manned with four hands?"

"She will."

"She will lay there until we arrive, even should that be three o'clock?"

"Such are the directions already given. I will repeat them to-morrow."

"Very good; and you meet me directly in front of my quarters, twenty minutes before twelve?"

"Precisely."

"Prepared, without fail, with a strong —." He laid his hand significantly on his mouth.

"Without fail."

"If interrupted in our way to the boat, we are going to the guard house?"

"Exactly. It would be a sin to leave a companion who happened to take a little too much grog, to the inclemency of night," answered the New Englandman drily.

"Let us compare watches. There is just moonlight enough left to distinguish the time."

Their watches varied some two or three minutes: even that trifling difference was duly corrected.

"We part immediately upon landing," pursued Champe, "and are still strangers if we chance to meet previous to the appointed hour?"

"Aye—and then, if any other person should happen to obtrude himself upon us."

"We understand each other," said Champe, summarily closing the dialogue, as he sprung ashore, leaving the care of the boat to his companion, without offering by word or act to assist in securing her.

From eleven till one on the succeeding night, four stout and skilful rowers rested upon their oars at the designated place. Champe's friend then approached them, angry and alone. He dismissed them from further attendance. He had been faithful to his engagement; but the deserter had not!

CHAPTER IX.

"Can I forget him?—drive him from my soul?"

Oh! he will still be present to my eyes.

His words will ever echo in my ears.

Smith.

We should perhaps have mentioned before, that from the period of Champe's desertion, the health of Colonel Brookville had rapidly amended; but, as though admonished by this attack of illness to be in readiness for another, he did not cease to urge his daughter to name a day for her union with Birdsall. Her consent to this measure he affected to consider as already given, by her indignant reply to her soulless suiter, when he had asserted that Champe would disgrace himself: nor did he ask her to express it more directly.

As had been intimated, the Colonel's republicanism was founded in nothing more or less than disappointment. His hatred of the British government was unjust; for in the matter which originated it, he, alone, had been to blame. His secret motto was not—"England! with all thy faults I love thee still;" but—"England, I love thy faults." He was, in principle, as thorough an aristocrat, as ever lorded it over the freeborn poor: he was a republican only through selfishness. He had a sovereign contempt for poverty, and as well for that which the "booted and spurred" have been pleased to denominate *humble birth*. In his very soul, the Colonel loved a lord.

Mr. Selwin Birdsall was by birth an Englishman. He came also of a noble family. He was one of the numberless instances, that incontestably prove blood,—mere blood, to be nothing; or that if the same blood that ran in the veins of a praiseworthy ancestry *does* exist in those of an unworthy posterity, it frequently does not retain its virtue as long as well bottled wine. This noble blood then, whether sweet and rich, or sour and thin, dwelt in the veins of Birdsall; and if one does happen to be a sheep, why certes, the lion-like blood of a mighty ancestor ought to suffice for four or five generations—or, in other words, until the course of affairs, terrestrial perchance, brings up another lion to prove that "the blood of the family" has not degenerated.

No doubt Birdsall was convinced of this; for amid the many opportunities around him, he never offered to demonstrate whether his blood was crimson or white. However, as has been done by many others who are fancied to possess the "princely bearing," or the "air noble," he proved his *pusillanimity* by agreeing to accept, as the gift of compulsion, the hand of a woman whose heart was another's:—a trifling circumstance, by the bye, of which a man possessed of a spark of *nobility of mind* would never have been guilty.

Mr. Birdsall enjoyed no title, though he stood a chance of getting one. There was only a cousin, "a young gentleman in ill health," between him and it; and if the said cousin should happen to recover his health—as, were it not for the impending honors and inheritance, (matters supposed greatly to elevate human nature,) it was natural for Birdsall to hope he would—why, the latter had wealth enough to buy an honor or two for himself. But, then, as his present wealth was a very convenient thing, just where it was, Mr. Birdsall was looking with anxiety for a letter from England with a *black seal*—that is, he thought it probable such a letter would arrive—that his poor cousin must die—and that death was an awful thing, though inevitable—all of which he persuaded himself it was very natural he should think of.

The Colonel's family, on the other hand, had merely been "distinguished"—not titled: and he made himself believe that he should take the best and wisest revenge upon his country, by forcing out of it a share of its loaves and fishes for his posterity. How very easy it is, pleasantly to deceive ourselves!

But what was to become of the happiness of Colonel Brookville's only child? Pooh!—Happiness in matrimonial engagements, and excessive gratitude to the preserver of one's life, were very interesting subjects in novels; but in real life—Nonsense! He had been happy enough, and so had his wife, and they had been betrothed from their cradles. Why might not Emma? Her romance would wear off after a while, and then how much better would be her situation as the wife of a high-born, and perchance a titled husband?

Such were the arguments of the Colonel, and such have frequently been used by those who have recklessly consigned a tender and susceptible being, full of life and imagination, to the whims and caprice of a dronish, sordid, spiritless man of wealth, or—Heaven save the mark—of *family*!

There may be some, even among the *republican* readers of this narrative, who think that Miss Brookville "stooped too much" in setting her affections upon Champe: but not one can tell *why* they think so, or in *what* she stooped! The Colonel affirmed that he was *beneath* his daughter:—(we now speak, be it remembered, of a period previous to the Virginian's desertion;)—but when unexpectedly, the unhappy Emma asked him *wherein* he was beneath her, he had no answer. True, he said, that "he was of low family;" but when his daughter timidly requested him to define the term he had used, he could not do it in such a manner as would not disprove the very assertion he had made. The family in question had been noted for its respectable and upright character. In short, no charge against it, except that of poverty, would stand the test of argument, and that had been brought upon them by

the will of their Creator. Crime had no hand in *their* poverty.

Birdsall made a thousand assertions derogatory to his rival; but mere assertions; particularly when invented by interested meanness, prove nothing.

But why was Colonel Brookville or his pampered favorite proud? Had they a right? No. Truth would find it as hard to answer that question in their favor as the previous one, against Champe's.

"Why were they proud? Because their marble founts
Gush'd with more pride than do a wretch's tears?
Why were they proud? Because fair orange mounts
Were of more soft ascent than lazar-stairs?
Why were they proud? Because red-lined accounts
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?
Why were they proud? *again*, we ask aloud,
Why, in the name of *glory*, were they proud?"*

As Colonel Brookville's health amended, that of his daughter's evidently declined. She did not, however, confine herself to her room—she *would not*; she had been deeply, and, as she thought, wantonly injured; and her wounded womanly pride would not yield. But her cheek, with every passing day, grew paler; the interesting pensiveness of her beautiful eye of blue had sunk into an expression of dejection; and her hitherto elastic step became faint and lingering. Any, but sordid self-interested witnesses—even the deserter himself would have decided that her hopes were blighted, and that her days of joy were past. Her mother was alarmed, and though she had heretofore been mute on the subject, fearing the displeasure of her husband, and disapproving of her daughter's preference for Champe,—now boldly interceded, and besought the Colonel not to force her to wed Birdsall.

But Brookville grew angry, stormed, decided that Loudoun county was too dull a winter's residence for his daughter, whose malady he said required change of scene more than anything else; and forthwith made preparations for removing to Richmond.

Thither they accordingly went. The Christmas holidays were spent there in the gaiety of the town—increased in consequence of the legislature being in session at that period; but ere the festivities of New-Year were ended, a sudden check was opposed to all enjoyment. The traitor *Arnold* had resumed his activity in the service of his new master. His undeniably superior talents were displayed on a new theatre. He had made his famous descent upon Virginia! He was within a short distance of the seat of government! Confusion ensued; and flight was the order of the day. Even the governor (Jefferson) was obliged to flee for personal safety and narrowly escaped.

Then commenced those scenes of devastation and rapine—of indiscriminate destruction of property, both public and private—that ended only with the stay of the mighty Lost One in Virginia: proving at once the debased state of the mind of him who had raised his arm against his country, and the great talent that enabled him with so small a force as he commanded, to commit a series of bold depredations upon the strongest state in the infant Union.

Among those who fled from Richmond on his approach, were Colonel Brookville and his family. Like many others they retired from one place to another, scarcely

knowing—so rapid were the movements of the British Brigadier—whither to flee for safety. At length they took up their residence at Petersburg, the Colonel preferring merely to keep out of the way of the enemy until tranquillity might be restored to that section of the country, rather than return to his villa, for which, since he had left it, his dislike had been greatly strengthened. Added to this, he wished, if possible, to preserve some property he possessed in that part of the state from the marauders—for neither Arnold, or General Philips, who afterwards took the command, deserve a better title. But his belief, that the British would, in order to secure a retreat when necessary, confine their operations to the banks of James river, was erroneous.

After joining and superseding Arnold, Philips had been instructed by Cornwallis, now advancing from the south, to join him with his whole force at Petersburg: but as the Baron Steuben attempted to prevent him from entering the latter place, Colonel Brookville did not remove from it at the first intimation of the approach of the British. Steuben, however, soon found that all the resistance he had it in his power to offer would be ineffectual; and Philips entered the town that *he* at least, was never to leave alive,* successful as was his every act in Virginia.

It was in a narrow road leading from this place that Colonel Brookville's carriage was overtaken, and he and Mr. Birdsall unceremoniously taken from it and sent back as prisoners, while their captors seized everything it was practicable to carry off, not excepting the horses; leaving the females of the party to take care of themselves.

In this situation, they would have followed the captives; but the number of troops that now poured out of the town, in pursuit of those who were to have opposed them, rendered this step impossible. On the contrary, a compact body of the cavalry now entered the road in which they were, compelling them to seek safety in fleeing before them, or in adopting the alternative of crossing the fence at the roadside—and flying through the fields.

The latter method, was, however, scarcely practicable; for the fences were high—and the horse came rapidly on, in a column that filled the road from side to side; and, if they attempted to climb the rails, would overtake them before they could accomplish their design. On the other hand, they must necessarily soon be overtaken if they went on; and, after nearly exhausting their strength in the violent exertion to escape in the latter manner, they with great difficulty got into the fields—half breathless through fatigue and apprehension.

Intent upon their object, the horsemen passed swiftly on, without heeding them; but still their return was prevented by the appearance of other troops, who had by this time left Petersburg; particularly some infantry, who now deployed along the road through which the dragoons had just passed. They then endeavored to return to Petersburg by taking a course through the fields; but were again disappointed, as the fence was by this time thrown down in several places; and parties of stragglers, dismissed from duty and already beginning to feel the effects of the liquor they had

*The British General died of a fever, ten days after entering Petersburg in triumph.

obtained by pillaging the abandoned storehouses of the town, were roving in every direction.

Utterly at a loss what to attempt next, the fair fugitives imitated the example of numbers of the distressed inhabitants, who had been driven from their homes and were now flying toward an adjoining wood.

This however did not save them from insult. They were pursued and overtaken by some half drunken soldiers. Of course their situation was now infinitely worse than it could have been, had they at once addressed some officer among the British troops, and demanded his protection. What the consequences of their neglect of this would have been, it might be difficult to say, had it not been for a fortuitous circumstance. From an agent of Lord Cornwallis, in Petersburg, Philips had received a packet containing orders, among which was one directing him to respect the rights and persons of private individuals, and to restrain the licentiousness of his troops, if necessary, by severe means—a policy dictated by wisdom as well as humanity, and one to which his lordship had strictly adhered in his march toward Virginia. In consequence of this, parties of trusty men were now ordered to patrol the streets of the town, while others, mounted, were directed to ride through its vicinity—in order to check those horrid scenes which their leader feared had already commenced.

The wife and daughter of Colonel Brookville were now surrounded by a band of lawless ruffians, who while listening to their story were secretly enjoying their distress; and under pretence of leading them to a place of safety, were merely decoying them away from the town; when, apprehending danger from the bold and impudent looks of the fellows, which greatly increased as they proceeded on their way, they became terrified, and when they reached the wood refused to go any farther with them. Force was now resorted to, when suddenly the villains were hailed by the leader of an advancing party of cavalry, and ordered to halt. This, occasioning a contention—some wishing to comply, and others swearing they would obey nobody but their own officers—a stout savage looking fellow among them seized the opportunity—and lifting the delicate form of Emma in his arms, dashed into the thicket.

The dragoons now coming up, their leader promptly ordered them to protect the remaining lady at all hazards. When she turned toward him, it appeared that he recognized her features; for uttering an exclamation of surprise and horror, he threw himself from his horse and plunged into the thicket in pursuit of the man who was bearing off the shrieking maiden.

Intoxicated as he was, the scoundrel's motions were quick and ingenious: but speed or skill availed him little now. Before he could have thought it possible he was overtaken:—a grasp was upon his throat like that of the enraged tiger. To have resisted, would have been madness—and he released his prisoner. Then, with tremendous strength, his assailant hurled him to the earth, and Emma Brookville stood speechless, but with a wild and thrilling expression of countenance—confronting THE DESERTER!

The feelings of both were far too powerful for description: but poignant as they were, another moment would render them more so.

Emma was the first to speak. Ere she did so, with

what a fierce velocity did a hundred thoughts rush upon her brain, and then subside into one!

"My mother?" she enquired in tremulous accents—

"Is safe!" answered the same manly and encouraging voice, that in the mountains of Loudoun county had pronounced the same welcome words in relation to her father, more than three years before.

"Your mother, Emma," repeated Champe kindly, and advancing to her side, "is under my protection—tell me of mine."

"Yours!" she cried wildly,—repulsing his attempt to draw her toward him, while her fair hands in her agony of feeling wound themselves into the disordered hair upon her brow, as though she would have plucked it rudely thence—"Yours? Ha! now, now do I remember all. *She is dead*, John Champe—dead, dead. Your conduct has killed her, as it will me! Away, traitor, Away!—Or, *here!* strike! cleave me to the earth! I ask it in Heaven's name! Be merciful for once, and rid me of my misery."

"This," cried Champe—and his teeth were ground fiercely together, while his nails buried themselves in the palms of his clenched hands, and an ague seemed to shake his powerful frame; "Aye, *this* is serving one's country—and its reward?"—

The blood fled from his cheek—it assumed a death-like hue,—his eye glared madly, and the expression of his whole countenance was so dreadful, that the wretch, from whose grasp he had wrested his mistress, and who furiously advanced upon him with a view of contesting the prize, slunk silently away to his comrades.

At any other time, Emma would have been greatly terrified at his appearance; but now, her own feelings were so wrought up, that, heedless of the mad flashing of his eye, she gazed upon him with a wild, but steady look. Such a state of feeling was too powerful to last long with either—human nature could not endure it. Staggering to a tree, the deserter leaned against it, and those welcome relievers of thoughts too terrible to be borne—tears—trickled to the ground at his feet.

The excited girl saw them, and her heart melted when she saw that hardy Virginian weep. When he turned again toward her, it was at her irresistible persuasion. She had approached him—she had taken his hand—nay, she was even pressing it alternately to her heart and her ruby lips, or bedewing it with the pearly drops that unutterable woe drew from her own blue eyes!

He gazed upon her a moment with a look full of tenderness, and then his usual composure was restored.

"Emma," he said, drawing her hand within his arm, "I will lead you to your mother, and conduct you both to a farm house near at hand, where I will place a guard to protect you. Can I do anything else for you? Where is your father?"

"He was taken prisoner and conveyed to Petersburg."

"He will be released or parolled then. I will inform him where you are, and he will soon rejoin you."

"You are too kind to me, John," she said sweetly, "after I have so rudely wounded your feelings. But you have—you have almost broken my heart."

"I have deserved the rebuke," he replied sternly, "horrible as it was to bear. But let it pass—you must grant me a favor—at 2 to-night I will manage to relieve guard myself. Will you meet me at that hour?"

"Yes," answered Emma, unhesitatingly; "to the preserver of both my parents and myself I will grant this request, though he has once and fatally deceived me."

"Say not fatally, Emma. It is of that deception that I would speak at the hour I have named."

She was soon in the arms of her mother, who loaded the deserter with thanks. Not long afterward, through his instrumentality, Colonel Brookville was enabled to rejoin them.

The greater part of that night was spent by Emma in alternate moments of hope and of despair, and the latter at length reigned paramount. Reflection told her she had no reason to hope. Was he not a deserter beyond all question? What explanation could he make? Had not her own eyes beheld him in the dress of his country's enemies, and serving in the Legion raised by the arch traitor, Arnold himself? Aye—and had he not for months served in that detested *band of traitors*?

Two o'clock arrived—and Emma silently sought the door of the farm house. The guard had been changed, and those on duty then, were foreigners. In reply to her inquiries, she learned that no guard from the American Legion would be there that night.

At 4 she again sought the door. The soldier she had questioned spoke truth. Neither Champe, nor any other man belonging to the corps in which he served was there.

The next day, Colonel Brookville suddenly determined to return to Loudoun county; and ere meridian he and his family were some distance on their way thither.

(To be concluded in the February number.)

CONFOUNDED BORES.

I care not to record the years,
That Time, at each returning, bears,
Far other aims for me—
To meet him, on his rapid flight,
With something, which, however slight,
He shall not shame to see.

Alas! the rule so oft laid down,
I find neglected for the town—
My days are not my own;
This one, or that, would try his power
In social confab for an hour—
And thus the hour is gone.

My wife, inclined to spend the day
Abroad, should surely have her way—
There's no great harm in that,
Were she contented so to do
Alone,—but husband must go too:
So bring his stick and hat.

That day is lost. Luxurious diet
For two more days disturbs my quiet—

*The character of the troops comprising the small legion Arnold was enabled to raise is well known. A more ruthless set of vagabonds never fought for Britain. They were nearly all deserters—the refuse of the American Army.

And then, to time mispent,
I'm doom'd to add the greater ill
Of physic and a doctor's bill,
By way of punishment.

At eight, my study nicely aired,
My pen and paper all prepared,
I sit me down to write;
When hark! the knocker—to the door
The servant flies—another bore
Is full before my sight.

With moody brow, and strange grimace,
I meet his broad and busy face—
He talks of this and that;
The travelling English—men of straw—
And women impudently raw—
And other slop-shop chat.

His own opinions!—Gods! how strange—
His penny intellect's small change—
'I'—'mine'—'we'—'number one!'—
Until my vex'd and fever'd blood
Has roused me to a savage mood,
Politeness still would shun.

Yet how escape?—In vain he sees
My eyes grow dim—my answers freeze
Myself—yet touch him not;
Yet all the while, he knows I wish
The devil had him in a dish,
On coals confounded hot.

Of all the fools that life beset,
At least, of all the kinds I've met—
Oh hear my prayer, ye Gods!
Preserve me from the monstrous ass,
Whose impudence becomes the pass
To bore his brother-sods.

HORACE IN HOT WATER.

IMPORTANCE OF EARLY EDUCATION.

(From the Journal of Education.)

What is the object of Education? *To form the character.* How is this to be done? Not by lessons—but chiefly through the influences of example, circumstances, and situation. How soon is the child exposed to these influences? From the moment it opens its eyes, and feels the pressure of its mother's bosom: from the hour that it becomes capable of noticing what passes around it, and knowing the difference of one thing from another. So powerful are the gradual and unnoticed influences of these early mouths, that the infant, if indulged and humored, may grow into a petty tyrant at ten months old; and toddle about at two years a selfish, discontented, irritable thing, that every one but the mother turns from with disgust. During this period, every human being is making his first observations, and acquiring his first experience; passes his early judgments, forms opinions, acquires habits. They may be ingrained into the character for life. Some right and some wrong notions may take such firm hold, and

some impressions, good or bad, may sink so deep, as to be scarcely with any force eradicated.—There is no doubt, that many of those incurable crookednesses of disposition, which we attribute to Nature, would be found, if they could be traced, to have originated in the early circumstances of life: just as a deformed and stunted tree is not so from any natural perversity of the seed from which it sprung, but from the circumstances of the soil and situation where it grew.

TOUR TO THE NORTHERN LAKES.

BY A CITIZEN OF ALBEMARLE.

(Concluded.)

At 9 o'clock on Wednesday we weighed anchor, and again entered on the Huron, now tranquil, and presenting a deep blue surface to the eye. The lowering clouds of the morning gradually disappeared, a light breeze sprung up, sufficient to refresh, without impeding us, and we glided over the smooth surface of the lake with far greater pleasure for the discomforts and anxieties of yesterday. I pass my leisure hours in conversing with Mr. M—, whose memory seems wonderfully tenacious of the much he has read, in looking into Miss Martineau, in observing the everchanging pictures of human life, which so motley a crew as our boat presents, or in making these notes. We see few birds and no fish in the lake—I saw one sturgeon jump either in Detroit or Lake St. Clair. We reached Mackinaw about 6 o'clock in the afternoon. The white barracks near the summit of the island, and the town at the foot of the hill may be seen at the distance of 10 miles or more. The island is distinguished from the other lands on the lake shores by its greater elevation—its highest point which is near the middle of the island, being about 300 feet. It terminates abruptly at either end, and from the precipitous character of its margin, or of the land which lies back of its narrow beach, it seems capable of being made almost impregnable. Its harbor if defended by a pier from the easterly wind, would be a very snug one. There is no garrison here at present, that which lately occupied it having been sent to Florida. A piece of land sloping from the foot of a steep hill to the water, is laid off into gardens to the right of the town, and they seem to be very productive—to the left is the village, consisting of two or three rows of old, low dilapidated houses for the most part; some of which were built by the French when this was one of their trading posts. Along the shore were Indian lodges, of a conical form, and covered with birch bark, while the streets were filled with Indians of all ages, and with an endless diversity of costume. They congregate here at this time to receive the pensions allowed by the government. They come, some of them from a great distance, in their birch bark canoes.

I hastened to deliver my introductory letter to Mr. S—, the Indian agent here, and on expressing a wish to be taken to some point from whence I could have an advantageous view of the surrounding scene, he immediately ordered his barouche, and I, in company with two other gentlemen, Mr. M— and lieutenant S—,

were driven to the top of the hill, where entering the barracks we had a noble water prospect—seeing Lake Huron to the left, and the head of Lake Michigan to the right, with Round Island immediately in front—of the town beneath us we had a bird's eye view, and from some part of the fort, might have taken a perpendicular leap of perhaps 200 feet. The whole island seems to be composed of limestone; it has few trees, and those are low and scrubby; but the cattle we saw here and there, seemed to be very fine. The town, I should think, did not contain more than 100 houses. This is the seat of an Indian mission, and the houses of the missionaries, detached from the rest of the town, seemed to be among the best buildings of the place. The steamboat Michigan arrived in the harbor a few minutes before us, and as one of her proprietors lives here, she monopolized all the milk that was for sale—by dint of some perseverance I procured a little for my tea and breakfast to-morrow. I had not time to see the natural bridge, or arch of limestone rock, which is supported by a cliff on one side, and a pillar, whose base is on the water, on the other. This arch is about 150 feet high by 50 wide, and is one of the lions of the place.

It seems that the government, in consequence of the scarcity of specie, has proposed to the Indians to pay them their annuities, one half in goods, and the other half in silver;—and some of the tribes have in council decided that they would not receive the goods, but would prefer to wait another year for one half of their annuity. It is to be regretted that another instance should thus be afforded to these people to complain of a want of good faith on the part of the whites. Besides the two steamboats there were but two small schooners, or rather boats in the harbor. The climate here is represented as extremely severe, the snow lasting sometimes from October to April. I perceived that currants were not ripe, and would not probably be so for a week or two. The island is about 7 miles long. We left it about 8 in the evening, and had a very pleasant run by moonlight on the smooth lake, passing in sight of numerous low islands in the distance, on which a light at some wood station might be occasionally perceived. It was quite cool on the upper deck, and most of the passengers retired below, or wrapped themselves up in their cloaks, coats, or blankets. By way of affording some variety, lieutenant S— endeavored to coax the Indians to take a dance on deck, and one of them was at the pains to provide himself with their usual music, which he effected, by stretching a deerskin tightly over the head of an empty keg, and which, when beaten on by two sticks, became a very good drum; but his singing and beating, even when aided by a bottle of rum, did not avail to rouse them from their listlessness. The notes of their music are few, and occupy but a small space in the gamut; but by the force of habit and association, it is sometimes very animating to them. I went to my state room betimes, and made ample amends for the want of sleep the night before.

Thursday, August 10th. We passed by the Manitou Islands in the night, and were opposite the Fox Islands about sunrise. We passed numerous islands this day. They were generally low, but sometimes containing hills of moderate elevation, abrupt cliffs. They all on

approach appeared to rest on strata of limestone. The Indian Islands, when seen between us and the sun, appeared like broad black lines above the horizon, their ends not sloping gradually to the water as is customary, but terminating abruptly. The number of these islands about the head of Lake Huron are supposed to be about 20,000—10,500, (including all which support vegetation,) we were told, had been surveyed by the British government.

We enter Green Bay at midday. This bay is about 80 miles deep from north to south, and from 30 to 40 miles broad. The water is seemingly almost black when seen from the deck, but of the blue tint of the ocean in the distance. Our fare on board the steamboat is very bad, but fortunately, our appetites are sharpened by the keen air of the lakes. A second attempt was made to-day to get up an Indian dance, but it succeeded only with one chief, whose performance had nothing to recommend it. It consisted in nothing but in jumping off the ground, with both feet at once, so as to keep time with the beat of their monotonous drum. It exhibits neither grace, agility, nor expression.

In the evening we came in sight of Navarino, on the west side of Fox River, and Fort Howard, on the right. There sprung up a strong breeze from the northwest with rain, and an hour more of daylight would have enabled us to reach the town, but as the channel is narrow and very crooked, we came to anchor about 4 miles from Navarino. This place lies on Fox River, about 5 or 6 miles from the head of Green Bay.

The next day, Saturday, I took a look at the town both before breakfast and afterwards. Its site, as well as the adjoining country, is a dead level of dark colored land. The buildings are all new, having been principally erected within 3 or 4 years; and they are ranged at considerable distances in wide streets, crossing at right angles. They are wholly of wood, and are painted white. Along the river bank were Indian lodges or wigwams, covered with mats, in most of which we saw groupes of men, women and children, sitting round the fire made in the middle of these little tenements, and either cooking or eating their simple meal, or arranging and decorating their coarse black hair. They all seemed to be remarkably and disgustingly dirty, and we have ocular evidence on board the boat, that a part of the animal creation profit by their slovenly and careless habits. I should think the number of houses could not exceed 200. Higher up the river is Astor Town, adjoining Navarino, and great rivalry is already manifested between the two places. There are some 12 or 15 stores in the two places containing every variety of goods likely to be wanted here, but not in large quantities. The river is about 200 yards wide, and the wild rice, and rushes growing in the river below the town, convey the idea of insalubrity—but agues are said to be unknown here. A single schooner lay in the harbor, and we met another as we went out. A small party of us crossed over to Fort Howard; I saw several officers, and the commandant, Major H—, all of whom received us with the usual military courtesy. The barracks consist of a number of wooden buildings, forming a quadrangle of about 150 by 250 feet—in which about 200 men could be comfortably accommodated. The wives of the officers told us that they had just received the unwelcome intelligence

that their husbands were ordered to Florida. It is no small drawback from their happiness that as soon as they find themselves comfortable at a station, they are in danger of being ordered off to another.

Having been told on board the boat that there were regular tides in this river, twice every 24 hours, I inquired into so singular a phenomenon, and received from the officers in the fort the most contradictory accounts. Some believing implicitly in these tides, and referring them also to lunar influence, while others asserted that they were to be referred to the action of winds on the lake, and denied that there was any regularity in the time of their recurrence, or the intervals. It is admitted there is none in their high tides—they varying from 4 inches to 2 feet. The advocates for the theory of lunar tides insisted that the *general rule* of these tides was regularity, and the deviations from it were exceptions; that the winds were not the cause of the rise and fall of the water, but were disturbing causes. Taking all the accounts together, my companion, Mr. M— and I, concluded that the explanation which referred the alternate rise and fall of the water to the winds was the most probable, though the frequency of the rise and fall, and which the belief that it recurs twice a day seems to establish, indicates a degree of regularity in the action of the wind, which merits further investigation. Dr. —, the surgeon, who was decidedly an unbeliever in the doctrine of a lunar tide, says, that at Mackinaw the current (after a careful observation) flows up or down the straight according to the course of the wind, or by reflux when it had ceased; but whether it sets east or west, the water never rises above an inch. Another opinion derived from the Indians has some currency in all the lake country, and that is, that the waters in all the lakes have an extraordinary rise every seven years; but it seems to want confirmation, and has not yet been fully investigated. News from this place to Washington commonly takes 15 days.

A little above the town is Devil River, abounding in fish. The woods here are full of deer, and the waters in the winter afford a variety of wild fowl, but the winters must be very dreary; and some of the officers thought it was as cold here as at Mackinaw. Fox River is navigable for steamboats 5 miles higher up, and for batteaux more than 100 miles to the rapids. Its source is in Winnebago lake. In no distant time there will be a canal perhaps, or certainly a rail road from Green Bay, or Winnebago lake to Lake Michigan, by which a voyage of more than 200 miles will be saved. At half past 11, we left the wharf to recruise Green Bay to Lake Michigan, when we must again turn to the south, and pursue our voyage to Chicago. We lose from a day and a half to two days by leaving Lake Michigan to ascend Green Bay. The population of Wisconsin Territory is now estimated at 15,000.

A strong breeze from the north springing up in the afternoon, and dense clouds rising in several parts of the horizon warned us of bad weather, which was but too soon realized. The wind rose, and with it the sea, so that the boat labored, and seemed to make little headway—especially as our wood was greener than suits for fire engines. We, however, continued our voyage until dusk, when we thought it prudent to come to anchor under the lee of a little island near the eastern

shore of the bay. The wind continued high all night, but we rode safely and snugly in our little haven, with no other inconvenience than the prospect of having our voyage extended one day longer. A single hour saved yesterday, as had been easily practicable, would have enabled us to reach (Green Bay harbor) Navarino last night, in which case we might have left it this morning soon enough to reach Lake Michigan before the north wind became strong, and after that it would have proved fair, and not have incommoded us. In one of these lake voyages, liable as they are to so many interruptions from stopping or from casualty, the loss of an hour may easily occasion the loss of a day. The numerous islands about the entrance of Green Bay afford to the vessels and steamboats ready means of sheltering themselves from the gusts and storms which are here both frequent and sudden.

Saturday, August 12th. I awoke this morning, and found the boat still riding at anchor, though the wind had greatly moderated. It was, indeed, past 7 o'clock before we were again under way—the waste of time being attributable either to the captain's want of energy, or to his timidity I know not which. We found the wind as yesterday from the north, but as we should soon reach Lake Michigan, when this wind would be fair for Chicago, we did not complain. When we did reach the lake the sun shone out in cloudless radiance. A fresh breeze urged us on by the help of our sails—the temperature of the air was delightful, and in the pleasure of our speed, and the fine weather, we forgot the delay of last night, and the vexation it had superinduced. Could one always command such weather, I know no way in which part of summer could be more agreeably spent than in a fine steamboat on these lakes with an agreeable party. The freshness of the air or something else seems to produce a very invigorating effect, especially on the appetite. With such fare as our boat affords, this is fortunate. The western coast of Michigan Lake, along which we course at the distance of six or eight miles, presents the same low dark green line of forest that we have hitherto seen; but occasionally it is slightly varied by a line of sandy beach, and sometimes of low hills of sand. No sign of human habitation or of human labor is to be perceived, and rarely can anything be seen on the surface of the water. This absence of the signs of human industry gives an air of desolation and solitude to the whole scene, uninterrupted as it is by any striking natural object. It will not, however, be thus still and solitary, 100 or even 50 years hence.

We had not run 50 miles before the wind had veered round to the south, and of course again become ahead. This has been our fortune, with a few brief exceptions, ever since we left Buffalo: nor has there been a single day, except one, that it has not rained more or less, especially in the afternoon. It may admit of a question whether, with this variableness in the weather on the lakes, and their liability to sudden gusts, the navigation by steam or sail vessels is to be preferred. If sail vessels are exempt from some of the dangers to which steamers are exposed, the latter, on the other hand, can make off from a lee shore better than the former—nor could they be overset by a sudden gust, as a schooner was a week or two since, in a storm in which the Michigan steamer sustained no inconvenience. Our course

up the lake was S. by W. to S. S. W. all day. We met a brig and saw no other sail—a schooner also in the evening. We saw rain and wind in distant parts of the lake on each side of us, but had a mere brush of one of these squalls.

Sunday, 13th. We reached Milwaukee, about 5 o'clock in the morning. This is one of the new towns in which the genius of speculation, profiting by some obvious local advantages, has anticipated the future rise of property, and in so doing, has so far outgone the real value as to occasion great loss to those purchasers who cannot retain the property, and has even involved some in ruin. It lies on the west, or Wisconsin side of Lake Michigan, about 90 miles above Chicago, and is handsomely situated in the bottom of a bay of a semi-circular form, about three and a half miles from one extremity to the other, and near two miles deep. Its harbor is defended from all winds, except those which blow from the east; and those vessels which can pass over the bar, at the mouth of the river, can be effectually defended from the east winds by running into the river, which suddenly turns to the north, and has a course parallel to the coast. It thus makes a long narrow point of land, nearly two miles long, and not above 60 or 70 yards wide. At the end of this point on either side of Menominee river is the town, consisting I should think of some 100 or 120 houses, which make a good show in the distance, as some of them are placed on heights about the river, which may be denominated hills. There was one schooner up in the town, and another in the offing. At present only very small vessels can pass over a bar at the mouth of the river, as the water there is not more than 5 or 6 feet deep. They mean to cut through the point of land, which is in fact, nothing but a sand bank; but the citizens are as usual, divided according to their several interests; some wishing the present natural embouchure of the river to remain, the channel to be deepened, and the return of the bar prevented by a pier—others propose a cut about the middle of the point, and this work had actually been begun, but had been apparently abandoned. A third party wish to cut a channel near the town, and where the point begins. Wherever the river disembogues there will probably be a bar formed by its deposit, and the opposing sands of the lake, and a pier or breakwater will be necessary. There are a few scattered buildings on the heights south of the town and in front of the bay, built among the woods. By reason of its harbor which, with the aid of a breakwater, may be the best perhaps on the west side of the lake; this bids fair to be a place of consequence, but much will depend on the character of the land aback of it. In the town, the Milwaukee, running from the north parallel to the coast, for some miles, unites with the Menominee. It is a narrow and sluggish stream after the junction; but aback of the town the Menominee has a fall of fifteen feet. It is said that the population of the country is 4000 at this time; most of whom are in the town or its vicinity. We saw a schooner which had been stranded on the beach by some easterly wind too strong for her to resist. A large piece of swampy land lies below the town, along the banks of the river. If a vessel is to be stranded, there never was a place in which it can occur with so little hazard to life or property, as on most of the lake shores. The vessel is driven

high and dry on a sandy beach, on which the passengers may safely jump ashore. I was induced to go on shore before breakfast, and walk a mile and a half to the edge of the town, along the sandy promontory. A small steamboat plies between the town and the lake, to carry passengers to and from the steamboats and vessels in the bay. The trees looked to be low on the adjoining lands, and the last appeared to be not very fertile, but the lands in the interior are said to be very good. From this place there may be opened a water communication with Rock river, which empties into the Mississippi.

We left Milwaukee about 10 o'clock, having stopt to take in wood, and at half past 12, came to the town of Racine, so called, not from the great French dramatist, but because its site is at the mouth of *Root river*. Here were about 15 or 20 houses, with one large one unfinished, three stories high, and having seven windows on a range—another instance of rather the oversanguine credulity of speculators, or of their attempts to deceive others. A large open row boat, containing some 15 or 20 young men put off to our steamboat, merely, as it appeared, to while away an idle hour, as it was Sunday. We were soon afterwards all summoned to the upper cabin to attend divine service, and hear a sermon from one of our passengers, who was on his way, with his wife and child, to take charge of a school and a congregation in Michigan. The water along this side of the lake is of a very light blue, from which it may be inferred that it is very shallow: off Root river it was of a whitish hue. We passed Pike river, soon afterwards, where no doubt there will soon be, or is already, another town laid off;—and soon after sunset we reached the town of Chicago, whose highest buildings and lighthouse, we had seen sometime before. Our steamboat ran in between two piers they have built out to the east, at the mouth of the river, which is very narrow, though deep, and on the wharf where we landed, we found a throng little inferior to the one we had on board—some drawn by curiosity, some to see friends, and all welcoming those who came either to spend money as travellers, or buy land as settlers: I say *as settlers*, for purchases on speculation have ceased for the present. I immediately went to the Lake House, a large hotel near the river, and on returning, had, in common with the officers of the boat, some alarm about my trunk, which had been seen among the rest of the baggage a little while before, when undertaking the search myself, I found it in a snug corner under an old woman, who was quietly and unconsciously seated on it, so as entirely to conceal it. The house is a large one, and well kept, considering the small number of its servants. After ascertaining that the eastern mail would close in an hour, I wrote two letters to give some tidings of my peregrinations, and betaking myself to my room, I amused myself awhile with Lockart's Life of Scott, and then fell into the arms of Morpheus, as the novel writers used to say.

Monday, August 14th. Finding that the little steamboat which plies between this place and Michigan city, crosses the lake to-morrow, and deciding to take passage in her, on my way homewards, I industriously set about delivering my letters of introduction, and making the proper inquiries relative to my past purchases, or those I may hereafter make. * * * I here saw for

the first time a western prairie. It extends from the town 9 miles west, and up and down the lake for 30 miles, and is as level as the ocean. It affords in dry weather, as it now is, very good travelling, for the greater part of the way, but in parts the ground is half miry, half spongy, so as to make it very heavy to the horse, and very jolting to the rider. This natural meadow is now in full bloom, with flowers of different hues. In some places those of a yellow color predominate; in others, white or purple; but in general, its flowers are very various and intermixed. They are often pretty and delicate when examined; but in general, have neither size nor brilliancy of tint.

Whenever the waggoner or other driver of a carriage finds a miry place, or *slough*, here pronounced *sloo*, he turns his carriage into the grass and finds no difficulty in making a new path for himself. The excellence of the road, when the ground is dry, shows that if it was ditched on each side, and so raised as to be always dry, it would be everywhere good. As our journey was likely to occupy 4 or 5 hours, my kind conductor, Capt. H—, who was a Virginian, proposed we should call at his house and take a lunch; we did so, and in a short time sat down with Mrs. H—, an amiable, sensible woman, to a nice repast of broiled grouse, one of the delicacies of the west, broiled ham, preserves and cream—both of the best, and a glass of very good Madeira. Nothing could exceed the cordiality of this welcome.

* * * * *

In the afternoon, Capt. R—, who had married Miss P— in Alexandria, drove me in a gig along the shore of the lake to a little piece of woodland on the skirt of the prairie, about 3 miles from Chicago. This road is always good, though dusty in dry weather, and affords a delightful evening's ride, as a cool, fresh, invigorating breeze always blows from the lake. He had sold lots of ground here in this "cottage grove," at the rate of \$1000 an acre. I passed the evening with his family, and found Mrs. R— and her sisters very sensible, polished ladies. Their best houses here are furnished quite in city style—Brussels carpets, centre tables, &c.

Chicago is unequally divided by the river from which it takes its name—the south part being much the best built, and most populous; and, as is generally the case in the newly created towns of the west, there is much jealousy and bickering between the two sides. Three bridges (the lowest with a draw) cross the river. The houses are chiefly of wood, and small, indicating haste and temporary accommodation: there are some blocks of good brick houses. The population is variously estimated at from 5000 to 8000. I imagine it does not much exceed 5000, but even that is a great achievement for 4 or 5 years. The river is from 15 to 20 feet deep, with very little current, and it never rises much above its ordinary level. It is so much like a canal that it will be used as such for some miles to the point where the projected canal begins. There were six or eight schooners and one ship in the river. About 100 houses will have been built even this summer. Its harbor is defended by two piers, made of wooden frames, filled in with stone. They extend into the lake to the east about 400 yards, and are 200 feet apart.

Sunday, August 15th. After bringing up my journal to this time, I go to breakfast, and taking leave of

my friends, I embarked in a steamboat which plies between Chicago and Michigan city, after some delay in consequence of the sudden displacement of the captain by the company, and his refusal to be displaced—we had a delightful run across the lake, and reached Michigan city, a distance of forty odd miles, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We had no small boat with us, and our steamboat was obliged to anchor in the offing, as the piers which are to make the harbor are not yet completed. We rang our bell again and again, but the people in the city heeded us not. At length the captain becoming impatient, and connecting the neglect of us with his own removal, hastily threw a thick plank overboard, and placing two old doors across it, which were secured together by a single iron bolt, he boldly ventured on this frail bark, and kneeling on it, made out with a small oar to paddle with it to the pier, about 100 yards, at the repeated risk of being overturned into the lake. This man was originally from Maine, and he here exhibited, on a small scale, the same promptitude of action, the same fertility of expedients, the same fearless and vigorous execution, which distinguishes his countrymen, and has built up the west. This famous city, whose lots are scattered over the United States, has no natural harbor, but a small stream called Trail creek, here making into the lake, and the narrow territory owned by Indiana on this lake, affording no better site for a town, its commissioners appointed to select one, chose this; and its inhabitants are now endeavoring, by means of two piers on each side the mouth of the creek, to supply its place. They also contemplate a breakwater in addition. The shore here, as is the case with the lake shore generally, along the eastern side, consists of high banks, and even hills of sand, on much of which there is no sort of herbage or vegetation. One has to walk a quarter of a mile or more over this sand by a crooked path up to the town, and there the same sand in the streets is ankle deep, so as to make it extremely fatiguing. Three years ago there were but two or three buildings at this place, but now there are 200 dwelling houses, though some of them are built in the very midst of the woods. The middle of the town is yet filled with stumps and roots of trees, which they have not found time to remove, but three spacious streets from east to west are cleared out, and made dry and smooth (where there is marsh) by a ditch on either side. The hills of sand between the town and the lake are more than 100 feet high, and they have been formed by the winds which blow strongest, and most frequently from the west. A fertile country some miles from the town, to which this place presents the readiest market, promises to make this a thriving settlement, though it may be many years before the business of the place will justify the prices given here last year for lots. I was shown a house about 24 or 25 feet wide, and was told that the ground on which it stood, sold last year for \$3,200.

August 16th. We set off in a coach about 4 o'clock in the morning, in company with two other carriages. Our party consisted of 3 ladies and 6 gentlemen. The land for 8 or 10 miles from Michigan city is thin and sandy, but well timbered; and the road is always either a deep sand, or a corduroy road, made necessary by swamps and marshes. Near La Porte (so called from the "door prairies," which again take their name

from the fact that they communicate with one another by an opening like a door) becomes a rich black loam mixed with sand. We also passed several small lakes which have visible streams neither into them, nor out of them, and which are pretty pieces of water when they are not covered with water-lilies, that seem ague and fever personified. We pass many beautiful pieces of prairie land in full cultivation; some of them level as a floor, and others gently undulating; but all covered with heavy crops of grain, where their natural clothing had been broken by the plough. These lands, with a proportion of timber, sell here for \$20 an acre. We breakfasted at La Porte, 12 miles, and dined at *Terracopia*: fare very respectable at both places. The warmth of the weather here contrasts strongly with the freshness of the air on the lakes. By the way, the extensive prairies are also said to be very cool compared with the forest, for the air being unobstructed as on water, there is generally a breeze from some quarter. Our conversation in the stage was chiefly about the value of lands, and the character of the country we passed through or had left. They have no stone in this country, and but small streams for mills. They drink well-water also, which is sometimes near the surface and very good, and sometimes 60 feet deep, and not very pure. In the afternoon we passed an encampment of Indians, about to remove to the west of the Mississippi. Two or three of the few we saw were drunk—some had a listless, and some a dejected air, and most of them showed their characteristic taste for tawdry finery, by their scarlet leggings, or turbans, or scarfs, and their silver ear-rings, their sashes, &c.—but scarcely one of them had a neat, or even clean appearance; yet some of the men, dirty and squalid as they were, were very good looking. They would repine less at quitting their early homes, if they could feel secure in the possession of those about to be assigned to them; but all their experience forbids this confidence, and they submit to the will of the whites in emigrating, because they know not the means of resisting it, and because it is something to postpone an evil that they have no means of escaping. We reached Niles, a pretty, well built village, on the St. Joseph, 60 miles from the lake by water, and 46 by land, about sunset, where after tea, I shaved, wrote up my journal, and slept in a room about 6 feet square, and in a bed not long enough for me to extend myself at length. The hotel too, is quite a large one, but every room was occupied.

August, Thursday. Our journey to-day was, as yesterday, along rich prairies and forest land alternately: the former well cultivated, and exhibiting a most abundant harvest, especially of oats, which in the summer, sell for two dollars per bushel, owing to the demand caused by the large body of emigrants to this portion of the far west. The Indian corn also looks very well, and will yield, as I understood, from 40 to 60 bushels the acre. These improved farms, with small, neat frame houses on them, and containing from 80 to 300 acres, sell from twenty to thirty dollars an acre. The prairie lands have the advantage of saving the settler the expense of clearing, which is from ten to fifteen dollars an acre. The villages in the neighborhood appear to be thriving, and have all been built up within 5 or 6 years. Our fare is, however, much worse as we penetrate into the interior, and the road where

it passes over causeys made over marshes, is intolerable. It was badly made at first, and, in many places, the logs have rotted so as to leave deep mud holes. Accidents however seldom happen, except in breaking the carriages. After travelling all day at the rate of little more than three miles an hour (stoppages included), we came to a part of the road so extremely bad that it was not thought passable for the ordinary post coaches, and our two sets of passengers were put into two waggons constructed for the purpose, having four cross seats with leather cushions. Nothing was ever more disagreeable in the form of a road. As we were to pass through a foggy, unhealthy tract, and the weather was already cool, we all wrapt ourselves up in our coats and cloaks, and soon found them very comfortable. Next to our fears of the fog and night air, and the badness of the road, the mosquitoes were the chief annoyance. They were, however, less numerous than we expected. At the end of this stage, on stopping at the regular house, the people complaining that we were late, and seeming churlish, the passengers went off to another house, where we met with good fare, quickly prepared, and what is of no less importance, with civil treatment, to the great annoyance and mortification of the first landlord. After supper we set off about midnight, and continued travelling at the same snail's pace until we reached the breakfast house at Jonesville.

August 18. The land is not quite so good to-day—but the timber is larger, and we have left the prairie region. We occasionally meet light waggons and other carriages with settlers; and along the road, see houses put up for accommodating them with such articles of provision as they are likely to require—oats, bacon, liquors, bread, cheese, &c. From Niles to Cold Water is 76 miles, which we were more than 24 hours travelling. From Cold Harbor to Tecumseh is 60 miles. The latter part of this journey we travelled at a yet slower rate than 3 miles an hour. This is partly attributable to the long stages the horses have to perform, and the scanty food they get, since oats have been so high. In one instance, the driver told us his horses were fed on nothing but hay—and this too made of the marsh grass. They were indeed very weak, but I presume this was not the fact—but rather a stretch of his fancy.

At Tecumseh, which we reached about 9 o'clock at night, I obtained a glorious sleep, to make up for two nights of bad rest or no rest, and the next morning after breakfast set off for Adrian to take the rail road to Toledo. Tecumseh is an inland town, like, in appearance, a New England village, containing some 1500 inhabitants, as they say, and two churches, Episcopal and Presbyterian. I here see "Cousin George's store," which was such a puzzle to Miss Martineau. His name, George Spafford, is on the street, but this piece of pleasantry is painted on each side of his store. Miss M. might have seen that it is a fashion here for shopkeepers to invite customers by every sort of jest—and many of their advertisements exhibit all the wit, and all the other modes of attracting attention, and creating amusement, their authors can devise. I took down one large advertisement as a specimen. From Tecumseh to Adrian 10 miles. Adrian is at the present termination of a rail road of 33 miles from Toledo. It is to be continued across the peninsula to Michigan Lake.

This town contains a population of 2,200. I perceived some peculiarities at the tables on our journey. At our dinners they always gave tea or coffee—the former as well as the latter sweetened with brown sugar, unless white was particularly asked for—potatoes were served at every meal, breakfast as well as dinner, and eaten of heartily by every one: the coffee hardly came up to the old Kentucky rule of "40 grains to the gallon:" dried apples made a sauce at table, and was the chief constituent of their pies. Ham is almost always dressed in slices. Nothing but water is drunk at meals; but the bar is well frequented everywhere. Wheat bread is eaten exclusively. No poultry, or veal, or lamb is ever seen—mutton but rarely. The settlers in all the lake country are chiefly from New York, and New England, and those last from New York are almost always either emigrants, or descendants of emigrants from New England. It is to this most remarkable people that the west owes that rapid advance of improvement and civilization, which everywhere fills the traveller with astonishment. They have there achieved what no other people under the sun could have effected in the same time; for beyond all others are they enterprising, inventive, and industrious. Wonderfully quick-sighted in seeing what may be rendered useful and profitable, they immediately set about taking advantage of it—deterred by no difficulty which they can hope to subdue by skill and contrivance, or the most patient and persevering industry. They are at once the most labor-saving, and the most laborious of all nations. To see the number and ingenuity of their devices to save labor, one might think they regarded it as the first of human evils, whilst the active, ardent, persevering character of their toils, looks as if they considered work as the chief pleasure of life. They are truly a great people; and we of the south ought to be more tolerant of their little faults, when they are redeemed by such splendid civic virtues.

At 2 o'clock we set off in the rail road cars, and the spectacle was a strange one, to see this piece of machinery, the proudest achievement of art in the present day, in the midst of this wilderness; for except when the road passes through a village, the road is skirted on either side by its thick and dark primeval forest. The land is generally marshy—rich if drained, but unfit in its present wet state for anything but grass. The engine performed very well, and we travelled 33 miles in about two and a half hours. We passed through three thriving villages—the houses all new, and painted white generally. The growth was principally white poplar—here called white wood—beech, birch, ash, and hickory, on the drier places—no pine. We reached Toledo just as the Thomas Jefferson, one of the finest and fastest boats on the lakes, was about to set off for Buffalo, so that I had no hesitation in going on board, rather than in stopping to take a nearer view of the town, and its neighboring rival, Manhattan. I found on board many of the new acquaintances I have made during this excursion, Messrs. L— and N—, the two senators from Michigan—two Canadian gentlemen, father and son, &c. I passed away a few hours pleasantly in conversation * * * until 10 o'clock, when I betook myself to my berth, and sought repose in spite of a strong headwind and boisterous sea. After stopping at Hudson in the night, we reached Cleveland next morning about

5 o'clock, and learning at the stage office, that the stage for Beaver on the Ohio would set off at 8 o'clock, I devoted the intervening hours to my toilette, to breakfast, and to walking over this very thriving town. As it stands at the termination of the great canal which cuts Ohio in two, it has grown very fast, and carries on a brisk trade with the lakes and New York, and the interior of Ohio. The population I heard estimated at 10,000, and compared with other similar estimates, I should think the number could be not much less. The best part of the town stands on the table land on the banks of the lake; but there are also buildings along the canal and the river, and the slopes up the high ground. There seemed to be no less than 4 large hotels, besides several small public houses. About 50 persons sat down to breakfast at the one where I stopped—the Franklin Buildings.

I had to-day an opportunity of seeing something of Ohio, and if I were to judge from a single day's journey of more than 100 miles (very slender data indeed) I should say that the land in the northern part of the state is inferior to that of the southern part of Michigan. That the roads are as bad as any in Virginia—that it is inhabited more uniformly, than in any other state I have been in, with people who are neither rich nor poor, but approaching more nearly to the latter class. That this equality of circumstances has produced plainness, not to say a careless indifference in manners, without a correspondent improvement in cordiality, or gaiety, that the stage drivers are among the coarsest of that coarse class, and the public houses very bad to those who have been accustomed to luxurious indulgence at home. The land was originally all heavily timbered, and on most of the farms the dead trees still standing attest this fact. It abounds in grass, for which the land is particularly fit. The corn crops looked badly, owing to an unfavorable season. I saw many places which had been deserted by their former owners. The settlers have everywhere, as in New England, congregated in villages. I dined at the town of Hudson, where the college of the Western Reserve is situated. There are no less than three lines of daily stages from Cleveland across to the Ohio—two to Beaver, and one to Wellsville. To induce me to take one of the former, the agents represented to me that as the Ohio was now low, that steamboats probably did not run up to Pittsburg, and that they would carry me to Beaver, 105 miles, in time to take the steamboat at 8 o'clock next morning. They set off at the same time with their rival, "The Pioneer," as if they meant to keep their promise, and carried me 50 or 52 miles in less than 9 hours, but the remaining 55 miles, travelled mostly in the night, occupied 15 hours. The reason of the difference was that the roads for the two lines had now diverged, and the stimulus of rivalry did not operate, but that of spirits did, particularly in making the drivers stop very often, and loiter very long. As there were but two passengers in our coach, both the drivers and innkeepers endeavored to prevail on me to wait for the mail coach, by which the advantage of setting off 7 hours sooner would have been lost; but then they would have been saved the trouble of sending on two coaches, when one would have answered the purpose. From very limited experience, I would say let no one, travelling in the west, and especially the far west, put his faith in agents for

steamboats or stage coaches; for if he does, he can scarcely fail to be cheated and deceived. Such a set of systematic liars I never met with. The mud holes in the road were so deep and frequent in this flat country and stiff soil, that it was impossible to sleep, and not easy to keep one's seat, but by holding on to the straps with both hands. I had the best reason for believing that the chaps who drove us did all they could to make our journey uncomfortable. When we reached the Ohio, the next morning, we passed along a succession of villages on its banks, and on those of the Beaver—most of which are the seats of manufactures that have been called into existence here by the abundance of coal and of iron. On reaching the Ohio the stream was so much narrower than I had expected, that I should have thought it one of its own tributaries, but for the high hills which are found everywhere near its banks. The river was quite low, but this could not have made a difference of more than 50 or 60 yards in its appearance; and I feel confident, that in many places within this short distance of Pittsburg, its width is less than a quarter of a mile. The banks are generally of a yellowish brown clay: they are from 20 to 40 or 50 feet high, and at that height run off into flat land of considerable width, either on one or both sides, and then rise into steep hills on both sides, formed of limestone and schistus rock, and clothed with wood to the top. Occasionally these river hills come to the river, without the intervening flats, and though of almost perpendicular steepness, they are one dense forest from their summits to the water's edge. The steamboats which were now and then passing up or down the river, were obliged to wind to and from to avoid the shoals and bars, which, when the river is low, render its navigation difficult.

About 11 o'clock I embarked on board a small steamboat which plies daily between Wellsville and Pittsburg, a distance of 30 miles, and dined on board, though our plates and glasses were dancing a jig the whole time. In five hours we reached Pittsburg, standing on a point of land between the Alleghany from the northeast, and the Monongahela from the southeast. It makes a very respectable figure as approached from below. The houses are all of brick, but dingy with coal dust, and the roofs appear in the distance to be quite black. A long covered bridge on stone piers is seen, like a wing to the town, stretching across the Monongahela, and a correspondent one, somewhat shorter, on the north side, crosses the Alleghany. The mountains on either side are very high, and present strata of limestone, between which, at different heights, but commonly far above the river, are veins of coal; some of which are visible to the naked eye, from the opposite bank. On the north of the Alleghany there is a considerable town. The mountains are highest on the south side—the land rises behind the town, until it gradually attains the height of a mountain. The abundance of good coal here (it sells in the town for 6 cents a bushel) has had a very propitious influence on manufactures here. The town is very compactly built, like Philadelphia or Baltimore, but is either unpaved or badly paved. With its environs it is computed to contain 40,000 inhabitants. The streets run north and south, east and west. As soon as I got on shore, I hied to the post office. * * * * Having secured a place in the canal packet line, I took tea at the Exchange Hotel,

and looked at the town. At 9 o'clock we set off in the packet, and as soon as *my shelf*, called a berth, was allotted me, I sank into a profound sleep, in consequence of getting none the night before.

August 22d. When I came upon deck in the morning, I found we had travelled over night about 30 miles. The canal follows the course of the Alleghany river for that distance; it then bends more to the east, following the banks of the Kiskiminitas, and occasionally by dams and locks the river itself is used as a canal. After some distance it follows the Connemaugh, a branch of the latter stream; and when about 60 miles from Pittsburgh we came to the tunnel, which has been cut through a high, narrow promontory, by which three miles of canal is saved: its length is 900 feet. About three-fourths of the way the natural rock forms the rough and irregular arch as it was first excavated by the workmen, and the irregularities of the strata determined; but the remaining third being less solid, is regularly arched with stone. The light it receives at either end is sufficient in the day for all practical purposes. The scenery on the canal is very pleasing; high hills and mountains, covered with a dense and luxuriant forest; rocky cliffs occasionally jutting out of the mountain sides; sometimes the river making pretty pieces of low grounds—most of which are in a state of cultivation; but they exhibit, as yet, nothing which indicates wealth, or taste, or an anxious desire for comfort. The soil on the mountain sides is evidently rich, and when more level land is occupied, this too will furnish comfortable abodes for men, as similar spots do in Switzerland. We passed many manufactories of salt: the water is drawn from wells sunk to a considerable depth, by means of a pump worked by a steam engine, and then the water is boiled in large iron kettles. The expense of one of these establishments is from \$4,000 to \$10,000: these last making 20 barrels of 5 bushels each per day—it sells for about 25 cents a bushel, or 12½ a barrel. Our locks require about 3¼ or 4 minutes each. I find great relief in the canal boat after so much stage travelling over bad roads in Michigan and Ohio—I get rid of my time by walking, or looking at the scenery, or reading, or writing in my journal, which I am able to do without interruption, or annoyance, though of our 30 passengers or more, 3 or 4 ladies are chatting in the ladies' cabin—a little girl like Maria, prattles incessantly and very amusingly, and an infant ever and anon sets up its shrill pipe—6 or 7 of the gentlemen are quietly either reading or dosing. These packets appear to be under excellent regulations, and they form the safest and easiest of all modes of travelling.

About 1 o'clock we reached a second tunnel through a hill. It is about the same length as the other, and saves 5 miles of canalling. The arrangements for sleeping are precisely the same as those on board the New York canal packets as to contrivance, economy of room, &c.; but with this essential difference—they give us here but one sheet, and a calico quilted counterpane, which not being washed, has come into contact with many an individual before. I see that one gentleman, who proves to be a Frenchman, does not take off his clothes.

Wednesday, August 23d. About 5 o'clock in the morning we were roused from our slumbers, to take the rail road which is here used to cross the Alleghany,

there not being a sufficient supply of water for a canal. It extends from Johnstown to Hollidaysburg, 37 miles; and in this distance has such an elevation to surmount, that here are no less than 10 inclined planes, each from a quarter of a mile to three quarters in length; and the cars are moved up and down these long slopes, by means of stationary engines and stout ropes, running over small iron wheels or pulleys. This is an expensive part of the route, as a number of men must be stationed at each inclined plane, and the wages, fuel and wear of the engines, and other machinery, must be considerable. I should think that ordinary locomotive engines would be sufficient to take the cars up a Macadamized road of the same inclination, with a little more power, and by this means a number of hands, and much of the present machinery might be saved. It is indeed possible, that the same engines which are now used on the rail road tracks, would answer for that purpose. The last inclined plane to Hollidaysburg terminates in a seeming level; but it has an inclination sufficient to continue the motion of the cars about 3 or 4 miles, and as there is no visible cause for their motion—neither steam engines nor horses, which had been previously used alternately—it excites great surprise with some of the passengers, and admiration with all. It seemed to me that we went in this way quite as fast as on any rail road, and we made several curves in going through the town to the basin of the canal. If suffered to move unimpeded, it would go at the rate of 60 miles an hour, we were told.

The number of packets and transportation boats collected at the two ends of the rail road, especially at Hollidaysburg, is very great. I saw one on the stocks on a new plan, which, however, had not been sufficiently tried to determine whether it is a valuable improvement. The boat is divided into two parts, as if she had been cut in two, and each part, at the point of section, is planked up so as to be watertight. The advantage promised is, that when thus divided the separate parts can be placed on wheels, and transported across the mountains as a car, without any shifting of the cargo. At present, goods sent between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, must be shifted three times; that is, there must be 4 successive loadings, which is a great drawback on the cheapness of transportation. It is nevertheless very low. A barrel of flour can be sent from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia for 80 cents. As we went along the rail road, we passed by several places where the coal was extracted from the mountains, in a low, narrow aperture, like the mouth of an oven, but large enough to receive a small cart. It was conveyed along a slopen wooden bridge to houses raised high enough above the ground to receive a waggon, and a trap door in the floor above, when opened, allowed the coal to fill the waggons below at once. Some of the mountains we passed presented a singular appearance. Their sides, sloping at an angle of 45 degrees, are covered with broken stones of nearly one size; and sometimes these fragments are as small as those prepared for Macadamized roads. The layer *debris* of the rocks from the summits of the mountain, have thus been gradually disintegrated by the slow action of the air and frost, and thus formed as regular and even a layer as if it had been the work of human hands. We breakfasted at Jefferson, a village in the mountains, and dined on board the boat. In the morning, until after breakfast,

we found it so cool that we were not warm even with our cloaks—and snow was predicted by some of the passengers—it falling thus early, occasionally, in these elevated regions. Hollidaysburg contains, I should think, 1200 or 1500 inhabitants. The landscapes along the canal are often extremely beautiful. On one side of the canal are steep mountain sides, covered with trees, except where there chances to be a slope of broken rocks, or a rugged cliff; on the other, the Juniata, meandering some 20 or 30 feet below the canal; and on its farther border, are seen rich cultivated fields, and rising grounds, or mountains in the distance. Sometimes the river itself is used as a canal, and now and then it is hemmed in between two steep mountain sides, which bending at either end, it exhibits the appearance of a very pretty lake. We had travelled yesterday at night about 80 miles, and this evening, we had made about 170 miles. Our course is at about the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, stoppages at the locks included. Our passage along the rail road required 5 hours for the 37 miles. Juniata is celebrated for the goodness, as well as the abundance of its iron. We reached Harrisburg about midnight, and here wait until morning to take the rail road to Philadelphia.

The passage of this great channel of communication between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, through a country so impeded by mountains and rivers, has given rise to a variety of expedients adapted to the particular species of difficulty. Thus we travel to Johnstown, 104 miles by canal—thence to Hollidaysburg, 37 miles by rail road—thence by canal to Harrisburg, 145 miles—thence by rail road to a part of the road where a tunnel is to penetrate a hill—thence $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles by stages—thence by rail road to Philadelphia, — miles. But in both the canals and rail roads, there are processes and machinery of a peculiar character, occasionally found necessary. Thus, at one place, where the river is sometimes too high and impetuous for the use of poles, and where our horses could be of no use, for want of a bridge, we crossed the Juniata by means of a rope stretched across the stream, and running on iron rollers, on posts, planted on piers, which rope is put in motion by a water wheel in a small house on the banks, that is worked by water from the canal. The inclined planes too, are sometimes descended by steam, and sometimes by horses, and in one instance, by the mere gravity of the cars. Where the Juniata enters the Susquehannah, which is here near a mile wide, a bridge had been thrown across the river, on which rails were laid, and the canal boats were placed upon wheels, and thus transported as so many cars; but a part of the bridge being carried away by a fresh, a small steamboat was provided for the purpose of towing the boats across. It was just night when we reached this place, and our passage was extremely picturesque. The little steamboat had been fitted up with a locomotive engine, which sent forth its sparks as a stream of fire in the night. On one side of us was the part of the lofty bridge which had not been carried away, and the piers of the residue beneath, and around us the smooth surface of the Susquehannah, reflecting the light of the engine and of our lamp as from a mirror; and on the opposite side, a packet boat, like our own, filled with passengers, having her windows illuminated, as it were, her deck crowded with gentlemen, and her bow filled with ladies,

attracted by the same curiosity that we felt, and whose head-dresses, shawls, &c. were seen in the full light that shone upon them as plain as in the day. A more striking and picture-light night-scene I never witnessed. There are two immense walls here, through which we pass from the river to the canal. They are obliged to be made very high and strong, to defend the canal from the fury of its waters, when the Susquehannah is much swollen.

After enjoying the scene along the banks of the Susquehannah a short time, I turned in with the rest of the passengers, and we were thus unconsciously conveyed to Harrisburg, which we reached about midnight. Before we started (half after five in the morning), I made out to dress, pack up my loose articles, take a survey of this town, the metropolis of Pennsylvania, and return in time to shave. Harrisburg is pleasantly situated on the Susquehannah, without any commanding eminences, but it seems not to be a place of much trade or business, and it conveyed to my mind the impression that it was supported chiefly by its being the seat of government. The State House or Capital, as they seem to call it here, is a very plain, unpretending brick building, altogether unworthy of this large and wealthy state. The lanes appear to be very dirty and neglected, and to indicate the abodes of poverty. I should think the population did not exceed 5,000. We breakfasted a few miles from Harrisburg, and in the same hasty style, took dinner a few miles from Philadelphia, which we reached about 3 o'clock, having thus travelled 110 miles in $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours. We were delayed not only by the two meals, and the frequent intervening stoppages for wood and water, and for affording the passengers the means of refreshing themselves and the pockets of the hotel keepers; but by the necessity of changing from the rail road cars to stages, where the rail road is unfinished for $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles—it being intended here to pass through a tunnel, and by an inclined plane five-eighths of a mile in length at the Schuylkill, 4 miles from Philadelphia. Our numbers were now greatly increased by several successive accessions from other canals, way passengers, &c., so that we had 4 large cars in our train. We met besides 5 other trains—a part of them very long ones. We occasionally came near the once celebrated turnpike road, between Lancaster and Philadelphia, and it has been so thoroughly superseded by the rail road, that the grass is everywhere springing up in the ruts along its stony bed.

The land around Harrisburg seems to be thin, but it improves as you descend; and in the neighborhood of Lancaster it is very good, and very well cultivated. For a considerable part of the way, the eye is regaled with the sight of extensive plains laid off into fields, either covered with green clover, or ripe oats, or on which the grain has been recently taken—and the farm-houses and farms indicate plenty and comfort, and a great subdivision of property. Dairy farms multiply as we approach the city. They are known by the great number of cows which are seen pasturing on the clover fields.

We reached Broad street in Philadelphia about 2 o'clock, having previously taken a hasty, but very good dinner on the road. * * * * *

After passing some days in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, I reached Albemarle on the 5th of

September, having thus, in an absence of eight weeks and four days, travelled upwards of three thousand five hundred miles: that is to say, 2,250 miles by water, and about 1,300 by land; or to state it by the different modes of conveyance:

By steamboats,	1,933 miles.
" rail roads,	558 "
" stages and other carriages,	730 "
" canal packets,	320 "
On horseback,	32 "
	<hr/> 3,573

It may be useful to some to know that the time occupied in actual travelling to Chicago, by the zigzag course I pursued through New York was thirteen days, and the mere expense of conveyance, about \$70. The time occupied in returning by way of Pittsburg, was twelve days, and the cost of conveyance \$55. The other travelling expenses amount to about as much more. One can scarcely doubt that the same journey would, thirty years ago, have required twice the money and more than thrice the time.

LITERATURE FOR THE TIMES.

Stories from Real Life: designed to teach true independence and domestic economy. To be completed in five parts. Part IV. The Savings Bank and other Stories. New York. Samuel Colman. 1837.

The little book before us is the fourth of a series of five: and follows "The Three Experiments of Living," a "Sequel to the Same," and "The Harcourts," in the form of a periodical, or monthly issue, to render its dissemination through the country more speedy and diffusive, by the medium of the post. The price is low, but the value, if rightly estimated, immense, of these little unpretending works. They are not the mere speculations of a theorizer, but emanate from the pens of those practical economists, the wives and mothers of the land. As such, we can cordially recommend them to the notice of "all who are not ashamed of economy," (to use the publisher's own language,) in times when economy is a virtue of the highest order.

We have already noticed the three first of the series, and hope that, ere this, their tiny yellow covers are to be discerned peeping, not obtrusively, but with winning influence, from among the more showy and more highly pretending ornaments of every centre table, upon which our own pages are thrown monthly, as a "Literary Messenger." The fourth of the series is worthy of its predecessors. It contains six tales of great interest, and of deep practical value. They are translated from the French of Mons. Bouilly, a cotemporary French writer of great Galonius. We will let the publisher speak, as to the object and design of each of these *petit nouvelles*; cheerfully endorsing his analysis of their merits and utility.

"From the sketch of Madame Cottin we may be taught the value of appearances, or the necessity of looking through them. The diamond is sometimes found in dark places, and frequently requires situation and circumstances to bring it to light.

"The story of George and Theodore shows the im-

portance of attending to the wants of the mind; and hence the value of Instruction—of Learning.

"From the history of Rosalie we may see how a poor orphan, from the want of being rightly directed, may, without being conscious of it, lose what is *most valuable on earth*.

"The Savings' Bank will teach what 'a constant and calculating economy will produce;' and that self-denial, even here, may have a rich reward.

"The Contrast shows the difference between Economy and Extravagance, and the influence of mothers.

"By the story connected with the Washerwomen's Boat, we shall learn that it is on the proper exercise and regulation of the *affections*, that our happiness depends; and these exist wherever man is found. 'Domestic happiness, in many respects, resembles the manna which was granted to the Israelites in the wilderness; like that precious food, it is given with an abundance that meets the wants of all. To be obtained, it must be religiously sought.'"

TRANSLATION.

MR. WHITE,—In your last number we have an extract from Juvenal, with a bald version from Badham. Many years past, I met with a very spirited translation of the satire from which this passage is taken, and regret that I cannot give you more than a few lines. I subjoin an annotation from the pen of a distinguished classic, whose taste and profound learning are highly appreciated by all who know him.

"By noise and bustle consequence is gained,
And wealth to be acquired must first be feigned:"
The purple robe ensures the largest fees,
And costly jewels best your clients' please.
Trust to your powers? Alas! that trust is vain,
"Whate'er the riches of your teeming brain.
Not Tully's eloquence five pounds would raise,"
Did not a diamond on his finger blaze.
The suitors care is now, when you appear,
How many sturdy slaves your litter bear,
How many clients lead, in state, your van,
How many liveries follow in your train.
Hence 'tis, with hired jewels Paulus pleads,
And better far than Basilus succeeds;
The crowd can find, howe'er he strains his throat,
No eloquence beneath his threadbare coat.

NOTE.

Respicit hoc primum, qui litigat, an tibi servi
Octo,* decem comites,† an post te sella, togati‡
Ante pedes.

* *Servi octo*—Eight slaves to carry your litter. The litters were more or less respectable in appearance, according to the number of bearers which carried them.

† *Comites*—Attendants upon him. It was the custom not only for princes, but for others, who were carried in litters, to have a number of people attending them, who were called comites.

‡ *Togati*—Gownsmen—Poor clients. Numbers of these were seen walking before the great on whom they were dependent.

OLD AGE.

Methinks I hear in accents low,
The sportive kind reply,
Poor moralist and what art thou?
A solitary fly.
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display;
On hasty wings thy youth has flown,
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone,
We frolic while 'tis May.

Gray's Ode on Spring.

Among the changes which time is working in the manners of society, there is nothing, Mr. Editor, which strikes an old man more forcibly, than the diminished deference which is paid to age. When I was young, emulation displayed itself in respect for grey hairs, especially when associated with distinguished talents, with eminent services, or with the conscious dignity of a long life of purity and virtue. Even the most humble—who could appeal to nothing else—found always in their scanty locks, and tottering frame, the best assurance of kindness and sympathy. The young sought the company of the aged; they hung upon their lips as the oracles of wisdom; they listened to their narratives with delight, and to their instruction with veneration. In short, piety towards age was a virtue of the times, and was one of the most interesting features in the character of society.

In every age and country—whether civilized or savage, this pious reverence for the aged, seems to have been inculcated as one of the first of virtues. It is traced by the learned to the heroic ages, and from them has been transmitted with their elevated feelings, to succeeding times. It is a striking trait in the character of the Greek and of the Roman. It was the basis of the Spartan rule, and one of the massy Dorics, that sustained the fabric of Roman greatness. It is cherished upon the shores of Japan, even by a race that tramples on the Cross, and prevails at the Indian council-fire among the savages of the Rocky Mountains. It seems to be the simple and natural dictate of the unsophisticated heart, and is equally taught by Philosophy and Revelation. It is the creed of the Christian and of the Turk—it is commanded by the Bible, and by the Koran. "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head! thou shalt honor the face of the aged! I am the Lord!"—is the solemn mandate of the Almighty, delivered from Mount Sinai, by the lips of the inspired lawgiver. (Leviticus 19. 32.). "The hoary head" is pronounced to be "a crown of glory;" and youth, however enlightened by wisdom, is exhibited as bowing with humility in the presence of the aged. "I am young," said Elihu, "and ye are very old; wherefore I was afraid and durst not show you mine opinion." On the other hand the visitation of God is represented as sending instant death upon

the children, who followed, with insulting shouts the footsteps of the aged prophet, crying in derision "go up thou bald head!" And the holy seer, in depicting the calamities which impended over his people, enumerates in the sad array, the change of manners when "the child shall behave himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honorable." (Isaiah, 3. 5.) How beautifully, and how forcibly, does Job too, in his anguish, depict the contempt which was poured upon him, by the youth, who had bowed down before him in the days of his prosperity, and strength. "My glory was fresh upon me: unto me men gave ear, and kept silence at my counsel. But now they that are younger than I, have me in derision—they, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock; they push away my feet, and raise up against me the ways of their destruction."

The faithful will not require that I should add to the weighty commands of the inspired book, the injunctions of Mahomet, or even the beautiful morality of the philosophers of old. The classic, indeed, will readily recall the sweet reflections of Cicero on the delightful intercourse of the old and young, and the youngest historians will remember the striking anecdote preserved in the Grecian annals. An ancient Athenian once entered the crowded theatre and passed to that quarter where his countrymen were seated. They were *nailed* to their benches. Not a man moved for him. Alas! that there should be among us, so many like them! The baffled old man, pausing here and there in vain, in expectation of the offered civility of a seat, passed on to that part of the house where were assembled the Spartan Ambassadors with their attendants. As he approached, the whole body rose from their places as if by common impulse, and pressed the wearied stranger to take a seat with *them*. In a moment the theatre rung with the plaudits of the delighted Athenians; upon which an old Lacedemonian with Spartan brevity observed, "the Athenians *know* what is true politeness; the Lacedemonians *practice* it." The burst of approbation, even from those who must have felt self-abased for their rudeness, was but the spontaneous tribute of the human heart to piety and virtue; and proves that the fault of the Athenians was the result of their thoughtlessness rather than of their want of feeling.

Turning our eyes from the republics of old to our Ancient Commonwealth; it is gratifying to see how sedulously our fathers inculcated the virtuous principle of which we have been speaking. Its traces are to be distinctly seen in some of those little traits of social and domestic intercourse, which have always struck me as peculiarly amiable and interesting. Thus, when I was a boy, my father's intimate friends were all of them my *uncles* and *aunts*, though the most profound genea-

logist would have been puzzled to find a common stock, less remote than father Adam. The appellation was conferred, because it was calculated to excite in our youthful hearts, a greater deference for our seniors, and the most affectionate attention to the respected guests of our household. But what is most remarkable, is the character of the intercourse in those times, between the *little* masters and mistresses, and the grey-haired domestics of the family. These too were greeted always by the kind appellatives of "daddy and mammy"—and "uncle and aunt;"—and I have even now living, a jet black "daddy" and two "uncles," for whom, though my own locks are grey and scanty, I yet retain the greatest veneration. They deserve it. Their manners and characters were formed upon the model of their masters, and though one of them is now an hundred, and the others fourscore, you see the traces of gentility in all their demeanor. I was taught to love them, and respect them; and insolence to them, or the neglect of the morning and evening salutation, would have been visited by as swift retribution, as insolence to my own father. Let not our northern brethren read this faithful and true account of the simple manners of our Southern households with a disdainful smile. To these simple manners we owe it, that all the harsh features of domestic slavery are softened down, and that the most affectionate attachment is often found to subsist, where theorists and speculative philanthropists can see nothing but a heartless and an iron tyranny. And let the abolitionist, while we repel his fanatical assaults, take comfort in the assurance, that very many of the objects, of his solicitude, would not exchange the home of their masters, for the workshop and the manufactories of their ill-judging champions.

To return from this digression. This respectful deportment of the young, even towards those who are destined to become their slaves, is but the genuine offspring of goodness of heart and of that native feeling implanted in our bosoms, which bids us bow in reverence to the hoary head. I am persuaded, indeed, that no good heart can be insensible to the duties of piety to age. Look but at its claims. Has the glory of the ancient pilgrim been fresh upon him? When the ear heard him, did it bless him? When the eye saw him, did it bear witness to him? Was the blessing of the wretched upon him, and has he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy? Then is he really entitled to the love and veneration of all the good, for the good he has done. Has it been his destiny to sit in the seat of power—to wield the authority of the law—to command the applause of listening senates—

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land
And read his history in a nation's eyes?

What limits shall we place to the reverence and devotion due to such a man, even "when the days

have drawn nigh when he shall say I have no pleasure in them;"—when the eye "whose beam once awed the world" is dim and rayless,—when the tongue whose accents were as sweet as music, is now faltering and dumb,—and when the noble mind is overthrown and the seat of wisdom usurped by the phantasies of age? Even thus greatly fallen, the ingenuous youth will see in the venerable man the beauties of his former life, and admire with more than antiquarian interest, all that is left of the Corinthian pillar which once lifted its head aloft, but which now relentless time is crumbling into dust.

But admit that the aged pilgrim has been one of those, who have kept through life the "noiseless tenor of their way;" who if disgraced by no foul deed, can yet boast of little but the usual virtues of a private station; who are compelled nevertheless in the bitterness of retrospect to exclaim with old Jacob, "few and evil have been the days of the years of my life," and who now feel that "the days of affliction have taken hold upon them;" have they no claims to our sympathy—to our benevolence? They may not stand in need of our charity;—of that grosser charity, I mean, which consists in ministering to their comforts, and supplying their very wants. But still there is much within our power. We may say, in the language of the apostles to the wretched cripple at the temple gate, "Silver and gold I have none; but such as I have, give I unto you." We may extend to them that sweetest of all charities to the aged, the charity of our sympathy, of our respect and consideration, of our reverence and love;—the charity of those little attentions, which flowing from a feeling heart are balm to the wretched, and consolation to the neglected. And withal they cost us nothing. Thanks be to God, the fountain of our sympathies, at least, is inexhaustible. The heart that can truly feel, knows no diminution of its capacities from the most liberal outpouring of its generous sentiments. It is the true widow's cruse that can never fail, for it is fed by the unstinting hand of eternal goodness.

Nor let us underrate the value of our beneficence. The society and attentions of the young are peculiarly grateful to the amiable in the evening of life. Cicero seems to think that youth and age are agreeable to each other. "As the wise," says he, "who are advanced in life, delight in the society of ingenuous youth, and find the weight of years alleviated by the attentions and devotion of the young; so the young, in their turn, delight in the precepts of the aged, from whose lips drop lessons of wisdom and of virtue, and who inspire always in their youthful associate an attachment equal to their own." Nothing, indeed, is more delightful to a happy tempered old man, than young companions. Their warm and generous feelings give a glow to his own, in spite of the chilling influence of years; their gay and buoyant tempers revive his flagging

spirit; bear him up under his afflictions, whether of mind or body; and he is soothed with the hope that he is not yet a cumberer of the ground—not yet an obstacle to the happiness of those around him. Age indeed, as poor old Ossian pathetically says, “is dark and unlovely.” The octogenarian very naturally broods over that melancholy fancy! He imagines—alas! often too justly—that he is not only neglected but contemned; that he is looked upon as a cipher;—as a “superfluous veteran lagging on the stage;” that the young are impatient to grasp his wealth, or heartily tired of their burden; and he is ready to exclaim with the dying old King, “I stay too long for thee, I do weary thee.” What kindness then, by assiduity, to chase away these sad conceits; to beguile the aged pilgrim with the belief that age, which has robbed him of his strength and stolen one by one his every faculty, has yet been unable to rob him of his friends.

For my part I know nothing more pitiable than a neglected old man; the avenues of the senses shut up, the ear dull so that it cannot hear, the eye dim so that it cannot see, the beauties of nature spread before him in vain, and the treasures of science in unregarded confusion around him. Retired, unfriended, melancholy, sad,—what has he to wish but a release from an existence which has become a burden to himself as well as to others. What has *he* to value in the world who, in the evening of his days, finds around him none upon whose affections he can lean, as the props of his declining age? What hope can he have that on his tomb will fall “the pious drops the parting soul requires,” who, even before his death, sees all the affections withered around him, by his palsied touch? None! none! and, of all the melancholy thoughts which the imagination of Swift has thrown around the history of the Strulbrugs, there is nothing more sad, than the abandonment of those wretched immortals, by the successive generations through which it is their destiny to pass. Alas! poor Swift! he probably little expected to become the thing he painted. He became a Strulbrug in all things but their immortality! Yet his *imbecility* is immortalized by the pen of his contemporary.

“From Marlborough’s eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.”

Such may be the lot of each of us,—and each of us is interested therefore in inculcating that piety, which may soothe us in our turn, and smooth the path that leads down the hill of life. If we live well, we have a right to expect it. If we live otherwise, our title to it is gone. It is, then, the great incentive to virtue. To deny it, is to refuse us our due, and to inflict upon the just the penalties of sin. How forcibly does Macbeth depict the sad condition brought upon him by his crimes.

I have lived long enough; my way of life,
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;

And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead
Curses, not loud, but deep!

Aye! and a fit retribution was it for the crimes of the felon King! But what becomes of the distinction between virtue and vice, if the desertion of which the fell murderer complained, is to be the lot also of the best of men, when they too have “fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf?” In charity, let them not want those comforts

Which should accompany old age,—
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends!

Let youth “give ear unto them, and be silent at their counsel;” and let the rising generation, grateful for the services of the past, vie with each other in the amiable emulation of soothing the declining years of the weary pilgrims to eternity.

Your readers, Mr. Editor, perhaps will ask, “Why this earnest appeal in behalf of venerable age? Is it seriously believed that the youth of our day are inattentive to the lessons of piety which have been handed down from their fathers, and cherished with peculiar care in this our Old Dominion? Is your correspondent well founded in his censures, or does the ‘*laudator temporis acti*’ merely vent the ill humors of splenetic old age, upon those whose joys he cannot share, and whose happiness he only envies?”

I answer by appealing to the personal observation of all. Far—very far am I from believing the censure to be universally merited. But he must wink hard, who will not see that respect for age is not the distinguishing virtue of this our day. Let him who doubts, look back upon the scenes through which he has passed. Where are the youth who seek the society of their seniors, and drink lessons of wisdom from their lips? Go into the private circle, and where will you hear the modest avowal “I was young and ye are very old, wherefore I was afraid and durst not show you mine opinion?”

Does a difference of sentiment arise in conversation? Behold how the bold and confident self-sufficiency of youth, bears down the matured yet more diffident wisdom of the sage. Go to the public places—the crowded theatre, the thronged street, the fireside of an inn, the legislative hall, even the house of God itself, and among the many instances of polite and respectful deference to seniors, how many are there of a boorish contempt of the ordinary rules of politeness, towards those who are old enough to be our fathers;—aye, and our mothers too? For alas! the gentler sex share in this culpable neglect when time has stolen away their graces and their elastic step has been succeeded by the tottering of age. The days of chivalry are gone; for true chivalry recognizes equally the claims of the fair, whether they be sixteen or sixty. Even now, it must be confessed, there is no want of devotion to the *former*, though the latter

will generally bear ready testimony to the justice of my reproof. But what merit is there in gallantry to a pretty girl? Whatever your devotions to her, "what thank have you?" The most unpolished boor—the most untutored savage will do the like; for with them as with you it is all unmingled selfishness. But true gallantry is the offspring of the most elevated disinterestedness. It looks not to self gratification: its soul is universal benevolence; it is the friend of the friendless, the champion of the weak, and the comforter of the desolate. It is ever devoted to the service of woman, and ever deferential and respectful to age. It is not wonderful that Burke, in his glowing language, should have deplored the fancied extinction of that spirit, which ennobles our species and gives half its value to civilization. I trust, however, it is not dead, but sleepeth, and that its resurrection among us will bring back some of those graces which have been withering during its slumbers. Let it remind us that goodness of heart and a disinterested devotion to the happiness of others, are the elevated sources of true politeness. They are the animating principles of the *real gentleman*. The term itself indeed implies in its origin, an amiable spirit: and though we sometimes meet with a bad and unfeeling heart disguised by polished manners, yet sooner or later we detect the counterfeit. The virgin silver which covers the exterior, may deceive for awhile—but the baser metal that is within, will soon betray itself.

I have done! If aught I have said shall be deemed too harsh, none will regret it more than I shall. But if it shall bring ingenuous youth to reflect and to see how lovely is piety to age, I shall rejoice in having added this my mite to your useful labors. For myself, I have been always devoted to young people—even to children,—and as I press them to my bosom, I always flatter myself that I am laying up a treasure in their affections for that day when the infirmities of age shall press upon me, and the neglect of the rest of the world will be forgotten in their considerate attentions. I confidently hope that they will, in charity, continue to cherish an affectionate remembrance of an old man, who must soon have little to enjoy but the kindness of his friends, and whose most cheering prospect is, that he may forget the privations of age, in the society of the young.

ANTHONY EVERGREEN.

STORY OF ST. URSULA, &c.

In an ancient MS. were found the words "St. Ursula et Undecimilla, V. M."—meaning St. Ursula and Undecimilla, Virgin Martyrs. It was imagined, however, that Undecimilla, with the V. and M., was an abbreviation for Undecem millia Martyrum Virginum; and thus arose the story of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins.

TAMERLANE.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

This conqueror, the Napoleon of the East, overran the greater part of Asia with his myrmidon horde of Tartars, spreading death and desolation around him. He took and sacked Damascus, and reared a pile of 70,000 skulls with the heads of its slaughtered inhabitants.

A torrent sweeps the Asian plain—
A surge of battle-axe and spear!
The Tartar with his demon train,
Comes hurrying on his wild career,
Resistless as the wind,—
Before him, agony and fear—
A smoking waste behind!
His course is as the whirlwind's path,
A track of terror and of wrath;
His banner, like the meteor's glare,
Streams wildly on the darkened air,
And sated slaughter madly reels,
Beside his glittering chariot-wheels;
While pallid lips of pain,
Shriek in the anguish of despair
The name of Tamerlane!

Woe for the doomed and wretched land,
Which feels the horrors of his hand!
Grass groweth not beneath his tread:
There is no peace save for the dead—
No power to fight or fly—
His grasp is withering and dread
As that of destiny.
He tramples on the necks of kings,
He scatters thrones as worthless things,
And rising on their crumbled wreck,
While the world trembles at his beck,
Of arrogance and ire,
He makes their fading splendor deck
Their people's funeral pyre.

The lands where Zoroaster sprung,
Where Roostem fought, and Hafez sung,
Where Brahmins watched o'er wisdom's birth,
And Delhi's princes ruled the earth,
With all their monuments of pride—
Where pomp, and art, and genius vied—
Were swept, beneath his dire command,
As with destruction's besom-hand.
Thro' Cashmere's vales, and Shiraz' bowers—
Bright climes of beauty, sun, and song—
O'er temples, palaces, and towers,
He led his wild and legioned throng—
A tide of fire and steel—
And voiceless desolation lowers,
Where treads his iron heel.

A cry of wail in Damasc's walls!
Fell carnage rages in her halls—
Blood flows in rivers thro' the street,
Where murder, lust, and rapine meet—
And shrieks of agony and prayer,
Rise wildly, vainly, on the air—
For ruthless Tamerlane is there!
The sickened sun apace
Puts on the sackcloth of despair,
And nature hides her face.

But lo! a still more fearful sight
Succeeds the horrors of the night!—
Gory, and grim, and heaped on high,
In dark relief against the sky,
A huge and reeking mount arose,
Reared with the heads of slaughtered foes!
The morning shuddered to unveil
A scene which turned each gazer pale,
While war and carnage smile,
And those fierce legions shout, to hail
The victors' trophied pile.

The infant's head, pale, mangled, fair,
And that of age, with hoary hair,
And woman's too—where yet we trace
Her speechless terror in the face—
A prayer upon the lips,
Amidst those lineaments of grace,
Which death could not eclipse,
And manhood's sterner visage, where
Wrath struggles still with grim despair—
All smoking in their blood, were blent,
To make a warrior's monument!

Come ye, who laud the conq'r's name,
And swell the pæan of his fame—
Come, at his Moloch altar bow!
Come, gaze upon his trophy now!
Come, with fond hands to twine
Your wreaths of glory for his brow,
And worship at his shrine!

Huntsville, Ala.

E. C. B.

Williamsburg, Oct. 21st, 1837.

TO THE HON. JOHN TYLER:

Dear Sir,—The undersigned, a committee on behalf of the "Williamsburg Guards," have unanimously determined to tender you, for themselves, and the body they represent, their acknowledgments for the eloquent oration delivered before them on the 19th inst. at York Town, and to request a copy for publication.

The committee cannot withhold an expression of the pleasure they received from this truly eloquent and philosophical oration. They believe that a general dissemination of the truths therein contained, may have a beneficial tendency to stop the onward course of corruption, ere we rush into that maelstrom where nought is heard but the continual death-song of nations.

The committee hope that you will yield to their request, and accept the sentiments of their high respect and esteem.

LIEUT. JNO. M. GALT,
LIEUT. W. H. PIERCE,
MOREAU BOWERS,
SERGEANT TYLER,
WM. S. PEACHY.

October 21st, 1837.

GENTLEMEN,—Whilst I fear that the oration which I delivered at York Town on the 19th inst. can lay no claim to the merits which you have been so kind as to ascribe to it, I nevertheless yield it to your wishes, to

be disposed of in such manner as you may deem proper. Take it, therefore, gentlemen, with all its imperfections on its head, and be assured that I am in nothing more sincere than in subscribing myself

Your friend and servant,

JOHN TYLER.

To Lieut. Galt, Lieut. Pierce, Moreau Bowers, Sergt. Tyler, and Private Peachy.

AN ORATION,

DELIVERED BY JOHN TYLER,

At York Town, October 19th, 1837.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

The Pilgrim plods his weary way, to prostrate himself in adoration before some distant shrine:—his offerings are of the heart—full of gratitude and love to his Creator, for numberless blessings bestowed upon him. Would you know why he thus journeys far from his kindred and much loved home? He seeks to look upon some memorable relic—the sight and touch of which, restores the innocence of his youth, and renovates his life. There is, to him, an undying holiness about that shrine; and its very airs are free of the noxious vapors of the earth. The ground on which he treads, is hallowed; and the ennobling objects around him, picture to his mind deeds there enacted in days long gone by, for the good of mankind. What though there be around him nought but the remains of what was, in its day, a crowded and an active mart?—what though the city once so busy with its ships and its traffic, its gay merchants, and busy artisans, shall have almost passed away?—what though there be no sound to awaken the deep silence of the hushed streets?—there is yet a voice proceeding from each ruin—it speaks from each broken stone—from each crumbling mound. It is heard in the ripple of each wave; which tells that it has borne to distant shores the glory of other days, and now bears back upon its foamy crest the applause of other lands.

And why stand we here, my countrymen, on this almost deserted spot, this day? Have we come but to pass an idle hour, in gazing on these mounds of earth—this village in decay—that noble river, and yon more distant sea? There are other lands more fair—other mounds more lofty—other ruins more splendid—other streams more heavily burdened with rich cargoes and valuable freights—other prospects which, to the mere lover of the picturesque, are equally captivating. No! we are here for a far nobler purpose. Each object which this scene presents to the sight, is consecrated in the memory as a proud memento of a glorious past: they speak to us of other times, and of other men. They tell us a tale of heroic fortitude—of patriotic devotion—and of majestic triumph. Behind those intrenchments, the last ever

destined for their protection in the American States, was once sheltered a formidable and heretofore invincible army of Great Britain, under the command of one of her most distinguished generals. *Here*, on this plain, lay encamped the chivalry of these then infant states,—and *there*, those gallant Frenchmen, who had come over ocean to the rescue. On the bosom of yon river, where now is only to be seen the sails of some peaceful shallop, floated the British fleet,—while still farther in the distance, rode threateningly the blockading squadron of La Belle France. *That* redoubt was stormed by Lafayette—a name rendered ever memorable in the annals of mankind—at the head of the proud soldiers of his native land. While at *that*, the traces of which are now scarcely discernible, was poured out as freely as if it had been water, the blood of the generous and the brave. Nor were the defenders of these intrenchments wanting in gallant bearing. The great mass were but the hired mercenaries of a crowned king, and warred on the side of unrighteous power: but there were among that embattled host many a noble gentleman, as brave as ever was belted knight, who sought to win a fair name in history, and to live in future song. *Here* ran the first, and *there* the second parallel, and *there* were erected those formidable batteries, which belching forth destruction from the mouths of an hundred cannon, caused the cheek of the bravest and stoutest to turn pale. Silence at length succeeds the thunders of artillery. A white flag is seen waving from those ramparts. It is the signal of a battle fought, and a battle lost. It pleads for mercy on the part of the besieged, and its plea is admitted. The terms of capitulation are speedily signed,—and an army, which had been so long the terror and scourge of the South, acknowledges itself conquered,—and with that, the sun of British power went down, never more to rise in this hemisphere. The war-worn soldier now rejoices that his dangers and sufferings are at last to have an end. Fear for his beloved country no longer agitates the mind of the patriot; and a full tide of joy rushes over an emancipated land. Now breaks forth the long, loud shout of triumph,—and now ascends to heaven, borne on anthems of praise and thanksgiving, the incense of the redeemed and disenthralled. Now are proudly displayed those torn and tattered flags, which for seven long years had withstood the battle and the breeze. Our own Virginia flag was there, my countrymen, with its “*sic semper tyrannis*” and its broken crown and dagger. Upon it might also be read, in emblazoned characters, that motto,* which it had borne from the first, and which I trust will serve to encourage her sons, when engaged in a righteous cause, through all time to come, to “persevere” to the last,—which

*Perseverando.

bespeaks a purpose stern and resolute, unbending and eternal—the sure augury of ultimate success.

In close union with our own, with their proud mottoes and bright emblazonry, waved the flags of our sister states, and the *fleur de lis* of France; and from these battlements, trailing in the dust, slowly and reluctantly came the proud cross of St. George, which had so long cast its darkening shadows over our hopes.

To dwell upon these soul-stirring incidents, even at a day so remote as the present, fills us with enthusiastic emotions; but what painter shall be bold and daring enough to attempt to throw upon canvass the feelings of those who were actors in that scene? A single moment gave to them more of real being, than is ordinarily conferred upon a life of threescore years and ten. For seven long years they had passed through peril and danger; during all which time, they may be said to have slept constantly upon their arms. The midnight drum had often started them from their flinty couch, and the signal gun had given notice that the foeman was near. Smoking cottages, and villages in ruin, a devastated country, and a naked people, had at other times enabled them to track his progress; and now that foeman was in their power, and the sure prospect of peace was at hand. Their country was their only idol, and that country, through their exertions, was now free.

There are some feelings too big for utterance; and if there be any hallowed above all others, it is that of the patriot who has redeemed his native land from slavery. Happy is the man who shall even perish in an effort so glorious; but thrice happy is he who lives to witness the final blow, and sees that blow successful. Providentially, such was the destiny of that noble band, which mustered on this plain, on this day fifty-six years ago.

The names of Leonidas and his faithful associates in arms, were inscribed on a column erected in commemoration of their noble resistance of the Persian's power. Such, too, was the high reward of those who had conquered the same Persian at Marathon. The poet strung anew his lyre to sound their praises, and history has given to them an undying page. Let such also be the high reward of each brave soldier who assisted in giving freedom to America. His name should be “enrolled in the capitol,” and his deeds sung in immortal verse. There was one among them who stood pre-eminent, from the brightness of his fame. He had been the chosen one to lead his countrymen through the long wilderness of doubt and danger. The promised land is now in sight, and he bows down in worship to that Almighty Being, whose hand had guided him victoriously in battle, and who had whispered to him wisdom in council. Moses died upon Mount Pisgah, with the land of Canaan, in all its beauty, before his enraptured

vision. But **GEORGE WASHINGTON** was not only permitted to overcome the dangers of the wilderness, but to enter with his countrymen into full enjoyment of the land of promise.

Ye ambitious ones of the earth, how vile and contemptible do you appear when compared with **WASHINGTON**! Yes! ye would attain a place in history, by trampling on human rights, and wading through an ocean of tears. Ye seek to wear a crown, made of materials as perishable as your own frail bodies, and to ascend a throne crimsoned with the blood of thousands. He spurned ye as the dust of the earth, and hated your "bad eminence." His reward was read in the affection and gratitude of all. The grey-headed sire, and the youthful son—the aged matron, and the prattling babe—all, of every age and sex, united in one common prayer, to the throne of eternal goodness, for blessings upon his head—the Benefactor—the Deliverer.

I have passed Mount Vernon, the place where Washington rests from his labors,—and after the lapse of half a century, I have seen the big tear start in the eye of the wayfarer, as was pointed out to him the spot where the father of his country sleeps his last long sleep. I have heard his name uttered by the aged and the young, and blessings invoked upon it, without measure and without stint. And I have thought that to leave so bright a memory, and a name so blessed, was better than to wield the world's sceptre, or to possess the world's wealth. I have dwelt upon his character from my earliest infancy—and have searched in vain for his compeer among the lists of the mighty dead. Many are the names which history has consecrated for the good of mankind. Statesmen, philosophers, and warriors, have had their brows encircled with wreaths, whose leaves still flourish and look green. But **GEORGE WASHINGTON** possessed that rare excellence of merit which suffers no detracting. All the elements of the mind, and all the passions of the soul were held in such equal balance, that no one had mastery over the rest. There was a beautiful and engaging harmony in every part,—and the perfect man seemed to have been created for the admiration of the world.

It is good for us, my countrymen, to be here. The spirit of inspiration is in the very air we breathe,—and the memory of the past comes over us like a living reality. We touch these speaking relics, and new emotions swell within us,—we tread the same earth which our fathers trod, and the brightness of their glory shines through our souls. We dwell upon their deeds of high and noble daring,—and form the resolve to perish too, if need be, for our Father Land. We recollect their virtues, and feel a lofty pride in being called their sons. Patriotism was with them a devotional feeling. There was no selfishness, no alloy mixed up with it. It was the gold from

the mine, purified of its dross. They gave all to their country—honor, riches, everything. There had gone forth against that country, from St. Stephen's chapel, an edict, which threatened to bind her in chains at the foot of the British throne. They "snuffed the tyranny in the tainted gale." They resolved to resist—and the God of Battles fought on their side. From their example we shall learn to despise that puny tribe—of whom Republics have in all ages been the fruitful nurses—whose whole lives are occupied in grovelling intrigue, and in concocting schemes for the advancement of their poor ambition. How like the flaunting insects of a summer's day, which on tiny wings scarcely raise themselves above the dust—their low aspirings. For a day they disport in the gaudiness of ill-acquired office, the next they sink into forgetfulness, and history scarcely inscribes their *hic jacet* on its page. And yet, this is the race to be most dreaded in such a government as ours. They strive unceasingly to make the people the dupes of their artifices, by proclaiming themselves from the very house tops, **THE PEOPLE'S FRIENDS**. They resort to all arts to excite popular prejudices, to stimulate to excess, and to arouse into action, a spirit of crusade against those who stand in their way. Where are recorded their deeds of usefulness,—where their evidences of patriotic devotion? I turn with loathing from contemplating them and their arts, to look back upon those intrepid champions of Liberty which our Revolution brought forth. Curtius leaped into the yawning gulph, to rescue a sinking state from ruin. Mutius Scaevola thrust his right hand into the burning fire, and caused Porsenna in all the pride of his power to tremble. A Brutus expelled the Tarquins, and made his country free,—and another of that name struck down in the capitol "the foremost man of all the world," for the same great purpose. Thrasybulus justly lives in history—and Epaminondas is glorified in his life, and in his death. These men have won for themselves undying names,—and shall not our heroic ancestors be esteemed their co-rivals in glory? Look at the work of their hands! A continent redeemed—the great charter of man's rights rescued from tyrannic grasp, and its immortal truths proclaimed to every land, and published in every tongue—temples erected in every heart to the worship of Liberty—numerous and populous states planted in the wilderness—governments established on the broad basis of popular rights, and institutions built up, designed as the guarantees of freedom, and securities against arbitrary power.

In other lands and in other times, battles more bloody have been fought, and victories more brilliant and dazzling have been won, than that we have met to celebrate. But where have those battles and those victories been followed by con-

sequences so great, and results so interesting? Alexander subdued Darius, and conquered Asia. Cæsar carried the Roman Eagles into heretofore unknown lands. Napoleon Bonaparte, in the might of his power, swept over prostrate nations, and Emperors and Kings knelt in fealty at the foot of his throne. But what good has resulted to the race of man from all their triumphs? What column, reared by their hands, records their acts of benefaction? Their trophies were built up of human sufferings, and were red with the blood of slaughtered millions; and the thundercrash of their arms was followed by the forging of new chains to be imposed on human limbs.

In contemplating the progress of these confederate states from their first settlement to the present day, the mind is filled with admiration. Something more than two hundred years ago, and North America was unknown to civilization. A few hardy adventurers then planted themselves in the wilderness. Some of you have lately trod upon the soil which the white man's foot first pressed on this side the Atlantic. You have stood upon the beach at Jamestown, and you have become lost to the world in your musings. There was planted that seed which has since grown into a tree, whose branches are now watered by the dews of two oceans. What a mighty change has come over the land, and in how short a space of time has that change been accomplished! The Indian has long since sunk along with his barbaric pride into nothingness, and all that remains to tell the searcher after things of past days that he ever was, are the legends which unfaithful tradition has recorded. The transition has been truly great,—a transition from barbarism to civilization,—from the rude condition of savage life to all the refinements of matured society. A continent has been peopled. The hum of industry is now heard from the Atlantic ocean to the base of the Rocky Mountains. A rich and luxuriant soil rewards man's efforts,—and every sea bears upon its bosom the rich productions of his labor. Noble and flourishing cities in every direction meet the eye,—and all things proclaim that *mind*, free and unshackled, has presided over the scene. Other lands are as rich—other suns as bright—and other skies as unclouded; but *mind* may be regarded as here enthroned in its mightiest power. It bids the wilderness to be levelled, and the desert place to yield its bosom to the ploughshare. And, as if a magic wand had touched them—the forest disappears—the earth puts forth its fruit—and cities spring up in all their luxury and pride. Other forests are ordered to be cleared, and other regions to be peopled—and the moment of issuing the command, is the moment also of its execution. Science has unfolded her spacious volumes, in which are written the secret principles of nature—and improvement and discovery crowd upon

each other in every walk of life. These are the blessed results of leaving the human mind free. We look across the water to other countries, which were the boastful seats of civilization at a period before these states had sprung into existence. We see them decrepid and lame, crawling in the dust—their energies all dead—a curse rests upon them, and bears them down. It is the curse of bad government. The human mind is put in fetters, and man's hands are tied. The few have snatched all power from the many, and the machine of government, invented for the benefit of all, is perverted to the good of a small portion only. The sun shines, and the rains descend, and the fertile earth is there ready to reward its children with its rich fruits in return for their labor,—but the *curse* is upon it, and the blessings of a bountiful providence are lost to man. The spirit of exclusiveness is the spirit of destructiveness. Bigotry—intolerance—and selfishness—are its prime ministers. The second forges the chains which the first imposes,—and the last lays claim even to the rags of the victim. Civilization proceeded from Egypt, with the arts and sciences in her train; but nought now remains of Egypt's glory but her pyramids and mutilated sphinxes, and her ruined temples. The spirit of exclusiveness has converted her into a name of other times. Spain was once the boast of Europe—and to its dreamy land the genius of romance still loves to resort. Who was more proud or bold than he of Castile? Or what more sung and applauded than Castilian valor? But what is it now? and what is Spain? Italy boasted of Rome, and Rome of Italy. The free spirit of the Roman walked abroad over the face of Europe, and Italy was its resting place. But where is that spirit now? And Greece, the mother of the poet and the song—the fruitful nurse of all the arts—the land of the philosopher, the statesman and the patriot: she who encountered the formidable Persian and overthrew him? Marathon still remains—but where is the high-souled Greek, the noble one of the earth?

Standing here, my countrymen, on this spot consecrated by the valor of our fathers, and looking to the rich inheritance of freedom which they have left us, we cannot fail to experience mingled feelings of pride and of apprehension—pride for the past, and apprehension for the future. Under the great and eternal principle of change, revolutions are constantly going on in the aspect and condition of society. As man himself, from a state of feeble and puling infancy, by degrees attains to vigorous manhood, in all the glory of his being, with the deep energies of his soul and proud qualities of his mind fully expanded, and in despite of the appearance of immortality which accompanies these high gifts, sinks rapidly into a state of decrepitude and decay—so also has it been with nations. History holds up to us a mirror which

reflects the entry and exit of other people as blessed as ourselves. We could desire to look into the great volume of the future, but that is closed against us. There are no "weird sisters," with their magic glass, to portray to us our future destinies. Are our fair fortunes, our free systems, to suffer wreck in the course of time? And shall our Saratoga and York Town be remembered by the free of other lands, as we ourselves now remember a Marathon and Platea? Are all our glories and honors, and the glories and honors of those who have gone before us, to be recorded as things that once were, but are no longer? When I have meditated on the instability of governments; when I have seen that the fairest and the brightest have given way to the darkest and most frightful; when I have seen virtue succeeded by vice, and freedom by despotism; when I have seen systems designed by their builders to endure forever—either suddenly overthrown, or gradually sinking into irredeemable decay—I confess that I fear and tremble for my own native land. I fear nothing from sudden commotion, or the treason that throws itself at the head of armed conspirators, in open, hostile array. While numerous states shall remain to be conquered, and millions of freemen to be subdued, danger is not from thence to be apprehended. No! it is not the Cataline in armor, but the Cataline in secret council that I fear—the midnight plot—the potation of blood. The spirit of exclusiveness, which has usurped power in other countries, is confined to no particular region. Where man is, there is that spirit also. It is vigilant for the attainment of its objects, and evermore restless and impatient in its efforts. In a state of nature, the physically strong trample upon the weak. In a state of society, cunning achieves what strength is prevented from doing. Its true robe is that of the night,—but it often assumes a brighter garb, and claims in the name of patriotism, popular support. It exhibits some imaginary good, some golden vision, to gull and to deceive, and riots in the luxury of having betrayed. What cares it for hopes blasted, and expectations disappointed? It sits in high places, and mocks at the ruin and distress it has produced. Its efforts are now directed to fortify itself in its new and ill-acquired position. This is to be done by starting new devices, and exerting all the power and influence which is placed within its reach. It makes public auction of the subordinate offices of the state,—and those who promise to render the most active and servile services, are regarded as the successful bidders. Corruption now spreads over the land; the spirit of cupidity stalks abroad, and Mammon comes to be worshipped as the only true God. The day of doom then rapidly approaches, and the end is not far. A republic can only be sustained by virtue—stern—unbending—uncalculating virtue. The patriotism

of its citizens is its only reliance,—and when that patriotism gives way to mere selfishness, the sun of its glory is destined speedily to set, and that forever—yes! forever! The decree has gone forth from the first, and history attests with what unbending rigor it has been executed,—that the republic which has been gradually undermined, and finally overthrown, can never be restored. There may be flashes of light at intervals—but they only serve to make the night which succeeds more dark and melancholy. In the name of those then, who have gone down to their graves—by the memory of the past so full of glory, and by the hopes of the future so full of promise, I would implore my countrymen to watch—unceasingly to watch. No good in life can be secured without vigilance. Let liberty, then—the greatest of all blessings—be guarded with all the wakefulness with which the fabled fruit of the garden of Hesperides was guarded. Let no eye slumber—let no energy relax; for as sure as man is man, and truth is truth, eternal vigilance is its price—and confidence reposed, is too often but another name for confidence betrayed. There is nothing more tempting and attractive than power—nor is there anything more corrupting. Sons have plotted against fathers—and fathers against sons—in order to obtain it. Nay, every bond in life—the most tender, as well as the most strong—have been severed for that end. There is no part of history's ample page so much disfigured by crime—the deepest, darkest crime—as that on which is recorded the struggles which have taken place in the world for political ascendancy. And how often have those who have reached ambition's heights, by proper means, and have carried with them pure hearts and patriotic intentions, become corrupt, vilely corrupt,—and instead of proving blessings to mankind, have proved themselves the greatest curses.

Confederacies have been considered heretofore as more liable to overthrow than any other form of governmental association. They stand not only exposed to the dangers to which I have adverted, but to the action of sectional and local feelings. The framers of our federal system wisely attempted to guard against these unhappy influences. They only required of the states the concession to a common head, of so much power as could be exercised for the benefit of all. They denied to the general government all powers not expressly granted. Thus the wide field of domestic policy was left to be occupied by the states exclusively, while to the general government was committed the subject of peace and of war, and the conducting of negotiations with foreign powers. It was seen that industry would display its results by different operations in the different states—that a difference of climate would produce a difference in habits and manners, and a radical variance in

the wants of legislation. With the states, therefore, was wisely permitted to remain that great mass of powers, which required in their exercise an intimate connection with, and a similarity of interests and feelings between, the law maker and those upon whom the laws were to operate. They control emphatically the domestic system, and exert a truly parental influence. To them the citizen looks for the rules under which he claims title to his property, and by which he hopes to transmit it to his children. Their laws are always around him, by night and by day,—and in the confidence of their protection against force or fraud, he feels secure. When he is carried beyond the limits of his native state, her protection does not cease to follow him—but still accompanies him even to the extremities of the earth. In distant and remote lands, a constellation of stars lights his way—and he recognizes with swelling pride, that his own state is one of those stars, shining in equal brilliancy with the rest. It tells him that strong and powerful states are united for his protection, and that *that* united power is exerted by reason of the parental care which *she* has manifested, by having entered into a solemn compact with other states for the protection and defence of the citizens of each.

I have gazed upon *that* CONSTELLATION, with feelings which I cannot express,—and I have wished that when it went down in blood—should that day ever come—I might go down with it to my grave. It should ever be the symbol of mutual affection and confidence. To obliterate a single star—nay, to dim a single ray that issues from it, would be to blot out the whole from the Heavens, and to bring on one long night of Despotism. Liberty cannot coexist in such a country as this with Consolidation. The thing is impossible. Local laws must emanate from a local legislature. So thought our illustrious ancestors—and so thinking, they ceased not, by day or by night, until they had severed the bonds which had before bound them to the British Crown. It was the great principle of the revolution, and all history attests its truth. My own convictions are that our system of Federal Government, with virtue on the part of the rulers, and vigilance on the part of the people, may exist forever. Under a fair administration of its powers, no conflict of interest or feeling can well arise.

I know that it is the opinion of many, that the government requires for its perpetuity the infusion into it of more strength—and that there is more danger from dissolution than from consolidation. The apprehension is wholly unfounded. The truth is, that the very efforts that are made at consolidation are the greatest incentives to dissolution. They evermore proceed from sectional feelings and local interests. They bespeak a desire to oppress for the sake of lucre. Against this the

spirit of freeborn men revolts—and if that which by their own voluntary choice was adopted as an instrument of protection, be turned into a rod of oppression, they resist. The men of these states inherited from a common ancestry the love of freedom, and a hatred of arbitrary power. That love and that hatred is equally the boast of all—and when it shall cease to influence our actions, our race of honor will have been run, and our tale of glory will have been told. I should be unfaithful to the recollections of this day to hold any other language. And in the names of those noble patriots whose memories are precious to us all, I bid the plotters of mischief to cease from their machinations. Better for them that they should never have been born, than that the loud, deep, bitter curses of a wronged posterity, should be pronounced on their names forever.

I would exorcise that spirit of sectional feeling, which is but too rife in the land. I would point to a common country—a common glory, and a common destiny. I would exhibit America, at no distant day, as the arbitress of nations—the protectress of liberty. I would have her broad stripes and bright stars to shine over every sea, as a warning to tyrants, that their end was near,—and a signal to man, that the day of his deliverance was at hand. I would have her victories priceless, but bloodless, and won only by the force of a great example. They should be victories obtained over error, bigotry and prejudice. I would have her, in the fulness of time, become a blessing to the whole human race. How could her glory be measured, or who should prescribe to it limits? The fame of all other countries, when compared to her's, would be but as a meteor's flash to the sun's eternal light.

But, if fanaticism shall snatch the sceptre from the hands of reason—if sectional feeling shall overcome the love of union—if force shall ultimately be substituted in place of affection, and the sword be made arbiter of all differences between the states—and if—as assuredly will be when these things are—this government, the work of our father's hands, shall be broken into fragments—my hope even then, will be, that LIBERTY will find an abiding place among us. If she shall have worshippers nowhere else, I trust that she will have them in this our much loved State,—and however the storm may rage, that the altars of her political worship, amidst the thunder's crash, and the lightning's blaze, may yet remain unscathed. Then will the lovers of freedom to this spot resort, as pilgrims to a holy shrine. The brave volunteer will hither come, to make his vows in the face of heaven—to live free or to die; and he shall learn from the examples of those who have gone before him, how to rescue Liberty from amid peril and danger—and how to win for himself a name ever memorable and *illustrious*.

THE VISION OF AGIB.

AN EASTERN TALE.

The caravan slowly passed on its way through the desert, while the sands glowed like a furnace, and the sun looked hotly down, the travellers voices becoming every moment less animated, and the camels step more heavy. Rich stores were crossing the scorched waste, but as the thirsty and weary merchants toiled through that vast and burning plain, and sickened in the unbroken and fiery glare which surrounded them, they felt that the wealth they bore with them, would be a cheap exchange for the repose and the gentler climate they had left behind. But the distance which stretched before them was now less than that they had already traversed, and they pursued their way with an endurance suited to its evils.

Agib, the nephew of the rich merchant Hussein, accompanied the caravan. The merchandize of Agib was more valuable than that of any of his companions. The richest goods filled his packages—silks for the maidens of Yemen, and jewels of the highest price, and most exquisite workmanship; for his uncle, the wealthy Hussein, had associated him with himself in trade, and they were celebrated in all the bazaars of the east, as dealers in the costliest articles of commerce. This, however, was the young merchant's first journey to Yemen, and of course its dangers and its toils were new to him. Early left an orphan in the house of his uncle, he had been carefully bred up in all the accomplishments of the East; and, habituated to the society of the merchant's only daughter, the beautiful Zarah, he had so won upon her youthful affections, and become himself so much attracted by her early loveliness, that Hussein had resolved to unite these objects of his deep solicitude, and to live in the enjoyment of their continual society. But first, anxious to test the ability of his future son for his own profession, he had, as we have seen, adopted him into partnership with himself, and insisted on his making the journey to Yemen. Greatly did Zarah repine at the separation, nor had the luxury of his early life prepared the young Agib for this trying delay, or the fatigues of the desert Arabia. Yet these he had hitherto borne at least without complaint, and the hoof of his spirited steed had been still among the foremost in the caravan. So with such tales or converse as might beguile the way, the travellers toiled on to the noon of the weary day.

About this hour, however, a cry from the rear of the caravan aroused the young merchant from a day dream of love and Zarah, and, looking back, he beheld, approaching with a rapidity which divested him at once of the power to think, one of those huge and flying pillars of sand, of which he had from time to time heard frightful accounts from the camel drivers. Onward it whirled with furious velocity. A consciousness of sinking forms, of a rushing sound, a choking rain of sand, and the hot and stifling breath of the desert, the painful throbs of his burning frame, the terror, the suffocation, were all merged in entire forgetfulness.

It was evening, and the sun was setting. Agib awakened to the sound of waters, and felt the dewy breath of closing day refresh his exhausted frame, and dispel the languor that pervaded his senses. He perceived

that the spot on which he lay was covered with fresh verdure, and that beside him a copious spring sent forth a stream of pure and pellucid water, which wandered through a beautiful oasis, its banks fringed with palms and pomegranates, and its light ripples disturbing the repose of fragrant amaranths and white lilies, which bent their heads to partake its coolness. Large masses of rock raised themselves around the spring, except on one side, where they were lowered to permit the overflow of the bright and foamy cascade which supplied the rivulet. Immediately on leaving this little cataract the brook became tranquil, and led its waters silently onward through the grass and bloom of the quiet scene.

Agib gazed around him with amazement. He remembered the sand storm of the desert, and was unable to account for his present situation.

"Alla be praised, however," he said at length, as he crept to the clear source of the stream, "for in whatever manner I may have been transported hither, the gracious decree of the eternal only could have provided such an awakening from that sultry slumber." He tasted the waters, and leaned against the rocks with a delicious sense of refreshment and repose.

"But where am I?" he said. "Have I crossed the narrow bridge? Am I already in the gardens of the blessed?"

A strain of music, soft indeed, but clear, liquid and distinct as the voice of the nightingale, now stole upon the ear of the astonished merchant. For some moments it continued like the harmonious warbling of a thousand birds. It ceased.

"Prophet of the faithful!" murmured Agib, "these birds could only sing in Paradise!"

From an aperture in the rock, hitherto unobserved by the enchanted merchant, now issued a form of matchless grace and delicacy. No veil obscured the splendor of features, beautiful beyond the brightest dream of imagination, and the light folds of a thin white robe fell gracefully around a figure, the just proportions of which it did not conceal.

"Alla! Alla!" whispered Agib, fearful by a sound to dispel the illusion. "It is an Houri, beaming with the glory of her immortal existence." The being approached, and Agib yielded his senses to the musical voice which clothed words of welcome with a charm till now unknown.

"Stranger," said this beautiful apparition, "thou art weary—thou hast suffered. Repose awaits thee in my dwelling. Unconsciousness to-day released thee from the pang of a burning death. Enter with me, and refresh thy returning senses with delight."

She turned and signed to the merchant to follow her.

"I obey thee, Glory of Paradise," he said, "for doubtless I behold in thee the loveliest of the Houris?"

"Not one of those blessed immortals am I," said the stranger, with a smile as soft as the voice in which she spoke. "You are still in the world—still in the desert—and I am but the fairy of this oasis. Yet, as I was not of those malignant spirits that warred against the wise Solomon, or disregarded God, I am, as you will hereafter discover, a fairy of unbounded power. I cannot, it is true, transport my guest to Paradise, but I can lead you to pleasures unknown to your world."

"Enter!" said the fairy, as she preceded him through

the grotto-like entrance of her palace. This entrance was encrusted with spars that glittered like diamonds in the brilliant light of a thousand fragrant and pendant lamps. They passed into a spacious hall, the floor of which was an even surface of white and polished marble, and the walls and ceilings of which, carved out of the same material, were wrought into the most exquisite form of real or ideal beauty. The butterfly seemed to hang upon the flower, the nightingale to sing beside the rose. Foliage, blossoms, all the loveliest creations of nature, seemed here to have blanched into the purest marble, and, in losing their colors, to have acquired a delicate immortality. Musulman as he was, Agib could not repress a sensation of pleasure, as his eye wandered along the apartment, and successively caught these matchless imitations. But as he looked along its extent, other objects divided his attention. Graceful dances displayed the winged beauty of fairy forms, whilst various instruments yielded to the touch of others, the softest melody. Some stood grouped together, others apart; but each pursued an amusement, and all combined to dazzle the mind of Agib, who conceived himself in the region of delight. On the entrance of the fairy queen, a gesture of reverence thrilled along the crowd, and a submissive alacrity anticipated her will.

To yield repose to the wearied Agib, cushions of the most downy luxuriousness and brilliant embroidery were arranged, in an apartment encrusted with jewels, and ornamented with lamps of moonlight lustre. Perfumes at once the richest and most delicate, floated in the air; and viands that created hunger were offered in a service of dazzling splendor. Flowers that seemed too beautiful to be of the earth, bloomed around him as if in their native atmosphere; and fairies, each lovely as an Houri, with snowy wings extended, and small and rapid feet, gleamed through the dance which the white hands of others animated with the sounds of musical instruments, or subdued to a slower gracefulness, by the lingering softness of prolonged and pathetic notes. A fountain of sparkling water fell dewily into an alabaster basin, where flowers, birds and insects were so beautifully carved, that they seemed naturally to seek and share the coolness and moisture of the fount. The conversation of the fairy queen heightened the felicity of Agib, and the prospects which the dangers of the day had interrupted—his merchandize, of which he had at present no information, even his beautiful and distant Zarah were, in the intoxication of the present, entirely forgotten. Repose, slumber, and morning came. Evening succeeded to the flush of noon. Another day, and yet another—weeks flew on, the moon had often changed her face, yet Agib was still in the palace of the fairy. He had never asked to be restored to Zarah. He still enjoyed the pleasures of his entertainer's fair domain, still watched the dances, or hung upon the songs of her attendants. Nor did the fairy seem weary of amusing him, and with her attentions there mingled an implied deference and tenderness, to which the merchant could not be insensible. Sometimes, in a pearly car, conducted by winged jays through the moonlight air, she conveyed him to the rose gardens of Iran, and there they wandered, during the night hours, amidst scenes of bloom where the soft dew drew from the bosoms of the sleeping flowers

their richest odors. At other times they floated in a light bark on the lake of Kashmere, while long streams of moonlight met the reflection of their snowy sails, and with silence around them, and love filling their hearts with unuttered feelings, they admitted no thought beyond the present, and were unconscious of all but bliss. Intoxicated with the joy of being beloved by such a being—pride, ambition, all his luxurious fancies crowned beyond his wildest dream—Agib glided easily into forgetfulness of his fond expectant in Aleppo, and in the fulness of contentment, thought not of the past.

So flowed the current of delight, and Agib was reckless of the pleasures it bore away upon its bosom, for he exultingly believed it could only sweep to his feet others of more enchanting freshness. But alas for the pride of human hope! When the heart throbs highest with the sense of pleasure in possession, and joy in prospect, it is ever the nearest to a change—a shadow—something to urge memory to regret and pain.

It was with a careless heart and easy smile that Agib learned one morning from the fairy, that the favorite of the Persian shah had become the mother of a son of surpassing loveliness; and when she added that the lady was under her own especial protection, and that it was her purpose to visit her this day, with the design of bestowing some gift upon the child, he did not oppose her temporary absence. When she had departed, Agib wandered from hall to hall, but found no longer the charm that had hitherto lighted his hours. The presence of the beloved one is to our existence as the sun to the world; and when it no longer illuminates our sphere, all that surrounds us is sad and gloomy. Agib issued from the palace, idly seeking the enjoyment which he usually found, and wearily counting the moments which slowly lessened the time of separation. He sauntered listlessly to the side of the rivulet beside which he had first beheld the fairy. A beautiful attendant of his queen was there. Often before had he remarked this girl. She was, as he knew, like himself a mortal, and her pure and varying complexion, and deep blue eyes, differed from those of her companions. Of all the inhabitants of the bright oasis, she only, as Agib had observed, was always sad. He had noted the glitter of tears upon her eyelashes, even when she mingled in the dance, and when she touched the lute, or sung, a melancholy and heart-touching pathos ever distinguished her performance. Interested by these recollections, which at this unoccupied moment crowded upon his idle mind, Agib drew near to the maiden, who sat beside the stream, weaving of the white lilies that floated on its surface, what appeared to be a garland.

"You are weaving a chaplet to wear in the dance to-night, pretty Zorayda!" asked the merchant, pausing to look at her employment.

"To wear in the dance!" echoed the girl. "No—Oh! no." And she sighed heavily as she answered him.

"Why, what have you, or any of the inhabitants of this Eden, to do with sorrow, Zorayda?" asked the merchant. "I had hoped that here, at least, every one was happy. Yet you, I have noted, are often in tears, and the smile is a rare visitant of your lips."

"Rare—rare, indeed," replied the maiden sadly.

"And why are you alone miserable?"

"I, perhaps, alone have to REMEMBER," said Zorayda, raising her eyes to his face with an expression that probed his heart, though he endeavored to stifle the reflections it aroused.

"And what is your sorrowful remembrance, maiden?" said the merchant compassionately. "Is it that you, like myself, are mortal, and must one day forego your present joys?"

"That I am mortal!" repeated Zorayda, in a tone of calm yet melancholy sweetness. "No, stranger. Listen, and I will tell you what are my recollections. I remember the cottage in Georgia where I was born. I remember my parents—my youth—my wild and joyous youth—with its budding pleasures, and crowding hopes—the hopes that visit us in that sweet time, as the singing birds come to my own dear land, to tell of spring. I remember these, and, above all, can I forget thee, Kaled, my betrothed!" Her voice faltered, and for some moments she was silent.

"And why did you leave them, my poor Zorayda?"

"It was the whim of the fairy," replied the girl. "It is not unusual with beings of her order to conceive a fancy for human attendants, especially if they be beautiful or young. But this companionship can only result in misery to the mortals, whose souls may suffer pangs inconceivable to their patrons. Long did I beseech—earnestly resist—but her sway is limitless, and her will invincible; and here, during years, have I languished, and the sole blessing of my wayward fate has been occasionally to behold again the forms, the scenes I love, in the faithful visions shed by these potent lilies on my heart!"

"Are they indeed so powerful?" said Agib with curiosity.

"Try them," said the Georgian, unconsciously touching a jarring chord. "If you have ever loved—if there is any one who loves you, this wreath may reveal to you all that has chanced since you parted. But *you* have no regret, *you* have left nothing in your country to lament *you*!"

"Whence this conclusion?" said the merchant; and his glance fell.

"Has sadness ever a place upon your brow? Do you not watch the dance, and enjoy the song? Do you not gaze upon the fairy queen, and apply to her all that is tender in language, or music? Unlike mine, and brighter is your fate. *You* have left nothing in your country to regret *you*. *You* are a willing, an adoring captive. No faithful bosom languishes for *you*, and, even whilst ignorant of your fate, forbears to doubt *you*. No one struggles against wretchedness in the faint but treasured hope of *your* return!"

"Spare me!" cried Agib, unable to withstand the torrent of reproachful reminiscences conjured up by the Georgian's words.

She looked upon him with an expression of sorrowful surprise.

"Give me the chaplet," said Agib hurriedly. "Let me behold her! Let me know at least that I have not slain her!"

The Georgian gave the wreath into his hand.

"Thou needest them more than I," she said compassionately, "for at my heart there is at least no remorse."

And as the garland rested upon his brow, the mer-

chant fell into a profound slumber, and the Georgian girl withdrew from the scene of his unquiet sleep.

Agib was now wrapped in the vision. He seemed to be transported to Aleppo, and to behold Zarah in the first hours that succeeded their separation. Pale and sad, she at first gave way to a grief of which the colder bosoms of less fiery climes can scarcely conceive the intensity. But days seemed to pass, and Agib could observe the influence of the first faint hope that arose to cheer her. He saw her gaze upon the road by which he should return, with tearful eyes, and at last when night arrived, scarcely touch the refreshments to which her anxious attendants would invite her, until they bade her for Agib's sake preserve her health and beauty. Then she would retire to her couch, sighing for the morning light that would enable her to gaze again upon his homeward road. It was a clear love case, and, strange to say, a winged vanity fluttered about the merchant's heart in spite of his remorse, when he perceived the feelings he had inspired. But months wore on, the period fixed for his return had passed, and the tender melancholy began to deepen. The tears were frequently in Zarah's eyes, and it became necessary that her indulgent sire, the venerable Hussein, should relate to her tales of the length and fatigues of the journey to Yemen, and of the negotiations which might detain her lover there. Eagerly did she seize the faint hopes his words conveyed; but as time wore on, and her women began to whisper together of the inconstancy of men, she rejected with scorn the injurious insinuation. Patience grew weary, and no tidings of Agib. The women now began, with hesitation, to admit the dangers of the desert, and even the brow of old Hussein grew clouded. Zarah noted in silent alarm these ominous indications, and daily her cheek grew thinner and paler, and at last, with tearless eyes, and speechless anguish, she sat all day at the casement, heedless alike of consolation and advice. And Agib felt that her health was sinking, and her peace destroyed.

Remorse now struggled in the merchant's heart with the passion he had conceived for the fairy of the oasis. Beloved by two creatures, each of so surpassing claims, he could not but feel his own importance; and he profoundly considered what course he should pursue.

Should he return to Aleppo?—restore to Zarah health and happiness? should he reward the deep faith, which could languish for his presence, yet forbear to doubt him—which could support all but the apprehension of danger to himself? Should he indeed become the true, the devoted, she imagined him, and, victorious over himself, claim from the grateful girl a life of delicate homage and obedience?

Alas! Love forbade it. Glory—pride—interest—even gratitude, with the semblance of a virtue, forbade the sacrifice! In his blind attachment to the fairy, whose beauty was invested with the farther attractions of splendor, power, respect, his heart had become indifferent to his betrothed; and, although compassion feebly pleaded her cause, love, bewildering, all-powerful love, uttered for his fairy queen eloquence that only breathed to be obeyed. And, through a long vista of delights, Agib foresaw a dazzling height to which the power of his beloved might elevate him. She had promised that he should rule among his own species with sway un-

limited—that he should possess a name and riches to which the kings of the earth should yield a distant homage; and he felt, that unlike other aspirants, who depend upon the veering gales of popular favor, or tremble on the dizzy pinnacle of despotism, he would build his fortunes upon a foundation of adamant—the affections and the power of an immortal, in whose hands the great and the noble were but submissive tools. Then he thought with tender gratitude of the fairy's devotion. She, lofty and reserved to all else, was to him most gentle and attached. She had preserved his life, she had bestowed on him her preference, and with these reflections glowing at his heart, he assured himself that he yielded to a virtue in admitting her influence, and obeying her will. He would suffer Zarah to believe him dead. The return of the caravan would confirm her fears—time would allay her grief, and permit the forming of new ties to engage her wishes. Thus he reasoned, and he turned from the contemplation of Zarah and her sorrows.

The dream proceeded. He seemed to meet his beloved on her return—to listen to the dearest words of affection from her beautiful lips;—he seemed to hang on the music of her voice, to utter the language of homage and devotion, and to forget, in giving her pleasure by such expressions, the suffering he inflicted on the distant Zarah. Then the long train of pleasures renewed their fascination. He again roamed with the beloved one through moonlight gardens, again pursued delight through all the beautiful mazes she threaded, again was wrapped in those exquisite spells, that left no thought for the future, no wish for the present. And he was happy, for love shed its deep illusions on his soul, and tinted the scenes and objects around him with its own peculiar hues; and the look and the voice of the enchantress were ever ready to charm away the past.

But again, with the fitful caprice of visions, he was placed beside the rivulet, and again the Georgian girl twined the mystic wreath upon his head. He felt the powerful lilies pressing his brows, and infusing into his heart the dream that he abhorred—the dream that he had stifled in pleasure, and hoped forever and ever to forget. He was again forced into the presence of Zarah, and a glance convinced him that the flower which had flourished on his bosom, could not survive the loss of its support. Zarah no longer looked from the casement. Extended in bitterness of spirit upon a couch, whence the refreshment of repose was banished, her beauty had grown delicately touching, her eye languid, her cheek without color. Her women spoke to her, but were unheard, or listened to in silence. At last they told her of a wonderful enchantress, who had recently come to the city, a woman who, by the exertion of surprising skill in magic, professed to reveal the secrets of the past, and to foretell the fortunes of the future. Eagerly did Zarah command them to summon the enchantress. Ah! could it be the Georgian? It was indeed the semblance of Zorayda. Entering the chamber of the deserted lady, she made a graceful inclination, and signified her readiness to gratify her wishes. Trembling even at their approaching accomplishment, Zarah could only motion to her to proceed.

With an incantation, slowly chanted, the Georgian lighted a small lamp, and scattered over the flame a

fine blue powder. Volumes of fragrant smoke rose, and quivered in involved and rolling waves to the ceiling. Music floated in the air, and a solemn and twilight gloom pervaded the apartment. Gradually the obscurity cleared away, the vapor was dispelled, the music ceased, and the returning light fell upon a picture, which occupied one whole side of the apartment. Beautiful! beautiful! Can it be that scene in the oasis, where, by the descending glory of sunset, he had so often sat with the fairy—where, even as he gazes on the picture, he beholds her form, and his own, seated on the moss banks, with bloom and odors around them, and looks eloquent of the passion that pervades their hearts. The enchantress mutters a further incantation, and he hears with breathless amazement, and terror for the effect, that language which love, deep love, alone can utter, flow from the lips of his resemblance, and answered by those of the bright being he addresses. And Zarah hears them,—but for a moment only. Pressing with her hands the organs which receive intelligence so fatal, she rushes from the apartment with screams of agony, and is received on the threshold into the arms of her father. Questions, kindness, consolation are in vain. They are poured upon the senses of an idle maniac.

Agib glares upon the Georgian with the ire of an infuriated fiend, but the beautiful outlines of her form fade into indistinctness, and the fatal picture is already gone. Words float to his ear—

"Truth shall triumph! Faith be rewarded! but woe! woe to thee, ungrateful Agib!"

Again, in his vision, he was with the fairy; and her fondness was exerted to soothe a melancholy which it could not banish. A sad tone of feeling now mingled with every enjoyment, and, when time and the intervention of other objects had lulled the scorpion at his heart, this pensive sentiment seemed to add a charm to his delights, and to hallow with softness pleasures before greeted in a more hilarious, but less enchanting spirit. He perceived that the Georgian was absent from the oasis, and from the fatal lilies he recoiled. Thus, he flattered himself he should, in time, dispel the recollections that hung like shadows over his path.

But a new and unforeseen event disturbed his hopes, and overthrew his tranquillity. In a moonlight excursion to the gardens of Iran, the fairy train entered the grounds surrounding an Emir's palace. Beside a fountain, lulled by nightingales, and watched by the moon, slept the Emir himself—a beautiful youth, upon whose face the dignity of manhood contended with the softer attractions of the boy. To divert the melancholy Agib, the queen proposed to transport him to the oasis, and to amuse themselves with his awakening surprise. This idea was immediately accomplished, and the Emir awoke to the warbling of jays, and the melodious murmurs of a thousand lutes; in a blaze of lamps, and a bewilderment of splendor.

Perhaps his amazement was at first amazing. But when the novelty of his situation was explained, Agib perceived that the young noble had a spirit present and equal to the occasion. He had a mastery of the lute, and had hung, like a bee upon flowers, on the luxurious fancies of the Persian love-poets. His beautiful eyes were fixed with the softest interest upon the queen, and when he sang, in a voice of the most manly rich-

ness, words which the fairy might easily apply, she listened to the song with enraptured attention, and ceased to look for approbation from Agib's eyes.

For some days, however, the fairy dissembled a change of feeling which the jealous heart of Agib fearfully suspected. He was obliged to confess that, although he felt a difference, there was nothing so obvious as to justify complaint; but day by day shades of coldness, at first imperceptible, grew into carelessness, and then into neglect. At last he wandered alone through paths hitherto hallowed by her presence, whilst with the young Emir ever at her side, the object of his wildest devotion was fast yielding to a dream of affection for another. And the merchant one evening, in wretchedness unutterable, took his way to that very spot which had been pictured to Zarah—the scene of many a bright hour's pleasures, where the fairy had sat with him in the evening's fall, and uttered to him vows which he never could forget. There sat the fairy even now, but there also sat the Emir; and the meaning of his words was reflected in her beautiful face, for it beamed with a feeling which she could not conceal.

Agib rushed forward.

Soft! he awakens. The lily wreath is floating on the rivulet, and the fairy queen leans over him with the same dear smile, the same fond fascination, that have enshrined his spirit in the spell of affection.

"Ah! it was a dream. Alla be praised!" he sighed heavily. "But what a dream!"

"Was it then so painful? Rise, love, shake it off, and be happy."

"But Zarah?"

"What of her?"

"Is she not dying?"

"You have been cheated by the delusive visions of these lilies?"

"Are they delusive? And the Georgian?"

"Zorayda?"

"Even she. Is she not an enchantress?"

"You are dreaming still. She is a simple Georgian girl."

"It is true my queen, that you tore her from her parents?"

"Would you then have her restored to them?"

"Oh! yes—yes! Let us crush no more hearts."

"She shall return to them. But why are you unkind?"

"Oh! my queen, I have had visions so horrible?"

"Visions of what?"

"Of Zarah—dying, forsaken Zarah!"

"And you—you love me no more!"

"Love you! Oh! doubt it not—beyond all earth—all Paradise!"

"Then think no more of Zarah."

"But you, my queen, will you ever forsake me?"

"Never. Do not give way to these idle fancies. They are unworthy of your future fortunes. Think you I will not elevate my lover to a prouder lot than Aleppo could supply! Ah forget a time when your hopes were less aspiring. We will make an excursion to-night, and dispel these dreams."

"But not to Iran?"

"Well, not to Iran."

And on this night they glided on the Ganges' breast, lighted by the fire-flies, and those little floating lamps,

that tell to eager watchers on the shore, the fate of their loves and hopes. And listening to the whispered assurances of the fairy, the mind of Agib became tranquillized, and the impression of his dream was effaced. The Georgian girl was absent from their train, and after some days the vision was forgotten.

Nor were the painful suggestions of his sleeping fancy again recalled, for the space of several moons. But there are events in our existence which come to us like the echoes of dim dreams, to regain which our memory vainly struggles. And the merchant was doomed to the fulfilment of his own.

It was in the very slumber of the moonlight, when the air was silenced, and the flower-bells steeped in dew, the very night which had passed before his sleeping eyes, that he found himself with the fairy in a garden of Persia, hitherto unvisited, and beheld, beside a fountain, the very form his visions had pictured—the Emir lying on the mossy brink. He felt that mental paralysis which sometimes seems to chain our efforts where they are most required, and before he could warn the fairy of their danger, or concentrate his senses to a moment's energy, he heard the order given—he saw it executed—they were all in a hall of the queen's palace, and the attendants were diverting themselves with the bewilderment of the awakening Persian. The very scene he had beheld in slumber was around him, but he seemed to be spell-bound. He looked upon his fate with unutterable despair, yet he seemed obedient to a fatality that kept him silently acquiescent. The very caresses of the queen fell upon his deadened heart without effect. Despair and remorse were busy at its core, and he saw, without power to arrest its course, his inevitable doom.

Time proceeded, and the fulfilment of the vision progressed. The queen became indifferent to the presence of Agib; but to the young Emir she turned with those fascinations, which had hitherto constituted his own sum of bliss. Whilst the Persian sang the verses of his tuneful countryman, or those dictated by the magician, Love himself, she hung upon his voice with an enthusiasm which it was impossible to misunderstand; and when night brought its moonlight, or morning its freshness, Agib, though permitted to follow in the wake of their pleasures, was now no longer the centre of attraction. By degrees he absented himself from their haunts. His absence was not adverted to, and he wandered alone, ignorant alike of their pursuits and their prospects. And memory—at one time the angel, at another the fiend of life—how did she urge his unrequited passion to despair? how did she lead him over every scene consecrated by love, and shining with the past, only to torture his reflections on the present? It was she who led him one evening, when the star of evening was beaming distantly in the cloudless sky, to the moss banks by the rivulet, where the rosy coloring of the brief hour of sunset was deepening the rose's hues, and faintly flushing the whiteness of the lily. And there, entranced in each other, the fairy and the young Emir are earnestly conversing.

Indignant and furious, Agib sprang forward. With a cry of vengeance, he drew his yataghan, and essayed to sever the Persian's head from his body. But the fairy is powerful, and his arm grows nerveless, and his weapon falls trembling to the earth. Maddened by a

thousand conflicting pangs, he stands before his rival in an agony of helpless rage.

"Agib," said the fairy—and how did her voice still thrill to his inmost heart. "Poor Agib! I pity—I forgive thee." The merchant stood silent.

"Do thou forgive me, also," continued the fairy, extending her beautiful hand. "We cannot, as thou knowest, control our affections. Yet what I can do for thee, I will do. Speak to me, Agib, wilt thou be our friend?"

"Your friend! fairy," exclaimed the merchant, and even in his rival's presence, the agony of tenderness rushed to his eyes. "Your friend! Can the heart that has loved you as I have loved, calm its wild throbbings to so cold a name? No! break the chain that has bound us together; I will not behold you happy in another!"

"I will not compel thee to so cruel a trial," said the queen, and how did her quiet voice chill and pain the heart of the unfortunate Agib. "Thou shalt leave the oasis—thou shalt have treasures—power—whatever thou wilt."

"Fairy, thou hast broken my heart!"

"Agib! Agib! I pity—I deplore it. But can I not atone?"

"No, fairy. It is that injury for which there is no atonement. Hear me. I was happy when I saw you first. The world opened to me whatever the heart might ask to be happy. My prospects equalled my ambition, my life might have glided on serene and calm. But why—oh! why did you interrupt its course?—why lure me to a passion beyond all dreams delirious *then*, beyond all words distracting *now*? Can you restore me peace?—can you regain for my soul its own respect? You have betrayed the trust of my heart; and oh! fairy, were you the prophet himself, you could not atone to it for the ruin you have made. And Zarah has known my treachery—the true, the kind, is sacrificed! No, fairy, no!—offer me nothing, but transport me once more to my lost one's presence, and oh! if she live to forgive me, I will atone to her."

"Place again the lily wreath upon your head," said the fairy, with the indifference which the happy feel for the miserable. "Name this Zarah as you do so, and be with her when you will."

Agib withdrew, and as he departed heard the Emir's sneer at his expense, and saw the queen of the oasis smile on him as he uttered it!

So he fled to the rivulet, and twined the lilies on his brow, and, with tears in his eyes, he uttered the name of his betrothed. At this moment he stood at the entrance of Aleppo. And he thought how rarely it is, that, even on earth, a deviation from the straight road of honor fails to create its own punishment. But he had little time for reflection. As if just arrived from a long journey, he traversed the city, and approached old Hussein's house. Exclamations of wonder and joy brought the venerable merchant to the door. His welcome was warm, but his looks were overcast. Much that Agib already knew, his uncle now repeated.

"A maniac! But is she *still* a maniac?"

"Her delirium has settled into melancholy silence," said Hussein; "but she recognizes no one."

"And the cause?" asked Agib, willing to understand how much his uncle understood of the affair.

"Your absence, my son, and the delusions of an enchantress, who persuaded her, as I gather from her women, that you had become unfaithful. But could she be made to comprehend your return, her joy might win your forgiveness of a woman's weakness."

Agib groaned.

"Let us see," he said, after a pause, "let us see if she cannot recognize me."

"I have no hope, my son; yet follow me."

Agib hurried after him—to his cousin's apartment.

She was lying on a sofa, changed, motionless, almost unconscious—nor did she raise her eyes as he entered.

For a moment Agib stood conscience-struck, and unable to move from the door. Then stung by the recollection of Zarah's former beauty, and of her betrayed affection, he rushed to her side.

"Zarah, dear Zarah," he exclaimed, almost choked by contrition, and returning affection—and he took her hand, but it did not return his pressure, "will you not look upon me, Zarah?" he continued, "will you not speak to me? Though you know no one else, you will recognize me! Zarah! Zarah! it is Agib."

Roused from her apathy by a voice ever thrilling to her heart, Zarah half raised herself, and gazed upon him eagerly, long, without utterance.

"I am repentant, Zarah, I am changed. I am yours—yours only!" continued Agib with increasing anguish.

"Zarah!" he pursued rapidly, and clasping her hand, whilst he strove to free himself from the long gaze which was becoming intolerable, "only speak to me! one word, Zarah, only one. Say you will forgive me; tell me you will live."

"Live!" exclaimed Zarah, again sinking back, and closing her eyes. "But where is Agib?"

"Alla!" screamed the merchant at this renewal of his despair.

The shriek aroused the invalid, and again she raised her eyes, and now—yes *now* there is in those eyes a ray of intelligence.

"Oh if I might trust myself! Is it Agib—Agib returned?"

"Yes, Zarah, yes! it is Agib," said the breathless merchant—"he loves you only, Zarah,—he is waiting your forgiveness!" He drew her to his heart, and she wept there long and violently.

"She has not wept till now," said one of her attendants.

And blessed tears they were, for in the course of an hour she appeared collected and rational, and although some days elapsed before the full flow of joy was expended, or the explanations and apologies of the merchant (and some of these were none of the clearest) were concluded; yet, after a time, things began to be composed. Zarah, perhaps, at last did not completely understand why Agib's return had been delayed, and her father Hussein was compelled to be satisfied with a long tale of a compulsory residence with the Arabs; but on the whole, affairs grew flourishing once more. A brother merchant had disposed of the merchandize of Agib at Yemen, and rendered to old Hussein a very fair account of the profits. By degrees Agib began to lose his regret for the faithless fairy, and to resume his attachment for Zarah, who daily improved in health, and whose beauty again transcended that of all the ladies in Aleppo.

The marriage was celebrated with pomp and splendor; Hussein very wisely waving further experiments as to Agib's abilities for trade, for the present. He lived very happily with Zarah, and as he increased in years, grew also in wealth and gravity of deportment. So accurate was his judgment, and so imposing his air, that he was known throughout the city as "the wise merchant Agib." This solemn importance was never known to desert him except on one occasion, when a rich Persian Emir chanced to pass the bazaar, and to stop to examine some rich stuff which his attendants applauded to the skies. At the sight of the Persian, the gravity of Agib entirely forsook him, he turned quite pale, a sudden nimbleness took possession of his heels, and he fled precipitately to his own house, leaving his goods to the Emir and his people. These, with a few oriental maledictions on the departed owner, rolled up for themselves the quantity of stuff which their necessities required, and laying down a sum which they considered its value, departed. With this exception, the merchant's peace was uninterrupted—he lived and traded with respect and success, and when, after the lapse of many years, he was transferred from the bazaar to the cemetery, the reputation of their sire was esteemed not the least valuable portion of his sons' rich inheritance. Of the Fairy of the Desert nothing more can be related, but it may fairly be inferred, that her reign continues in the oasis; as she is an immortal, and had the prudence not to dispute the sway of Solomon. For to this day the Genii and Fairies of the East obey the destinies incurred by their conduct in the Wise Man's reign.

DANIEL WEBSTER

Of Massachusetts, of the United States Senate.

There are few names more conspicuous in the political history of the day than that which heads this article. Pursuant to the intimation which I have given to the Editor of the Messenger, I will carefully abstain (in the portraiture which I shall attempt to make of this distinguished individual), from every observation of a political or partisan character.

The person of Mr. Webster is short, large, heavy and unwieldy; in movement he is slow and apparently inactive. He dresses plainly, in dark colors, with neatness and taste, but without any attempt whatever at display. His countenance is very remarkable, his complexion saturnine, his eyes and hair of a deep black. His lips are thin, his teeth of dazzling whiteness. His forehead is very peculiar, of most uncommon magnitude, his brows heavy and lowering. The moment that your eyes rest upon him, you conclude that he is a man of great mind, and conscious of intellectual superiority. His features are not well calculated to give powerful expression to passion. You will often observe, when he is animated, a sneer upon his face, which accompanies every remark which proceeds from him of particular force or severity. Although most studiously urbane in his deportment, and from education and disposition averse to giving pain, yet, when justified in such a course by the conduct of

his opponents, he is capable of wielding with readiness a sword of sarcasm and satire which cuts with the keenness of the scimitar of the East. Mr. Webster is distinguished for solidity, strength, and power of reasoning. His usual manner is cold and didactic, frequently, however, extremely earnest, and always when earnest most powerfully eloquent. Although trained to the severe mental discipline of the bar, he is fond of ornament, and is always successful when he attempts it. He possesses a fine imagination, and is never averse, whilst traversing the thorny paths of political disputation, to scatter the flowers of rhetorical elegance around him. He often displays a familiar acquaintance with the poets. He is a practised and fluent speaker, and ready in debate. His views of a subject are always liberal and enlarged, and he enjoys the advantage of a fund of knowledge of the most extensive character, which his well-trained mind enables him to apply with peculiar advantage in debate. The North seldom furnishes a passionate declaimer. The temperature of man generally partakes of the nature of the clime in which he is reared. The coldness of his home reigns throughout the manner and appearance of Mr. Webster. He never thunders with the wild vehemence of Mr. Clay, nor burns with the continuous warmth of Preston or Calhoun. He wants the passion and enthusiasm which is necessary to eloquence of the most overpowering and exciting character. Yet he is an orator of great excellence, and a most efficient speaker. His manner suits his matter, and he displays as much fervor as you would deem in appropriate keeping with the soberness and deep study which characterize all his remarks. You always listen to him with attention, and when he concludes you invariably rise from hearing him with a firm conviction of his greatness as a man, and that your time has been profitably employed whilst you heard him. His habits must be those of great industry, and whilst at Washington, his time, in public, is divided between the senate chamber and the bar of the supreme court. In the latter forum his powers have frequently been tasked, and tested, by collision with minds of the highest order and most extended attainments. There—where his greatest laurels have been won—his competitors have been such men as Taney, Pinckney, Jones, Emmet, Wirt and others. His orations upon occasional subjects, unconnected with politics or the law, have added greatly to his reputation—and are preserved and held forth to the public as models of literary excellence. His power in debate has been frequently brought into requisition in the House of Representatives, and in the Senate of the United States. The writer of this had an opportunity frequently to hear him during what was called the panic session, and also to witness the whole of that intellectual combat, which took place between Mr. Webster and Mr. Hayne, upon Mr. Foote's celebrated resolution. I well recollect the expression of unmitigated scorn which crossed the lips of this Senator when Mr. Hayne intimated that he had passed by Mr. Benton, to attack him, and that Mr. Benton was an over-match for him.

"Matches and over matches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblages than this. Sir! the gentleman seems to forget where, and what, we are. This is a *Senate*; a Senate of equals—of men

of individual honor, and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters—we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, sir, as a match for no man. I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But then, sir, since the honorable member has put the question in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer. And I tell him, that holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone, or when aided by the arm of his friend from Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say, on the floor of the Senate. Sir, when uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend, still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But when put to me, as a matter of taunt, I throw it back and say to the gentleman, that he could possibly have said nothing less likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character."

I also well remember his most magnificent conclusion in this debate. The Senate Chamber was crowded; the members of the House of Representatives had abandoned their posts, to be present; surrounded by the nodding feathers, the glittering ornaments, and rich and fashionable array of the beauty of the land, Mr. Webster advanced a step in front of his desk, which he pushed behind him, and in a tone and manner of the utmost earnestness—turning from the chair of the president and looking towards Mr. Hayne—with very little action at the commencement, but increasing in heat and vehemence as he progressed, until at length he became impassioned and violent in the extreme, and far more eloquent than I had ever heard him before or since—he observed:

"I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not permitted myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering not how the Union could be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts we have high, inciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision may never be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered—discordant—belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched it may be in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in all their original lustre—not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as '*what is all this worth?*' nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and Union afterwards*; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea, and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart—*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!*'"

It is difficult to find anything in American literature transcending the richness and beauty of this extract. The allusion to the flag of the country is finely poetic. The example of Mr. Webster proves conclusively that the most energetic and powerful minds are not

unpropitious to the culture and growth of the more chaste and better productions of the imagination. The prose of Milton is as powerful and nervous as his poetry is pre-eminently sublime. Shakspeare is as renowned for his accuracy—for his knowledge of man, and of the human heart—as for the sweetness of his verse, his taste and thrilling pathos. It is a curious fact that the earlier efforts of Mr. Curran are plain and void of attempt at rhetoric display, and he has declared that all his excellence—for which he is so celebrated—in splendor of expression and eastern gorgeousness and imagery, was the result of labor and of study. The tinted and perfumed flowers require in rearing, the same assiduous care and attention which are lavished upon the fruit and grain of autumn. Success, therefore, in this department of mind, is equally entitled to our consideration, as in the more valued attributes of the reasoning faculty. It is a common and injurious error that they may not be combined. Mr. Chief Justice Marshall said of Mr. Pinckney, of Maryland, that he wielded the club of Hercules entwined with flowers—an expression itself, a beautiful illustration and example of the very merit in another, which commanded so apt and warm an eulogium. The writer of this is not of the number of the personal friends of this gentleman, and feels that in remarks which find their origin only in a sense of truth and justice, his opinion is not swayed by predilections of any character in favor of the individual of whom he speaks. The history of Mr. Webster is interesting as that of one—of whom it is our boast that our institutions are calculated to exhibit numerous instances—who has risen, by his own exertions, from an origin of comparative humility to posts of the greatest eminence; and whatever may be the diversity of opinion as respects the weight or merit of his views as a politician, he has won his way to widely-spread and enduring fame, and to the respect and admiration of his fellow-citizens; and no man, who thinks and feels as every American should, but is proud of him.

THE TOKEN FOR 1838.

"Who reads an American book?" If there is anything seductive and attractive, in the most clear and beautiful typography, firm, even, and glossy paper, the richest binding, together with the highest literary material, and engravings of an exquisite finish, from valuable paintings, by experienced masters, thousands will answer the above taunt, with patriotic pride: for this is truly "An American Book." The title-page is peculiarly indicative of its origin and design, equal in its emblematical quaintness to anything in old Quarles,—and telling the whole story of the character of the work to the most cursory glance of the reader. The emblem of "the universal Yankee nation," associated with the name of its people, often in jest, but never in offence, is most happily hit off, and does great credit to Chapman and Gallaudet.

Among the literary contributors, we observe the names of Pierpont, whose "Wonders of the Deep" is the leading article in the volume, and is itself one of the richest pearls ever disclosed to the admiration of the

diver; of that kindred spirit, Greenwood, who has given a new charm to that loveliest of seasons, "The Spring," in an essay of more than Addisonian beauty,—of Hathorne, the teller of "The Thrice Told Tales," of our own Mitford, Miss Sedgwick, and the Hemans of the new world, Mrs. Sigourney, and its Howitt, Miss Gould, all of whom have contributed most charmingly to make up this rich gift for Christmas and New Year's day. Grenville Mellen, Epes Sargent, Wendell Holmes and others, have also done much towards enhancing the value of this volume; and there is a little poem among its pages, entitled "The Deluge," by Professor Henry Ware, Jr. of singular power and curious versification.

There are two engravings in this work from pictures by Brown, which, before they were given to the engraver, we have often hung over with delight and abstracted admiration. One of these is a purely English landscape, in which a church, almost buried beneath the moss of centuries, and forming the centre of a groupe of memorials of the people of many ages bygone, is the principal feature. The other is as purely an American landscape; and represents one of our own beautiful deep wood-glades, in the midst of which an Indian, "The Last of his Tribe," has thrown himself down, vanquished in the battle, of which he was the only survivor,

"Praying to the Great Spirit for release."

We fearlessly challenge English competition to produce more effective and more delicately finished works than these two.

One other of the pictorial embellishments demands our particular notice. It is one which should prove the "open sesame" for the work which contains it to every American's library, be it small or great. We allude to the portrait of MARTHA WASHINGTON, engraved by Cheney from the original by Wollaston, and illustrated most touchingly by Mrs. Sigourney, who gives us a fine glimpse of the state of society in Virginia a century ago, and describes the *debut* of Miss Dandridge, in 1748, at a levee of Governor Gooch at Williamsburg,—the courtship of Colonel Custis, and their marriage,—the widowhood of Madam Custis, and her betrothal to Colonel Washington,—and then, their after life, so happy, united, and glorious. It is a sketch, picture and all, for an American to be proud of,—and to a Virginian, it must prove an invaluable treasure.

A picture by our countryman, Stuart Newton, engraved most admirably by Andrews, called "The Only Daughter," and another by Healey, representing a "Young American on the Alps," (both portraits from life,) are among the gems of the book,—and others might be mentioned with approbation, were we not circumscribed in space.

As to faults, what work has them not? And is it not an offset to all the blemishes that a stern critic could perchance discover in this beautiful "Token" of our country's rapid advancement in Literature and the Arts, to say that in both these departments it occupies the very highest rank, as a whole, among the most perfect of the annual tribe, whether English or American?

Desmarests wrote a comedy called "The Visionaries," in which every character acts under some mental hallucination.

THE TEXT OF SHAKSPEARE.

—When two authorities are up,
Neither supreme,—how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both. *Coriolanus.*

The articles upon certain conjectural readings of Shakspeare, which have appeared in the Southern Literary Messenger, from time to time, have induced us to contemplate the causes of that incertitude, as to the meaning of that great Poet, in so many of his best works, which perplexes the reader, and fills the reading world with so much critical controversy. The study has proved a delightful one,—though not now for the first time undertaken by the writer of this paper: and it has resulted in some conclusions, which it may not be inconsistent with the character of this periodical to lay before its readers.

"The Battle of the Books" has been fought gallantly between the various critics upon the writings of Shakspeare, Rowe leading off, as the great captain general of the "Folio" forces, and Malone heading the troops, whose banner bore the "Quarto" quarterings. The discursive and fanciful Pope, the speculative and innovating Hanmer, the dogmatical and pedantic Warburton, the timid and distrustful Theobald, the patient and assiduous Johnson, the studious and black-letter-loving Steevens, the minute and exact Capell,—followed in the wake of their respective leaders, each imitating, in a great degree, the other; and all, as one of them, more distinguished than the rest, admitted, leaving the text of Shakspeare purer than they found it. We have named Rowe and Malone as the leaders, respectively, of the folio and quarto forces. Perhaps this mode of classification is not precisely accurate, inasmuch as the suggestion that the quarto editions, being the earlier publications, were the more likely to be correct, originated with Malone, after all the other critics, from Rowe to Capell, had been assuming what is usually called "The First Folio," as their standard. Still, there had been various skirmishings, in the field of philological disputation, during the progress of that century of Shaksperian criticism, preceding the appearance of Malone in the lists,—in which some of the lesser men-at-arms, squires, so to speak, of low degree, had distinguished themselves, as the champions of the old quartos. They, at all events, had the pregnant fact on their side, that their favorite edition was published during the Poet's life, while the folio was a speculation of his executors: a fact the importance of which the great captain of their creed, when he did appear, showed himself fully able to appreciate, and to use with effect.

After Malone, "the land had rest forty years:" the public, meanwhile, reading Shakspeare, after "The First Folio," with the notes and annotations of all the critics, on both sides; and relying more upon the various readings of Johnson and Steevens, than upon the more fanciful interpretations of the Popes and Malones, the Warburtons and the Theobalds. At length there was published in England an edition of Shakspeare by Mr. Singer, in which the attempt was made, (and we must say, so far as our researches have been carried, with great success,) to reconcile differences and to adjust that "golden mean" of interpretation, which

is produced by a skilful balancing of both sides, and such pruning of excrecent criticism, as tends to leave the text, as nearly as possible, in its unembarrassed and original shape. To this edition, Dr. Symmors prefixed a luminous Memoir of the great poet, accompanied by a criticism upon his critics, of singular ability and force. Within the last year or two, Hilliard, Gray, and Company, of Boston, have issued this edition, with some slight emendations, in a most beautiful form, comprising seven elegant octavo volumes, and prepared for the press by one of the most accomplished and erudite of our countrymen. We can have no hesitation in ascribing to this edition the palm of excellence over all others we have ever seen. For the voluminous publications of the older critics may now be well classed with those books of reference, the proper place of which is on those shelves of our libraries, that are labelled "Philological,"—and are valuable only as Encyclopædias and Lexicons.

The reader will have seen, by this time, to what edition of the great Poet of nature we intend to resort as our standard while offering to his notice, a few remarks upon those conjectural readings, which the Charleston critic of the Messenger has suggested, in the August and October numbers of that Miscellany.

Before undertaking this examination, however, it is our purpose to take a cursory review of the different editions of Shakspeare, which, from time to time, have made their appearance and to compare their relative claims to the confidence of the reader. In doing this, we are naturally thrown back upon the old question of "Folio" and "Quarto," the settlement of which upon some sure basis, is absolutely necessary for the proper adjustment of the proposed comparison. We shall, however, detain the reader but a brief space in this review.

"The First Folio," which is the grand standard now, despite the formidable foray against it by the Malonians, bears the following inscription upon its title page.

"Mr. William Shakspeare's
Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies,
Published according to the true original Copies.
London
Iaggard and Ed. Blount.
1623."

The editors of this edition were Messrs. Heminge and Condell, who prefaced it with a quaint dedication to Earl Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain, and Earl Montgomery, of the Royal Bed-Chamber. In this dedication, the editors remark that their author had not the usual advantage of "being the executor to his owne writings," which however, they say, "they have collected:" and they add, moreover, that in giving their volume to the world, they are but mere compilers of works, "the reputation of which is his, and all the faults of which are ours." They then go on to allude to various surreptitious copies of some of Shakspeare's plays, which had then been published, in *quarto*; averring that, from the mode in which they were got up, they could not be genuine, and giving sundry good reasons why their own *folio* was the only true and correct edition. These surreptitious copies comprised fourteen of the plays, and were all published during the life of the Poet; while this *folio* of his fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, was not given to the world until seven years after his

death. There is no doubt that every indirect and fraudulent means were resorted to, to obtain copies of the plays for publication, during the life of the author, who, to use the words of Dr. Symmors, "seems to have been as utterly regardless of their publication, as he necessarily was of that of those which appeared when he was mouldering in his grave." The *folio* edition, on the other hand, was compiled from the clear copy of the prompter, to whom usage has, in all ages of the drama, impropriated a perfect transcript of every performance. This copy is often written out, of necessity, by the hands of illiterate men,—frequently from the *disjecta membra* of the piece, which are given round, in manuscript, to the different actors, to study from, each of which was at that day liable to such emendations and alterations, as the *dramatis personæ* saw fit to interpolate,—and of course, may be considered as having been constantly exposed to the abrasions, innovations, and omissions, of a thousand different caprices.

In 1709, Mr. Rowe undertook a new edition of Shakspeare, and, instead of following "the first *folio*" of Heminge and Condell, he took a second edition, published thirteen years after the first, as his standard. But he was very correct in many of his emendations; and though he did not succeed in producing a standard work for future ages, he accomplished a great deal towards the attainment of such a desideratum. He even restored some rejected or omitted passages from the *quartos*, and backed his improvements in this particular, by very ingenious, and, for the most part, satisfactory arguments.

In 1725, Pope, in 1733, Theobald, in 1744, Hanmer, and in 1747, Warburton, severally followed as restorers of the Shaksperian text. Pope showed that text to have been more corrupt than the other avowed publications of Shakspeare, prepared and given to the press, in his lifetime, and of course under his own immediate supervision; he for the first time collated all the copies of the plays, and restored many of the *quarto* readings. Still, however, he adhered to the old *folio*, as his standard. But Pope confessed that all this was "dull work for a poet," and to use Dr. Johnson's expressive language, "he thought more of amputation than of cure." Of course his notes are full of fanciful hypothesis, and unsatisfactory speculation. Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton did little for the enlightenment of the world as to the original readings of Shakspeare, although there is no doubt but that the great poet was much better understood, and that his text had been purified of much grossness and corruption, in the course of all these lustrations.

In 1765, Dr. Johnson took the field. "*Nil tetigit quod non ornavit.*" But, beautiful as was his preface, profound as were many of his speculations, minute and scholastic as were most of his criticisms, the undertaking gave but little satisfaction, and as a whole, added but little more to the fame of the annotator than to that of the dramatist.

In 1766, Steevens appeared, and gave the world his first edition. Steevens showed himself a most able editor.

In 1768, Capell published a kind of syllabus or tabular view of the variorum readings of the great poet, which is chiefly valuable as a skilful collation of the labors of his predecessors.

In 1773 came out the famous edition of Johnson and Steevens combined, by Isaac Reed, and this is perhaps the most accurate, taken as a whole, of all the amended editions. It is, in fact, the text book, which all subsequent publishers have adopted as their guide.

In 1790, Malone's notes were published, in twenty octavo volumes, by his literary executor, James Boswell, the son of the celebrated biographer of Johnson. Industrious, studious, assiduous, patient, ardent, sincere, bold, persevering and indefatigable, this critic entered the arena against the field. His shield emblazoned with a *Quarto* volume, and his sword two-edged against the old *Folios* and all their followers, he began his devoir, and did it gallantly. But truth compels the honest and impartial reader to confess that all this gallantry was worthy of a better cause. Wrong at the outset, he was wrong throughout, and on he went like the wheels of a watch with a broken mainspring, with a great *whizz*, it is true, but to little or no useful purpose. Yet he had, and still has, his followers,—and the stage as well as the library, to this day retains many of his most pernicious and erroneous interpolations and alterations. More recent investigations, however, have tended to concentrate the public confidence upon the edition of Johnson, Steevens and Reed, and Malone is every day losing that ascendancy, which the boldness and novelty of his innovations have, for a while, obtained for him; and among these investigators there is no one more able than the editor, to whom allusion has just been made, as furnishing the model for the edition of Hilliard, Gray, and Co.

Having thus disposed of the annotators of Shakspeare, and shown their relative claims to the confidence of the reader, return we to the more immediate object and purpose of this paper. In the celebrated preface of Dr. Johnson, prefixed to his first edition of the great poet, the remarks of those old and quaint editors of "The First Folio," Heminge and Condell, as to the difficulties of correctly editing the works of their author, and which have already been quoted, are thus strikingly corroborated.

"It does not appear," says the learned commentator, "that Shakspeare ever thought his works worthy of posterity"—"they were obviously written with no other object than present popularity and present profit." "The greater part of them were not published until about seven years after his death,—and the few which appeared in his life are apparently thrust into the world, without the care of the author, and, therefore, probably without his knowledge." "The style of Shakspeare is, in itself, ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure: his works were transcribed for the players, by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them: they were transmitted by copiers equally unskilful, who still multiplied errors;—they were sometimes mutilated by the actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches, and were at last [the quartos, *id est*,] printed without the correction of the press."

With such a view of the mode by which the text of Shakspeare has become clouded and obscured by so much of the mist and windy vapor of criticism, accumulating for more than two centuries, it is not wonderful that there should now be room for some uncertainty, much conjecture, and a good deal of doubt, as to the various readings of those immortal works.

The "conjectural reading" in the August number of the Messenger, although noticed by no one of the numerous editors of Shakspeare, is to our mind conclusive. It is plausible in its conception, and fully borne out by analogy. We shall always read the passage as suggested by the Charleston critic,—the more confidently, for that, years ago, we heard Mr. Macready read the passage precisely thus.

The "conjectural reading" in the October number, of a passage in Hamlet, has also our most unqualified approbation. It makes sense: the passage is mere nonsense, as it stands in the "first folio," and in all its successors. Analogy, here, too, is the strong argument, and admirably has the critic of the Messenger managed it. The word "begun" is from this moment erased from our edition, and "beguiled" inserted instead. We have as firm a conviction that William Shakspeare intended the King of Denmark to suggest to Laertes, that "love is beguiled by time," as we have that the rascal murdered his brother, "sleeping in his orchard." That this is so, is but a familiar and natural illustration of the argument, which runs through our paper,—and is one of the instances of that criminal procedure towards the great poet, on the part of the "folio" as well as the "quarto" people, to which we have been referring.

Having made square work with the clever critic of the Messenger, so far as the two Hamlet and Macbeth readings are implicated, let us now follow his example, and criticise a little on "our own hook." The article, on the 600th page of the October number, sanctions a reading, in the very passage criticised, which is also as open to criticism as the word "begun." That reading is in the "folio" and "quarto," and in every edition, moreover, which we have met with, down to that in our possession; in which, however, we are happy to say, it is corrected.

For goodness, growing to a *pleurisy*,
Dies in his own *too much*.

Hamlet, Act. IV. Sec. 7.

Now this passage is uniformly written "pleurisy," as quoted by the critic of the October number, in all the editions. A few years ago, we were struck with the conviction that this reading was corrupt, and marked the margin of our old Steevens, thus: "querere: *Plurisy*,—from *plus, pluris*?" When the passage was quoted by our critic, we were induced to look up the authorities on that word,—and opening the new Boston edition, found our own opinion corroborated by the text of that beautiful book. It is there printed "pleurisy," and a note is appended (see page 364, note 3,) in these words: "*Plurisy* is *superabundance*." Upon consulting the old authorities, we found a note of Warburton, following Tollet, making a similar suggestion. Our reading is forever henceforth "pleurisy." There is no meaning to "pleurisy" in this connexion,—while it is perfectly in accordance with the usual manner of Shakspeare, in the formation of English words by an easy transition from the Latin, to write it "pleurisy." We now expect our critic of the Messenger to reciprocate our cordial acquiescence in his new readings,—and shall add yet another similar demand upon his justice. Before we do this, however, we would only suggest, that the words "too much" in the above pas-

sage be connected by a hyphen, and read as one noun substantive:—"so that the whole, as amended, will read thus," (as they say at the capitol,)—

"For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too-much."

And now for our second "conjectural reading." When Laertes demands the cause of his father's death, at the hands of the villain King of Denmark, that monarch whets the filial rage of the young soldier against Hamlet, in a long and most admirable scene: at the close of which, addressing Laertes, he thus speaks:

"And where the offence is, let the great axe fall."

This line is weak, and unmeaning as it stands. By Warburton's aid, smiled on with cool approbation by Johnson, (that smile itself almost a frown,) we are let into the probable intention of the poet, in writing that passage. For "axe" read *tax*: a word used by Shakespeare, very frequently, in a similar connexion: *e. g.*

Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth *tax* itself.

Meas. for Meas. II. 4.

etc. etc. The "great axe" could never have been the doom of a king, so absolute as he of Denmark, of what crime soever he might have been guilty, and could not have been invoked by Claudius, as the proper punishment for the murder, of which Laertes suspected him. But there is a meaning, and a pregnant meaning in the line, when read as we now propose. The players at "The Globe Theatre," with the same contempt for the niceties of poetical diction, and the integrity of Priscian's head, as that which characterizes their modern successors, probably read the line, (thus written by the Poet,) in the slovenly way in which it has come down to us, uncorrected, through so many editions.

We may resume our remarks upon the Text of Shakespeare in a future number.

J. F. O.

NEW ENGLAND MORALS.

We of the South are usually, quite ready to admit, in general terms, the *morality* that prevails in New England; but we do so, sneeringly; and are apt to accompany the admission with a sarcasm, equally novel, elegant, and just, upon "the land of *steady habits* and *wooden nutmegs*." Few of us are aware, that in that same land an integrity and a liberality may often be found, worthy of Virginia, even according to her own highest conceptions of herself. The English traveller, Dr. Reed, speaks thus of the people in the pleasant village of Northampton, Massachusetts:

"* * * There are no criminals; the jail is often empty for three months together; and the judge passes on his way, having no delivery to make. A lady's veil was found lately on the high road. It was hung on the hedge by the wayside: it remained there all day, and, in fact, till the owner came and claimed it.

"Their morality has a yet higher complexion. No small evidence is given of this in their treatment of

the ministers of the mother church. They agree to their salary in common hall. Dr. P****s, as the actual pastor, passes as a matter of course. But Mr. W***** has resigned his charge, and is wholly superannuated. Yet they do not say of him, He is a withered tree! No: they agree, as freely and without remark, to the salary he has always enjoyed. This I think noble, and the delicacy admirable. Yet these people are a plain people: who shall say they are not refined and elevated?"

THE LYCEUM.

No. IV.

ON THE PRACTICE OF APPLAUDING PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

I was lately in a city of this Union, where the governor of the state, after having that day reviewed a large body of handsomely uniformed and well disciplined troops, was, at night, to deliver an Address before a Mechanics' Association. I made one of the multitude, that crowded the immense Church where the orator spoke.

Various causes wound up my interest to a very high pitch.—The Association was one for the moral and intellectual improvement of a numerous and important class of our countrymen; an object high in the regards of all who hope for the permanence of our republican institutions. The speaker was, by general admission, unrivalled in *set* oratory, among living Americans—whether we look to grace in delivery, or to beauty and force of composition. He was the governor of a GREAT state (for "The MIND's the measure of the man"); and here, doffing the robes of civil office as well as the gaudier finery of military parade, he, as a plain citizen, was to address an humble Mechanics' Association upon 'the importance of the mechanic arts to civilization, and to happiness.' The vastness of the throng, the newness of the people to me, and their being reputed to have some striking peculiarities,—raised my curiosity on tiptoe, to see how *they* could appreciate what fell from one of the most accomplished scholars on this continent. And I was equally curious to see, how *he* would contrive, without descending from the dignity of learning or from his habitual elegance of style, to make himself understood and relished by such an assembly; and by what mode of operation he would work out the design of his address—namely, to impress mechanics with such a self-respect, as might elevate their conduct and characters, and impress all others with a just and salutary respect for mechanical pursuits.

The Address was, in most respects, happy beyond my expectations. But what was my surprise, to find every *very* fine passage followed by thunders of applause, from a large part of the audience!—hands clapping—canes, feet, umbrellas, rattling upon the floor!—The sobriety of the people—their puritan descent—the supposed character of the speaker—the (supposed) sacredness of the place—had all been, to my mind, infallible guarantees against the appearance there of a practice at nearly all times indecorous and irrational,

but *then* and *there*, hardly less shocking than female drunkenness.

The practice of applauding public speakers, has but lately begun to appear in the rural parts of the United States. It was brought over, sometime before the cholera, from Europe; and was long confined to our cities and large towns, whence it spread gradually into the villages. Now, it is seen and heard even in the country,—where, one would think, the natives are by no means polished enough yet, for such a refinement to have gotten foothold among them.—At first, every where, it appeared only in circuses, and puppet shows; and in menageries, where that graceful gentleman, Dandy Jack, astonishes the multitude by his elegant costume, his comely physiognomy, and his wonderful performances upon a shaggy Shetland pony. Then it passed into the Theatres; where, however, it was for a long time the appropriate meed of Harlequin, and of such comic actors as bent their bodies and twisted their features into the funniest shapes, or sung a droll song in the funniest manner. At length, rising in its objects,—from *fun*, it came to be exercised upon *humor*; and by degrees also upon wit, pathos, and fine sentiment or fine acting of any kind.

Those who had witnessed and practised applauses at the circus, puppet show, menagerie, and theatre, set the fashion of practising them also towards public speakers: first only upon the fourth of July, at dinner speeches, and in popular meetings; afterwards in places where, certainly, those uncivilized rustics, George Washington, Patrick Henry, James Otis, Josiah Quincy junior, and Roger Sherman, never would have expected to see them—in courts of justice, and legislative halls. There have been repeated instances of loud applause at fine bursts of declamation or keen thrusts of sarcasm, in advocates or legislative orators; at the acquittal of a popular criminal, or the adoption of a favorite measure. The dignified decorum of the United States Senate has thus been violated; and the customary disorder of the other House been thus heightened. Both in that Senate, and in the Virginia Legislature, applauses have been followed by their natural counterpart,—*hisses*.—The evil has even shown itself on devotional occasions. It is not long since, in a Virginia village, the close of a rather too animated, controversial sermon, was greeted by a commencing, but quickly suppressed *roll* of applause: and a few years before, some students of a learned University honored a public *prayer* of their chaplain with a full peal.

It must be confessed, however, that as this practice has risen in the subjects of its exercise, it has sunk in the character of its practisers: as it has been applied to more and more intellectual *occasions*, this has been done by more and more unintellectual *persons*: so that, in general, the most violent and boisterous in their bodily manifestations of delight at any passage in a speech, are those who least understand its meaning. They are either ill-taught boys, or men of no better minds or manners: men, who, like Tony Lumpkin, are never likely to attain years of discretion, or habits of decency, though they live to the age of Methuselah.

It is with deep uneasiness, that the friends to good order and to free government have marked the progress of this bad practice. It is decidedly *mobbish*, in its nature and tendencies. Even in the theatre, it often

drowns a fine sentence, so that an attentive listener cannot catch its import; and with its adjunct, *hissing*, leads to many a theatrical disturbance. But when it appears in a Court of Justice, or a Hall of Legislation there is cause for serious alarm at the danger to our institutions. Dignity and order are essential characteristics, and indispensable supports, of popular government; and when *they* are driven from its very sanctuaries,—we may well tremble for the result.—The process is obvious, by which the practice of applauding may lead to a tumultuary obstruction of public justice, or of regular and necessary legislation. Applause at what is pleasing, naturally suggests, and provokes, hisses at what is displeasing. Hisses lead to high words: and these, amongst us, are but a prelude to blows. When blows begin, either among the spectators, or between spectators and officers or members of the house,—there is but one step more to a violent interference of a mob, with the proceedings of a legislature. Surely, no one can hear of applauses or hisses in the lobby of such an assembly, without remembering, and shuddering while he remembers, the ferocious and bloody Parisian mobs, who, stationed in the gallery, swayed at will the National Assembly of revolutionary France.

It is trifling with the subject, to urge that a speaker is encouraged and inspired, by applause. As well might he be inspired by brandy; nay, better—for it would make him more reckless, and be a less fatal example. Whoever needs either the one or the other kind of inspiration, had better not set up for an orator. The best inspiration will ever be, a thorough knowledge of his subject, and a deep feeling of the truths he utters: his best encouragement,—glistening tears in every eye, or smiles on every cheek before him, and the profound, attentive silence that will reign if he deserves applause; a silence interrupted only, if interrupted at all, by a suppressed chuckle of delight; and succeeded, when he has done, by a low murmur of praise or assent, pervading his audience. These are the most expressive tributes which an enlightened auditory can give: the most inestimable, which enlightened eloquence can desire. These were the tributes which Fenelon describes as paid by an assembly of sages and warriors, to the goddess of wisdom herself; and to Telemachus, inspired by her influence. It was an incense worthy of the divinity who received, and of the wise and brave men who offered it.

Mrs. Siddons, and her gifted relative Mrs. Butler, both, have spoken of the *necessity* of applause, to sustain them in acting a high and difficult part, on the stage. But they had the prejudices, and the vicious taste, acquired by long familiarity with that bad theatrical usage; and their suffrage, in determining the present question, is no more to be regarded, than that of a tippler is, about the relative merits of alcohol and cold water, when his thirst has become morbid from the excessive use of strong drink. Admitting, however, that the physical exhaustion attending the utterance of a long tragic part, requires the breathing-times which applauses afford,—shall this justify them in the case of an ORATOR,—in whom a *ranting* or *theatrical delivery* is proverbially reproachful?

Banish the usage then, from all grave occasions of public speaking; and, for fear of the *precedent*, from

light occasions also. It were wise, if practicable—and I believe it practicable—to banish it too, from the theatre, and from every scene, of *intellectual* recreation or instruction. Its only appropriate places are the circus, the puppet-show, and the bear-garden.

M.

ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE IN THE BRITISH ISLANDS.

Translated from "La Revue Française," by Samuel F. Glenn.

The first language which was spoken in the British Islands is entirely unknown now in England; but it exists yet, with slight changes in its form, in the country of Wales, in the mountains of Scotland, and in many parts of Ireland. This language is called, in England, the Breton;* in Scotland, Gaëlic; and in Ireland, the Irish. It was originally the language of a numerous people called the Celts, who, many years before the christian era, occupied the western parts of Europe. But we find no more trace of this people except in Wales, in the mountains of Scotland, and among some scattered colonies on the western banks of France and Spain. A great number of names of places, of rivers, and of mountains in England, and the lower parts of Scotland, and many designations of natural objects, are formed from this language; but the terms are rarely employed in the ordinary tongue.

In the fifth century, a people called the Saxons came from lower Germany, landed in the country which they name at this day England, and soon chased away the original inhabitants, who took refuge in the north and west parts of the island, where they have always been found, their descendants and their language. Consequently almost all the south of the island was invaded and subdued by the Saxons, whose posterity forms at this time the mass of the people in that part of the country. From one of the first Saxon branches, called Angles, the country took the name of Angle terre (England,) while the new language was called the Anglo-Saxon.

This language was a branch of the Teutonic, the language of the Teutons: a people who inhabited a great part of the centre of Europe, while the Celts occupied the west. We consider the Danes, the Hollanders, the Germans and the English as being altogether of Teutonic origin; and their languages, though different, possess a general resemblance.

From the sixth to the eleventh century, the Anglo-Saxon underwent little change in England. It received

* The first settlers in Britain were the Gaels, or Southern Celts, termed Guydels, and their language Guydelic, by the Welsh writers. These were subsequently vanquished by the Cymbri, of the North, the ancestors of the modern Welsh, who style themselves Cymri, or Cumri, and their language the Cymraig, or Cumraig, to the present day. This language is generally termed by English writers the Welsh. The Bretons, inhabiting Brittany in France, are the descendants of a colony which proceeded thither from Britain in the fifth century. The counties of Monmouth and Cornwall, are now inhabited principally by the descendants of the Cumri, or Welsh, and the language is still spoken by many persons in the former, and in the latter has only become extinct within the present century.

[Ed. Mess.]

merely some new words from the Latin, a language brought by the Christian Missionaries, and from the Danes, especially the Teutonic dialect, which was introduced by the armies of Denmark, who enforced and established themselves in England. At this epoch, literature was not neglected by the Anglo-Saxons. Their first writer known was Gildas, an historian, who lived about the close of the year 560. Another, named Bede, who was a priest, lived in the eighth century; he was celebrated over all Europe for his knowledge and literary productions. But most of the writers of those times found it necessary to compose their works in Latin; for it was the only method they had of rendering themselves intelligible to the savans of other countries, who were almost always their only readers. The first example existing of a composition in the Saxon language, is a fragment of *Caedmon*, monk of Whitby, who wrote religious poetry in a sublime style, in the eighth century, and who by reason of ignorance was obliged to employ his own tongue. King Alfred, in the ninth century, translated into Saxon several works for the use of his people, and soon after they made some progress in the art of composing in their own language. However, the different species of literature were soon contemned, and even for ordinary correspondence the Anglo-Saxon was no more the mode.

Towards the close of the tenth century, it became the custom among the English nobles to send their children to France for their education, in order there to acquire what they called the most polite language.

In 1066, William, Duke of Normandy, invaded and conquered Saxon-England, and as the country was immediately shared among the officers of the victorious army, the Norman French became the language of men of high rank, while the Saxon was only the language of the commonalty. By the combination of these two tongues arose the actual language, while the Saxon is yet employed to express the most familiar and common-place ideas.

While the language was thus gradually progressing towards its present perfection, in the 12th and 13th century many writers took the occasion to compose, in the popular language, the rhyming chronicles, which have not, however, the least merit either as poems or as histories. Towards the end of this period, when the reunion of the Saxons and the Normans was more cemented, there appeared a series of poets who wrote romantic narratives in the manner of the Bards of Provence, and who are known also by the name of Troubadours. To sing these histories in company with their harps, in the presence of nobles, became the employment of a certain class of men called Minstrels, many of whom were also at the same time poets as well as musicians. But the greatest number of the savans of the country devoted themselves still to learned compositions in Latin. The poems of the minstrels, despite their absurdity, have several good points. They were based, however, upon the chronicles of the preceding centuries, which they rendered into metre with less of truth than courtesy. By degrees they became more correct in their compositions, and approached more and more to the spirit of modern poetry. They generally celebrated the actions of real heroes, such as Charlemagne or Roland, whose examples were

offered for imitation, as the perfection of human conduct. The great men of antiquity were not forgotten in their songs. Alexander, King of Macedon, was one of their favorite heroes, and they often selected from Greek mythology the subjects of their lays. The style of their poetry was adapted to the time in which they lived—a century in which the spirit of military enterprise, excited by an enthusiasm for religion and a fanatic devotion to the female sex, gave birth to chivalry, and caused those courageous, but unfortunate expeditions, the crusades, which had for their object the deliverance of the Holy City from the domination of the Saracens. A considerable number of these productions of the minstrels we have in manuscript, and their manner of writing shows itself in some measure in the novels of Walter Scott, and in several other authors of the present time.

Provençal poetry produced more or less effect in all civilized countries. In Italy, at the end of the fourteenth century, it awakened the genius of Dante and of Petrarch, who were the first to produce that sentimental poetry, which has always occupied since so great a place in European literature. Dante wrote principally in an allegorical style, that is to say, he described abstract ideas under the form of things real and palpable. Petrarch, on the other hand, chiefly confined himself to amatory effusions, in which he described the feelings of a lover with a marvellous delicacy. There appeared a little while after an Italian writer, Boccaccio; he composed in prose a series of amusing histories under the general title of *Decameron*. It is necessary to observe these things with care, for they had a great influence on English poetry in its early struggles towards perfection.

Cotemporary with Petrarch, and a little time after Dante, appeared Geoffrey Chaucer, whom we regard as the father of English poetry. He lived at the court of Edward III, and of Richard II, from 1360 to 1400. He had not only an original genius of the first order, but he had cultivated his talents by travel, and by all the means in his power. Despising equally the old and dull rhyme of the chronicles of the too trifling minstrel, he aimed to write after the regular manner of the three illustrious Italians, of whom we have written, employing the allegory of Dante, the tone of tenderness of Petrarch, and the pleasing anecdotes of Boccaccio. He was a profound observer of manners; and appears to have known well the world such as it was in his time. His principal work has for its title, *Tales of Canterbury*. It is a collection of amusing and pathetic narrations, made by divers persons during a religious pilgrimage to Canterbury. The book commences by a description of the travellers establishing themselves at the Inn of Tobard in Southwark, and a brief view of the person and character of each of the pilgrims, who were in number thirty. These tales attest a talent not common, and each one of them brings to view a distinctive character, which strikes the spirit of the reader by its life and composition. The squire, the yeoman, the abbeſs, the monk, the merchant, the lawyer, the miller, &c., are all recognizable and exact portraits. The stories of the Canterbury pilgrims are some of them amusing histories of ordinary life—others the romantic tales of chivalry, and some of them appear to be the sole invention of the poet. The general idea of the

work has, without doubt, been imitated from the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, which, like the tales of Chaucer, consists in a number of narratives by a company assembled together by accident. He wrote much of other poetry, employing by turns narration, the descriptive species, and allegory. Despite the obscurity with which time has covered his works, we place him in the same rank with Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and other English poets of the first order.

At the same time as Chaucer, John Gower wrote his moral poems, which exhibit great merit. The same century saw also exhibited in England the two first prose writers, viz. the celebrated traveller, Sir John Mandeville, and John Wickliffe, who distinguished himself in his efforts for the reformation of religion. Mandeville, in 1356, had travelled thirty-four years in the countries of the east, and on his return he wrote in English, in French, and in Latin, a recital of all he had seen, interspersing his narration with innumerable fables, from the ancient writers or hearsay. Wickliffe, who was a lettered ecclesiastic, and professor of theology at the college of Baliol at Oxford, commenced towards 1377, to write in Latin and English against the power of the Pope and the divers observances of the Catholic church; and as he occupied himself with that a long time before he fixed general attention on the subject, he was called the "*Morning Star of the Reformation*." Amongst other literary labors, he found time to make a translation of the Bible into English, which was not, however, the first which had been made.

We also consider Chaucer as one of the prose writers of that epoch; it is said that he wrote a philosophic work called the *Testament of Love*. Two of the *Canterbury Tales* are in prose. The English language began then to be considered enough formed to take rank in literature. Before the conquest, the French had been the language of the schools: and when they translated the Latin, it was not into English, but into French. But soon after, the professors began to recognize the existence of an English language, and put into this language most of their Latin authors. King Edward III abolished the use of the French in the public acts and courts, and substituted the English language. However this language, as we have already said, contained a great number of French words, transmitted by the Norman population. The language which was most in use at this time in the lower parts of Scotland, was principally the original Teutonic; it came in part from the Saxons, who were scattered at the north, and in part from the Danish, who had taken possession of the western portion. The Scotch resembled much the English, with the exception of some words and phrases which came from the Normans. It remained the same until the last century. As the ideas and the forms of literature took birth in the middle of Europe, and proceeded gradually towards the north, the Scotch language was much behind that of England in point of correctness and refinement. Thus the epoch of Chaucer and the national poetry of England, was the same which saw produced in Scotland the rhyming chronicles. Minstrels lived there a little later. The first of the Scotch chroniclers was John Barber, archdeacon of the cathedral of Aberdeen; he was a man of great knowledge. Towards the close of the year 1371, he composed a long poem in verse of eight syllables, to celebrate the adven-

tures of Robert Bruce. This work can only be classed among the chronicles; however, we can recognize in it all the characters of actual poetry. The events are there described with an energy of style very superior to that of the chronicles; it abounds in beautiful episodes, and in remarkable passages, with all the poetry of sentiment. We would, in conclusion, say that although Barber had adopted a form of composition which had already fallen into disuse in England, his style did not vary much from that which Chaucer had adopted. His *Apostrophe to Liberty*, which terminated a narrative of the miserable slavery to which King Edward of England had reduced Scotland, has always been admired for force of thought and energy of style. Several other passages are not less worthy of admiration.

Towards the year 1401, Andrew Wyntown, prior of the monastery of St. Cerf, at Lochleven, wrote a chronicle of universal history; but more particularly descriptive of Scotland, which exhibited very little of poetic inspiration. This work is considered the latest of the rhyming chronicles. A little time before Wyntown, some Scotch poets occupied themselves with compositions in the manner of the minstrels; but long before that time they were out of fashion in the south of England. Among these productions, we may mention the "*Gest of Arthur*," by Hucheon; this poem is lost. We quote yet *Sir Gawain*, by the Clerk of Tranant; this poem has been printed, but the composition appears to have been very defective. The last poem of this kind has for its title "*The Adventures of Sir William Wallace*;" it had been composed in the year 1460 by a wandering minstrel named *Blind Harry*. The history of the heroes are there recounted, in part, after the manner of fabulous adventures. This poem contains some passages of great poetical effect; and sentiments of patriotism and heroism are throughout predominant. It differs principally from other poems of the minstrels, in its having the appearance of true recital. The metre of the epic kind, was composed in a succession of rhyming couplets, in lines of six syllables. It has been translated into modern verse by M. Hamilton of Gilbertfield, and under this form, it has become the favorite book of all Scotland.

BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

In the Narrative of Messrs. Reed and Matheson's "Visit to the American Churches," in 1834, is mentioned a delicate and touching tribute to one just dead. The travellers attended a "commencement," (that is, the close of a session) at the College in Amherst, Massachusetts; on which occasion, it is customary for all the graduating students to deliver addresses.

"One of the graduates, whose name was down to participate in the exercises, had sickened, and died. All the students wore crape on his account, and you wondered what notice would be taken of it. None was taken till, in the course of the service, they came to his name. Then there was a pause. The people had their attention awakened by this: they looked at the bill;* and they felt its solemnity. Still, no lips

* A handbill, stating the names of the speakers, order of exercises, &c., had been distributed among the audience.

were opened to pronounce a eulogy; but presently some plaintive notes broke from the instrumental music in the choir, and a requiem of Mozart's was played with solemn and touching slowness. Not a person but felt the delicacy of this recognition: not a person but was affected by it."

PRESENTIMENT.

Is it a prophet's dream—the thought
That o'er me loves to fling
A thousand shapes of evil, wrought
By Time's unfolding wing?—
That in each wasted taper's doom,
Or fading flower, I see
Some star of hope go out in gloom,
That shone to solace me?

The sun-sired bow that spans the sky,
No heaven-sprung promise gives;
But in each tint's receding dye,
A mystic symbol lives.
No budding joy entwines my heart,
But lurking at its root,
Some fang lies ready to impart
A poison to the fruit.

When night foretells her coming gloom
By evening's milder shade,
A whisper greets me of the tomb—
Oh! would I there were laid!
Yet why?—this life hath not a care
But shadows forth a text,
That doth some heavenly teaching bear
To fit us for the next.

'Tis not that I must bear the stroke,
That my own heart must bleed;
For He whose darker mercies broke,
Will bind the bruised reed.
But 'tis that they whose gentle love
Divides my heart with God,
Must share with me the pangs I prove,
And feel themselves the rod.

Oh! may they share the mercy too
That mollifies the dart,
And feel, with me, its heavenly dew
Distill'd upon the heart;
Cast down, upheld, disturbed, yet calm,
This vale of tears we'll tread,
Forever trusting in the balm
By Gilead's Healer shed.

No joy of life but veils a thorn,
No sting, but bears a sweet;
From those we loved if never torn,
We ne'er in Heaven could meet;
Then meekly let us wander here,
Still seeking, as we go,
The smile that plays behind the tear,
Till tears shall cease to flow.

N. N. N.

Camden, S. C.

